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THE
BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH
PREFACES

BIOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL,
AND CRITICAL,

BY THE
REV. LIONEL THOMAS BERGUER,

OF ST. MARY HALL, OXON: FELLOW EXTRAORDINARY OF THE
ROYAL MEDICAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.

IN FORTY-FIVE VOLUMES.
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T A T L E R.



No. 210—271.

otherwise, if I allow you are not vitious, you must allow me you are not virtuous.'

I took my leave, and received at my coming home the following letter :

• MR. BICKERSTAFF,

• I have lived a pure and undefiled virgin these twenty-seven years ; and I assure you it is with great grief and sorrow of heart I tell you, that I become weary and impatient of the derision of the gigglers of our sex ; who call me old maid, and tell me, I shall lead apes. If you are truly a patron of the distressed and an adept in astrology, you will advise whether I shall, or ought to be prevailed upon by the impertinences of my own sex, to give way to the importunities of yours. I assure you, I am surrounded with both, though at present a forlorn.

I am, &c.'

I must defer my answer to this lady out of a point of chronology. She says, she has been twenty-seven years a maid ; but I fear, according to a common error, she dates her virginity from her birth, which is a very erroneous method ; for a woman of twenty is no more to be thought chaste so many years than a man of that age can be said to have been so long valiant. We must not allow people the favour of a virtue, until they have been under the temptation to the contrary. A woman is not a maid until her birth-day, as we call it, of her fifteenth year. My plaintiff is therefore desired to inform me, whether she is at present in her twenty-eighth or forty-third year, and she shall be dispatched accordingly.

St. James's Coffee-house, August 11.

A merchant came hither this morning, and read a letter from a correspondent of his at Milan. It was dated the 7th instant, N. S. The following is

an abstract of it. On the 25th of the last month, five thousand men were on their march in the Lampourdan, under the command of General Wesell, having received orders from his Catholic majesty to join him in his camp with all possible expedition. The Duke of Anjou soon had intelligence of their motion, and took a resolution to decamp, in order to intercept them, within a day's march of our army. The King of Spain was apprehensive the enemy might make such a movement, and commanded General Stanhope with a body of horse, consisting of fourteen squadrons, to observe their course and prevent their passage over the rivers Segra and Noguera, between Lerida and Balaguer. It happened to be the first day that officer had appeared abroad after a dangerous and violent fever; but he received the king's commands on this occasion with a joy which surmounted his present weakness, and on the 27th of last month came up with the enemy on the plains of Balaguer. The Duke of Anjou's rear-guard consisting of twenty-six squadrons, that general sent intelligence of their posture to the king, and desired his majesty's orders to attack them. During the time which he waited for his instructions, he made his disposition for the charge, which was to divide themselves into three bodies; one to be commanded by himself in the centre, a body on the right by Count Maurice of Nassau, and the third on the left by the Earl of Rochford. Upon the receipt of his majesty's direction to attack the enemy, the general himself charged with the utmost vigour and resolution, while the Earl of Rochford and Count Maurice extended themselves on his right and left, to prevent the advantage the enemy might make of the superiority of their numbers. What appears to have misled the enemy's general in this affair was, that it was not supposed practicable that the con-

federates would attack him till they had received a reinforcement. For this reason he pursued his march without facing about, till we were actually coming on to engagement. General Stanhope's disposition made it impracticable to do it at that time; Count Maurice and the Earl of Rochford attacking them in the instant in which they were forming themselves. The charge was made with the greatest gallantry, and the enemy very soon put into so great disorder, that their whole cavalry were commanded to support their rear-guard. Upon the advance of this reinforcement, all the horse of the King of Spain were come up to sustain General Stanhope, inso-much that the battle improved to a general engagement of the cavalry of both armies. After a warm dispute for some time, it ended in the utter defeat of all the Duke of Anjou's horse. Upon the dispatch of these advices, that prince was retiring towards Lerida. We have no account of any considerable loss on our side, except that both those heroic youths, the Earl of Rochford and Count Nassau, fell in this action. They were, you know, both sons of persons who had a great place in the confidence of your late King William; and I doubt not but their deaths will endear their families, which were ennobled by him, in your nation. General Stanhope has been reported by the enemy dead of his wounds; but he received only a slight contusion on the shoulder.

P. S. We acknowledge you here a mighty brave people; but you are said to love quarrelling so well, that you cannot be quiet at home. The favourers of the house of Bourbon among us affirm, that this Stanhope, who could as it were get out of his sick-bed to fight against their King of Spain, must be of the antimonarchical party.

N° 211. TUESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1710.

—Nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.

JUV. Sat. vii. 56.

What I can fancy, but can ne'er express.—DRYDEN.

Sunday, August 13.

If there were no other consequences of it, but barely that human creatures on this day assemble themselves before their Creator, without regard to their usual employments, their minds at leisure from the cares of their life, and their bodies adorned with the best attire they can bestow on them; I say, were this mere outward celebration of a Sabbath all that is expected from men, even that were a laudable distinction, and a purpose worthy the human nature. But when there is added to it the sublime pleasure of devotion, our being is exalted above itself; and he, who spends a seventh day in the contemplation of the next life, will not easily fall into the corruptions of this in the other six. They, who never admit thoughts of this kind into their imaginations, lose higher and sweeter satisfactions than can be raised by any other entertainment. The most illiterate man who is touched with devotion, and uses frequent exercises of it, contracts a certain greatness of mind, mingled with a noble simplicity that raises him above those of the same condition; and there is an indelible mark of goodness in those who sincerely possess it. It is hardly possible it should be otherwise; for the fervours of a pious mind will naturally contract such an earnestness and attention towards a better being, as will make the ordinary passages of life go off with a becoming indifference.

By this a man in the lowest condition will not appear mean, or in the most splendid fortune insolent.

As to all the intricacies and vicissitudes, under which men are ordinarily entangled with the utmost sorrow and passion, one who is devoted to Heaven, when he falls into such difficulties, is led by a clue through a labyrinth. As to this world, he does not pretend to skill in the mazes of it; but fixes his thoughts upon one certainty, that he shall soon be out of it. And we may ask very boldly, what can be a more sure consolation than to have a hope in death? When men are arrived at thinking of their very dissolution with pleasure, how few things are there that can be terrible to them! Certainly, nothing can be dreadful to such spirits, but what would make death terrible to them, falsehood towards man or impiety towards Heaven. To such as these, as there are certainly many such, the gratifications of innocent pleasures are doubled, even with reflections upon their imperfection. The disappointments, which naturally attend the great promises we make ourselves in expected enjoyments, strike no damp upon such men, but only quicken their hopes of soon knowing joys, which are too pure to admit of allay or satiety.

It is thought, among the politer sort of mankind, an imperfection to want a relish of any of those things which refine our lives. This is the foundation of the acceptance which eloquence, music, and poetry, make in the world; and I know not why devotion, considered merely as an exaltation of our happiness, should not at least be so far regarded as to be considered. It is possible, the very inquiry would lead men into such thoughts and gratifications, as they did not expect to meet with in this place. Many a good acquaintance has been lost from a general prepossession in his disfavour, and a

severe aspect has often hid under it a very agreeable companion.

There are no distinguishing qualities among men to which there are not false pretenders; but though none is more pretended to than that of devotion, there are, perhaps, fewer successful impostors in this kind than any other. There is something so natively great and good in a person that is truly devout, that an awkward man may as well pretend to be genteel, as a hypocrite to be pious. The constraint in words and actions are equally visible in both cases; and any thing set up in their room does but remove the endeavours farther off from their pretensions. But, however the sense of true piety is abated, there is no other motive of action that can carry us through all the vicissitudes of life with alacrity and resolution. But piety, like philosophy, when it is superficial, does but make men appear the worse for it; and a principle that is but half received does but distract, instead of guiding our behaviour. When I reflect upon the unequal conduct of Lotius, I see many things that run directly counter to his interest; therefore I cannot attribute his labours for the public good to ambition. When I consider his disregard to his fortune, I cannot esteem him covetous. How then can I reconcile his neglect of himself, and his zeal for others? I have long suspected him to be a 'little pious;' but no man ever hid his vice with greater caution, than he does his virtue. It was the praise of a great Roman, 'that he had rather be, than appear, good.' But such is the weakness of Lotius, that I dare say he had rather be esteemed irreligious than devout. By I know not what impatience of railery, he is wonderfully fearful of being thought too great a believer. A hundred little devices are made use of to hide a time of private devotion; and he will allow you any suspi-

cion of his being ill employed, so you do not tax him with being well. But, alas! how mean is such a behaviour! To boast of virtue is a most ridiculous way of disappointing the merit of it, but not so pitiful as that of being ashamed of it. How unhappy is the wretch, who makes the most absolute and independent motive of action the cause of perplexity and inconstancy! How different a figure does Cælicolo make with all who know him! His great and superior mind, frequently exalted by the raptures of heavenly meditation, is to all his friends of the same use, as if an angel were to appear at the decision of their disputes. They very well understand, he is as much disinterested and unbiassed as such a being. He considers all applications made to him, as those addresses will affect his own application to Heaven. All his determinations are delivered with a beautiful humility; and he pronounces his decisions with the air of one who is more frequently a suppliant than a judge.

Thus humble, and thus great, is the man who is moved by piety, and exalted by devotion. But behold this recommended by the masterly hand of a great divine I have heretofore made bold with.

It is such a pleasure as can never cloy or overwork the mind; a delight that grows and improves under thought and reflection: and while it exercises, does also endear itself to the mind. All pleasures that affect the body must needs weary, because they transport; and all transportation is a violence; and no violence can be lasting; but determines upon the falling of the spirits, which are not able to keep up that height of motion that the pleasure of the senses raises them to. And therefore how inevitably does an immoderate laughter end in a sigh, which is only nature's recovering itself after a force done to it! but the religious pleasure of a well-disposed mind

moves gently, and therefore constantly. It does not affect by rapture and ecstasy, but is like the pleasure of health, greater and stronger than those that call up the senses with grosser and more affecting impressions. No man's body is as strong as his appetites ; but Heaven has corrected the boundlessness of his voluptuous desires by stinting his strength, and contracting his capacities.—The pleasure of the religious man is an easy and a portable pleasure, such a one as he carries about in his bosom, without alarming either the eye or the envy of the world. A man putting all his pleasures into this one, is like a traveller putting all his goods into one jewel ; the value is the same and the convenience greater*.



Nº 212. THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1710.



From my own Apartment, August 16.

I HAVE had much importunity to answer the following letter.

‘ MR. BICKERSTAFF,

‘ Reading over a volume of yours, I find the words *Simplex Munditiis* mentioned as a description of a very well-dressed woman. I beg of you, for the sake of the sex, to explain these terms. I cannot comprehend what my brother means, when he tells me, they signify my own name, which is, Sir,

Your humble servant,

PLAIN ENGLISH.’

I think the lady's brother has given us a very good idea of that elegant expression ; it being the greatest

* Dr. South.

beauty of speech to be close and intelligible. To this end, nothing is to be more carefully consulted than plainness. In a lady's attire this is the single excellence; for to be, what some people call, fine, is the same vice in that case, as to be florid, is in writing or speaking. I have studied and writ on this important subject, until I almost despair of making reformation in the females of this island; where we have more beauty than in any spot in the universe, if we did not disguise it by false garniture, and detract from it by impertinent improvements. I have by me a treatise concerning *pinners*, which, I have some hopes, will contribute to the amendment of the present head-dresses, to which I have solid and unanswerable objections. But most of the errors in that, and other particulars of adorning the head, are crept into the world from the ignorance of the modern *tirewomen*: for it is come to that pass, that an awkward creature in the first year of her apprenticeship, that can hardly stick a pin, shall take upon her to dress a woman of the first quality. However, it is certain, that there requires in a good *tirewoman* a perfect skill in optics; for all the force of ornament is to contribute to the intention of the eyes. Thus she, who has a mind to look killing, must arm her face accordingly, and not leave her eyes and cheeks undressed. There is Araminta, who is so sensible of this, that she never will see even her own husband without a hood on. Can any one living bear to see Miss Gruel, lean as she is, with her hair tied back after the modern way? But such is the folly of our ladies, that because one who is a beauty out of ostentation of her being such, takes care to wear something that she knows cannot be of any consequence to her complexion; I say, our women run on so heedlessly in the fashion, that though it is the interest of some to hide as much of their faces as

possible, yet because a leading Toast appeared with a *backward head-dress*, the rest shall follow the mode, without observing that the author of the fashion assumed it because it could become no one but herself.

Flavia* is ever well-dressed, and always the genteest woman you meet : but the make of her mind very much contributes to the ornament of her body. She has the greatest simplicity of manners of any of her sex. This makes every thing look native about her, and her clothes are so exactly fitted that they appear, as it were, part of her person. Every one that sees her knows her to be of quality; but her distinction is owing to her manner and not to her habit. Her beauty is full of attraction, but not of allurements. There is such a composure in her looks, and propriety in her dress, that you would think it impossible she should change the garb, you one day see her in, for any thing so becoming, until you next day see her in another. There is no other mystery in this, but that however she is apparelled, she is herself the same : for there is so immediate a relation between our thoughts and gestures, that a woman must think well to look well.

But this weighty subject I must put off for some other matters, in which my correspondents are urgent for answers; which I shall *do* where I can, and appeal to the judgment of others where I cannot.

‘ MR. BICKERSTAFF,

Aug. 15, 1710.

‘ Taking the air the other day on horseback, in the *green-lane* that leads to Southgate, I discovered coming towards me a person well mounted in a mask : and I accordingly expected, as any one would, to have been robbed. But when we came up with each other, the spark, to my great surprise,

* Mrs. Ann Oldfield, the actress.

very peaceably gave me the way ; which made me take courage enough to ask him, if he masqueraded, or how ? He made me no answer, but still continued *incognito*. This was certainly an ass in a lion's skin ; a harmless bull-beggar, who delights to fright innocent people, and set them a galloping. I bethought myself of putting as good a jest upon him, and had turned my horse, with a design to pursue him to London, and get him apprehended on suspicion of being a highwayman : but when I reflected, that it was the proper office of the magistrate to punish only knaves, and that we had a Censor of Great Britain for people of another denomination, I immediately determined to prosecute him in your court only. This unjustifiable frolic I take to be neither wit nor humour, therefore hope you will do me, and as many others as were that day frightened, justice.

I am, Sir, your friend and servant, J. L.'

SIR,

The gentleman begs your pardon, and frighted you out of fear of frightening you : for he is just come out of the small-pox.

MR. BICKERSTAFF.

Your distinction concerning the time of commencing virgins is allowed to be just. I write you my thanks for it, in the twenty-eighth year of my life, and twelve of my virginity. But I am to ask you another question : may a woman be said to live *more* years a maid, than she continues to be courted ?

I am, &c.'

SIR,

Aug. 15, 1710.

I observe that the Postman of Saturday last giving an account of the action in Spain, has this elegant turn of expression ; General Stanhope, who

Sheer-lane, August 17.

Though the following epistle bears a just accusation of myself, yet in regard it is a more advantageous piece of justice to another, I insert it at large.

' Garraway's Coffee-house, August 10.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

' I have lately read your Paper, wherein you present a conversation between a young lady, your three nephews, and yourself; and am not a little offended at the figure you give your young merchant in the presence of a beauty. The topic of love is a subject on which a man is more beholden to nature for his eloquence, than to the instruction of the schools, or my lady's woman. From the two last your scholar and page must have reaped all the advantage above him. I know by this time you have pronounced me a trader. I acknowledge it; but cannot bear the exclusion from any pretence of speaking agreeably to a fine woman, or from a degree of generosity that way. You have among us citizens many well-wishers; but it is for the justice of your representations, which we, perhaps, are better judges of than you (by the account you give of your nephew) seem to allow.

' To give you an opportunity of making us some reparation, I desire you would tell, your own way, the following instance of heroic love in the city. You are to remember, that somewhere in your wings, for enlarging the territories of virtue and honour, you have multiplied the opportunities of attaining to heroic virtue; and have hinted, that whatever state of life man is, if he does things above what is ordinarily performed by men of his rank, is in those instances a hero.

' Tom Trueman, a young gentleman of eight years of age, fell passionately in love with the be-

teous Almira, daughter to his master. Her regard for him was no less tender. Trueman was better acquainted with his master's affairs than his daughter: and secretly lamented, that each day brought him by many miscarriages nearer bankruptcy than the former. This unhappy posture of their affairs, the youth suspected, was owing to the ill-management of a factor, in whom his master had an entire confidence. Trueman took a proper occasion, when his master was ruminating on his decaying fortune, to address him for leave to spend the remainder of his time with his foreign correspondent. During three years' stay in that employment, he became acquainted with all that concerned his master, and by his great address in the management of that knowledge saved him ten thousand pounds. Soon after this accident, Trueman's uncle left him a considerable estate. Upon receiving that advice, he returned to England, and demanded Almira of her father. The father, overjoyed at the match, offered him the ten thousand pounds he had saved him, with the farther proposal of resigning to him all his business. Trueman refused both; and retired into the country with his bride, contented with his own fortune, though perfectly skilled in all the methods of improving it.

'It is to be noted that Trueman refused twenty thousand pounds with another young lady; so that reckoning both his self-denials, he is to have in your court the merit of having given thirty thousand pounds for the woman he loved. This gentleman I claim your justice to; and hope you will be convinced that some of us have larger views than only Cash Debtor, *Per contra* Creditor. Your's,

RICHARD TRAFFICK.'

'N. B. Mr. Thomas Newman, of Lime-street, is entered among the heroes of domestic life.

CHARLES LILLIE.'

N° 214. TUESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1710.

——— Soles et aperta serena
Prospicere, et certis poteris cognoscere signis.

VIRG. Georg. i. 393.

——— 'Tis easy to descry
Returning suns and a serener sky.—DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, August 21.

IN every party there are two sorts of men, the rigid and the supple. The rigid are an intractable race of mortals, who act upon principle, and will not, forsooth, fall into any measures that are not consistent with their received notions of honour. These are persons of a stubborn, unpliant morality; that sullenly adhere to their friends, when they are disgraced, and to their principles, though they are exploded. I shall therefore give up this stiff-necked generation to their own obstinacy, and turn my thoughts to the advantage of the supple, who pay their homage to places, and not persons; and, without enslaving themselves to any particular scheme of opinions, are as ready to change their conduct in point of sentiment as of fashion. The well-disciplined part of a court are generally so perfect at their exercise, that you may see a whole assembly, from front to rear, face about at once to a new man of power, though at the same time they turn their backs upon him that brought them thither. The great hardship these complaisant members of society are under, seems to be the want of warning upon any approaching change or revolution; so that they are obliged in a hurry to tack about with every wind, and stop short in the midst of a full

career, to the great surprise and derision of their holders.

When a man foresees a decaying ministry, he has leisure to grow a malecontent, reflect upon the present conduct, and by gradual murmurs fall off from his friends into a new party, by just steps and measures. For want of such notices I have formerly known a very well-bred person refuse to return a blow of a man whom he thought in disgrace, that was next day made secretary of state; and another, who after a long neglect of a minister, came to his knee, and made professions of zeal for his service the very day before he was turned out.

This produces also unavoidable confusions and mistakes in the descriptions of great men's parts and merits. That ancient Lyric, Mr. D'Urfey, some years ago writ a dedication to a certain lord, in which he celebrated him for the greatest poet and critic of that age, upon a misinformation in Dyer's letter, that his noble patron was made lord-chamberlain. In short, innumerable votes, speeches, and sermons, have been thrown away and turned to no account, merely for want of due and timely intelligence. Nay, it has been known, that a panegyric has been half printed off, when the poet, upon the removal of the minister, has been forced to alter it into a satire.

For the conduct therefore of such useful persons, we are ready to do their country service upon all occasions, I have an engine in my study, which is a sort of a *Political* Barometer, or, to speak more intelligibly, a *State* Weather-glass, that, by the rising and falling of a certain magical liquor, presages all changes and revolutions in government, as the common glass does of the weather. This Weather-glass is said to have been invented by Cardan, and given by him as a present to his great countryman

and contemporary, Machiavel; which, by the way, may serve to rectify a received error in chronology, that places one of these some years after the other. How or when it came into my hands, I shall desire to be excused, if I keep to myself; but so it is, that I have walked by it for the better part of a century to my safety at least, if not to my advantage, and have among my papers a register of all the changes that have happened in it from the middle of queen Elizabeth's reign.

In the time of that princess it stood long at *Settled Fair*. At the latter end of King James the First, it fell to *Cloudy*. It held several years after at *Stormy*, insomuch, that at last, despairing of seeing a clear weather at home, I followed the royal exile, and some time after finding my Glass rise, returned to my native country with the rest of the loyalists. I was then in hopes to pass the remainder of my days in *Settled Fair*: but alas! during the greatest part of that reign the English nation lay in a dead calm, which, as it is usual, was followed by high winds and tempests, until of late years; in which, with unspeakable joy and satisfaction, I have seen our political weather returned to *Settled Fair*. I may only observe, that for all this last summer my Glass has pointed at *Changeable*. Upon the whole, I often apply to Fortune Æneas's speech to the Sibyl:

————— Non ulla laborum

O virgo, nova mi facies inopinave surgit:

Omnia præcepi, atque animo mecum ante peregi.

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 103.

————— No terror to my view,

No frightful face of danger can be new;

The mind foretells whatever comes to pass;

A thoughtful mind is Fortune's weather-glass.

The advantages, which have accrued to those whom I have advised in their affairs, by virtue

this sort of prescience, have been very considerable. A nephew of mine, who has never put his money into the stocks, or taken it out, without my advice, has in a few years raised five hundred pounds to almost so many thousands. As for myself, who look upon riches to consist rather in content than possessions, and measure the greatness of the mind rather by its tranquillity than its ambition, I have seldom used my Glass to make my way in the world, but often to retire from it. This is a by-path to happiness, which was first discovered to me by a most pleasing apophthegm of Pythagoras; 'When the winds,' says he, 'rise, worship the echo.' That great philosopher (whether to make his doctrines the more venerable, or to gild his precepts with the beauty of imagination, or to awaken the curiosity of his disciples, for I will not suppose, what is usually said, that he did it to conceal his wisdom from the vulgar) has couched several admirable precepts in remote allusions, and mysterious sentences. By the winds in this apophthegm, are meant state hurricanes and popular tumults. 'When these rise,' says he, 'worship the echo;' that is, withdraw yourself from the multitude into deserts, woods, solitudes, or the like retirements, which are the usual habitations of the echo.

N° 215. THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 23.

LYSANDER has writ to me out of the country, and tells me, after many other circumstances, that he had passed a great deal of time with much pleasure

and tranquillity ; until his happiness was interrupted by an indiscreet flatterer, who came down into those parts to visit a relation. With the circumstances in which he represents the matter, he had no small provocation to be offended ; for he attacked him in a wrong season, that he could not have any relish of pleasure in it ; though, perhaps, at another time it might have passed upon him without giving him much uneasiness. Lysander had, after a long society of the town, been so happy as to get to a solitude he extremely liked, and recovered a pleasure he had long discontinued, that of reading. He was got to the bank of a rivulet, covered by a pleasing shade, and fanned by a soft breeze : which threw his mind into that sort of composure and attention in which a man, though with indolence, enjoys the utmost liveliness of his spirits, and the greater strength of his mind at the same time. In this state Lysander represents that he was reading Virgil's Georgics, when on a sudden the gentleman above mentioned surprised him ; and without any manner of preparation falls upon him at once : 'What ! have I found you at last, after searching all over the wood ! we wanted you at cards after dinner ; but you are much better employed. I have heard indeed that you are an excellent scholar. But at the same time, is it not a little unkind to rob the ladies who like you so well, of the pleasure of your company ? But that is indeed the misfortune of you great scholars ; you are seldom so fit for the world as those who never trouble themselves with books. Well, I see you are taken up with your learning there, and I will leave you.' Lysander says, he made him no answer, but took a resolution to complain to me.

It is a substantial affliction, when men govern themselves by the rules of good-breeding, that by the

very force of them they are subjected to the insolence of those, who either never will, or never can, understand them. The superficial part of mankind form to themselves little measures of behaviour from the outside of things. By the force of these narrow conceptions, they act among themselves with applause; and do not apprehend they are contemptible to those of higher understanding, who are restrained by decencies above their knowledge from shewing a dislike. Hence it is, that because complaisance is a good quality in conversation, one impertinent take upon him on all occasions to commend; and because mirth is agreeable, another thinks fit eternally to jest. I have of late received many packets of letters, complaining of these spreading evils. A lady who is lately arrived at the Bath acquaints me, there were in the stage-coach wherein she went down, a common flatterer, and a common jester. These gentlemen were, she tells me, rivals in her favour; and adds, if there ever happened a case wherein of two persons one was not liked more than another, it was in that journey. They differed only in proportion to the degree of dislike between the nauseous and the insipid. Both these characters of men are born out of a barrenness of imagination. They are never fools by nature; but become such out of an impotent ambition of being, what she never intended them, men of wit and conversation. I therefore think fit to declare, that according to the known laws of this land, a man may be a very honest gentleman, and enjoy himself and his friend, without being a wit; and I absolve all men from taking pains to be such for the future. As the present case stands, is it not very unhappy that Lysander must be attacked and applauded in a wood, and Corinna jolted and commended in a stage-coach; and this for no manner of reason, but because other people have a mind to

shew their parts ? I grant, indeed, if these people, as they have understanding enough for it, would confine their accomplishments to those of their own degree of talents, it were to be tolerated ; but when they are so insolent as to interrupt the meditations of the wise, the conversations of the agreeable, and the whole behaviour of the modest, it becomes a grievance naturally in my jurisdiction. Among themselves, I can not only overlook, but approve it. I was present the other day at a conversation, where a man of this height of breeding and sense told a young woman of the same form, 'To be sure, Madam, every thing must please that comes from a lady.' She answered, 'I know, Sir, you are so much a gentleman that you think so.' Why this was very well on both sides ; and it is impossible that such a lady and gentleman should do otherwise than think well of one another. These are but loose hints of the disturbances in human society for which there is yet no remedy ; but I shall in a little time publish tables of respect and civility, by which persons may be instructed in the proper times and seasons, as well as at what degree of intimacy a man may be allowed to commend or rally his companions ; the promiscuous licence of which is, at present, far from being among the small errors in conversation.

P. S. The following letter was left, with a request to be immediately answered, lest the artifices used against a lady in distress may come into common practice.

'SIR,

'My eldest sister buried her husband about six months ago ; and at his funeral, a gentleman of more art than honesty, on the night of his interment, while she was not herself, but in the utmost agony of her grief, spoke to her of the subject of love. In

that weakness and distraction which my sister was as one ready to fall is apt to lean on any body, she obtained her promise of marriage, which was accordingly consummated eleven weeks after. There no affliction comes alone, but one brings another. My sister is now ready to lie-in. She humbly asks of you, as you are a friend to the sex, to let her know, who is the lawful father of this child, or whether she may not be relieved from this second marriage; considering it was promised under such circumstances as one may very well suppose she did not what she did voluntarily, but because she was helpless otherwise. She is advised something about engagements made in jail, which she thinks the same, as to the reason of the thing. But, dear Sir, she relies upon your advice, and gives you her service; as does your humble servant,

REBECCA MIDRIFFE.

The case is very hard; and I fear the plea she is pressed to make, from the similitude of a man who *in duress*, will not prevail. But though I despair of remedy as to the mother, the law gives the child a choice of his father, where the birth is thus legally ambiguous.

‘To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.

The humble Petition of the Company of Linen-drappers, residing within the liberty of Westminster,

‘SHEWETH,

‘That there has of late prevailed among the ladies so great an affectation of nakedness, that they have not only left the bosom wholly bare, but lowered their stays some inches below the former mode.

‘That in particular, Mrs. Arabella Overdo has not the least appearance of linen; and our best

customers shew but little above the small of their backs.

‘That by this means your petitioners are in danger of losing the advantage of covering a ninth part of every woman of quality in Great Britain.

‘Your Petitioners humbly offer the premises to your Indulgence’s consideration, and shall ever, &c.’

Before I answer this petition, I am inclined to examine the offenders myself.

✓ N° 216. SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1710.

———Nugis addere pondus.—HOR. 1. Ep. i. 42.

Weight and importance some to trifles give.—R. WYNN.

From my own Apartment, August 25.

NATURE is full of wonders; every atom is a standing miracle, and endowed with such qualities, as could not be impressed on it by a power and wisdom less than infinite. For this reason, I would not discourage any searches that are made into the most minute and trivial parts of the creation. However, since the world abounds in the noblest fields of speculation, it is, methinks, the mark of a little genius, to be wholly conversant among insects, reptiles, animalcules, and those trifling rarities that furnish out the apartment of a virtuoso.

There are some men whose heads are so oddly turned this way, that though they are utter strangers to the common occurrences of life, they are able to discover the sex of a cockle, or describe the generation of a mite, in all its circumstances. They are so little versed in the world, that they scarce

to buy a horse from an ox; but, at the same time, to tell you with a great deal of gravity, that a flea is a rhinoceros, and a snail a hermaphrodite. I have known one of these whimsical philosophers to have set a greater value upon a collection of spiders than he would upon a flock of sheep, and has laid his coat off his back to purchase a *tarantula*.

I would not have a scholar wholly unacquainted with these secrets and curiosities of nature; but certainly the mind of man, that is capable of so much nobler contemplations, should not be altogether fixed upon such mean and disproportioned objects. Observations of this kind are apt to alienate us too much from the knowledge of the world, and to make us curious upon trifles; by which means they expose philosophy to the ridicule of the witty, and contempt to the ignorant. In short, studies of this nature should be the diversions, relaxations, and amusements; not the care, business, and concern, of life. It is indeed wonderful to consider, that there should be a sort of learned men, who are wholly employed in gathering together the refuse of nature, if I may call it so, and hoarding up in their chests and cabinets such creatures as others industriously avoid the sight of. One does not know how to mention some of the most precious parts of their treasure, without a kind of an apology for it. I have been shewn a beetle valued at twenty crowns, and a toad at a hundred: but we must take this for a general rule, that whatever appears trivial or obscene in the common notions of the world, looks grave and philosophical in the eye of a virtuoso.

To shew this humour in its perfection, I shall present my reader with the legacy of a certain Virtuoso, who laid out a considerable estate in natural curiosities and curiosities, which upon his death-bed he bequeathed to his relations and friends, in the following words:

THE WILL OF A VIRTUOSO.

I Nicholas Gimcrack, being in sound health of mind, but in great weakness of body, do by this last will and testament bestow my worldly goods and chattels in manner following :

Imprimis, To my dear wife,
One box of butterflies,
One drawer of shells,
A female skeleton,
A dried cockatrice.

Item, To my daughter Elizabeth,
My receipt for preserving dead caterpillars,
As also my preparations of winter Maydew,
embryo-pickle.

Item, To my little daughter Fanny,
Three crocodile's eggs.
And upon the birth of her first child, if she marries with her mother's consent,
The nest of a humming-bird.

Item, To my eldest brother, as an acknowledgment for the lands he has vested in my son Charles, I bequeath
My last year's collection of grasshoppers.

Item, To his daughter Susanna, being his only child, I bequeath my
English weeds pasted on royal paper,
With my large folio of Indian cabbage.

Item, To my learned and worthy friend Doctor Johannes Elscrickius, professor in anatomy, and my associate in the studies of nature, as an eternal monument of my affection and friendship for him, I bequeath

My rat's testicles, and
Whale's pizzle,

to him and his issue male ; and in default of such issue in the said Doctor Elscrickius, then to return to my executor and his heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my nephew Isaac, by making over to him, some years since,

A horned Scarabæus,

The skin of a rattle-snake, and

The mummy of an Egyptian King,

I make no farther provision for him in this my Will.

My eldest son John, having spoke disrespectfully of his little sister, whom I keep by me in spirits of wine, and in many other instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do disinherit, and wholly cut off from any part of this my personal estate, by giving him a single cockle-shell.

To my second son Charles I give and bequeath all my flowers, plants, minerals, mosses, shells, pebbles, fossils, beetles, butterflies, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and vermin, not above specified ; as also all my monsters, both wet and dry ; making the said Charles whole and sole executor of this my last will and testament ; he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid legacies within the space of six months after my decease. And I do hereby revoke all other wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas an ignorant upstart in astrology has publicly endeavoured to persuade the world that he is the late John Partridge, who died the 28th of March, 1708 : These are to certify all whom it may concern, that the true John Partridge was not only dead at that time, but continues so to this present day.

Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

N° 217. TUESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1710.

Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia mater.

VIRG. Ecl. v. ver. 26

She sigh'd, she sobb'd, and furious with despair,
Accused all the gods, and every star. — DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, August 28.

As I was passing by a neighbour's house this morning, I overheard the wife of the family speak things to her husband which gave me much distance, and put me in mind of a character which I wonder I have so long omitted, and that is, an outrageous species of the fair sex, which is distinguished by the term *Scolds*. The generality of women by nature loquacious: therefore mere volubility of speech is not to be imputed to them, but should be considered with pleasure when it is used to express such passions as tend to sweeten or adorn conversation: but when, through rage, females are vehement in their eloquence, nothing in the world has so ill an effect upon the features; for by the force of it I have seen the most amiable become the most deformed; and she that appeared one of the Graces immediately turned into one of the Furies. I have probably conceive the great cause of this evil may proceed from a false notion the ladies have of, what we call, a modest woman. They have too narrow a conception of this lovely character; and believe they have not at all forfeited their pretensions to it, provided they have no imputations on their character. But alas! the young fellows know they pick out better women in the side boxes, than among those who pass upon the world and themselves as modest.

Modesty never rages, never murmurs, never pouts; when it is ill-treated it pines, it beseeches, it laments. The neighbour I mention is one of your common modest women, that is to say, those who are ordinarily reckoned such. Her husband knows every pain of life with her, but jealousy. Now, because she is clear in this particular, the man cannot say his soul is his own, but she cries, 'No modest woman is respected now-a-days.' What adds to the comedy in this case is, that it is very ordinary with a sort of women to talk in the language of distress; they will complain of the forlorn wretchedness of their condition, and then the poor helpless creatures shall throw the next thing they can lay their hands on at the person who offends them. My neighbour was only saying to his wife, 'she is a little too fine,' when she immediately pulled her perwig off, and stamping it under her feet wrung her hands, and said, 'Never modest woman was so treated.' These ladies of irresistible modesty are those who make virtue unamiable; not that they can be said to be virtuous, but as they live without scandal; and being under the common denomination of being such, they fear to meet their faults in those who are as accessible as they are innocent.

I take the *Bully* among men, and the *Scold* among women, to draw the foundation of their actions from the same defect in the mind. A bully thinks honour consists wholly in being brave; and therefore has regard to no one rule of life, if he preserves himself from the accusation of cowardice. The froward woman knows chastity to be the first merit in a woman; and therefore, since no one can call her by an ugly name, she calls mankind all the rest.

These ladies, where their companions are so impudent as to take their speeches for any other, than exercises of their own lungs and their husbands'

patience, gain by the force of being resisted, and flame with open fury, which is no way to be opposed but by being neglected; though at the same time human frailty makes it very hard, to relish the philosophy of contemning even frivolous reproach. There is a very pretty instance of this infirmity in the man of *the best sense that ever was*, no less a person than Adam himself. According to Milton's description of the first couple, as soon as they had fallen, and the turbulent passions of anger, hatred, and jealousy, first entered their breasts; Adam grew moody, and talked to his wife, as you may find it in the three hundred and fifty-ninth page, and ninth book, of *Paradise Lost*, in the octavo edition, which out of heroics, and put into domestic style, would run thus:—

'Madam, if my advices had been of any authority with you, when that strange desire of gadding possessed you this morning, we had still been happy; but your cursed vanity and opinion of your own conduct, which is certainly very wavering when it seeks occasions of being proved, has ruined both yourself and me, who trusted you.'

Eve had no fan in her hand to ruffle, or tucker to pull down; but with a reproachful air she answered:—

'Sir, do you impute that to my desire of gadding, which might have happened to yourself, with all your wisdom and gravity? The serpent spoke so excellently, and with so good a grace, that— Besides, what harm had I ever done him, that he should design me any? Was I to have been always at your side, I might as well have continued there, and been but your rib still; but if I was so weak a creature as you thought me, why did you not interpose your sage authority more absolutely? You denied me going as faintly, as you say I resisted the serpent.

Had not you been too easy, neither you nor I had now transgressed.'

Adam replied, 'Why, Eve, hast thou the impudence to upbraid me as the cause of thy transgression for my indulgence to thee? Thus will it ever be with him, who trusts too much to a woman. At the same time that she refuses to be governed, if she suffers by her obstinacy, she will accuse the man that shall leave her to herself.'

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning:
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

This, to the modern, will appear but a very faint piece of conjugal enmity: but you are to consider, that they were just begun to be angry, and they wanted new words for expressing their new passions; but by her accusing him of letting her go, and telling him how good a speaker, and how fine a gentleman the devil was, we must reckon, allowing for the improvements of time, that she gave him the same provocation as if she had called him cuckold. The passionate and familiar terms, with which the same ease repeated daily for so many thousand years has furnished the present generation, were not then in use; but the foundation of debate has ever been the same, a contention about their merit and wisdom. Our general mother was a beauty; and hearing there was another now in the world, could not forbear, as Adam tells her, shewing herself, though to the devil, by whom the same vanity made her liable to be betrayed.

I cannot, with all the help of science and astrology, find any other remedy for this evil, but what was the medicine in this first quarrel; which was, as appears in the next book, that they were convinced of their being both weak, but the one weaker than the other.

If it were possible that the beauteous could but rage a little before a glass, and see their pretty countenance grow wild, it is not to be doubted but it would have a very good effect: but that would require temper; for Lady Firebrand, upon observing her features swell when her maid vexed her the other day, stamped her dressing-glass under her feet. In this case, when one of this temper is moved, she is like a witch in an operation, and makes all things turn round with her. The very fabric is in a vertigo when she begins to charm. In an instant, whatever was the occasion that moved her blood, she has such intolerable servants; Betty is so awkward, Tom cannot carry a message, and her husband had so little respect for her, that she, poor woman, is weary of this life, and was born to be unhappy.

Desunt multa.

ADVERTISEMENT.

* * The season now coming on in which the town will begin to fill, Mr. Bickerstaff gives notice, That from the first of October next, he will be much wittier than he has hitherto been.

N° 218. THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1710.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.

HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 77.

The tribe of writers, to a man, admire

The peaceful grove, and from the town retire.—FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, August 30.

I CHANCED to rise very early one particular morning this summer, and took a walk into the country to divert myself among the fields and meadows, while

green was new, and the flowers in their bloom. In this season of the year every lane is a beautiful garden, and every hedge full of nosegays; I lost myself, in a great deal of pleasure, among several thickets of bushes, that were filled with a great variety of flowers, and an agreeable confusion of notes, which made the pleasantest scene in the world to one who had passed a whole winter in noise and smoke. The freshness of the dews that lay upon every thing around me, with the cool breath of the morning, and the inspired the birds with so many delightful notes, created in me the same kind of animal spirits, and made my heart overflow with such emotions of joy and satisfaction as are not to be described or accounted for. On this occasion I did not but reflect upon a beautiful *simile* in Milton:

One who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Earth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Unjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight:
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Those who are conversant in the writings of polite poets, receive an additional entertainment from country, as it revives in their memories those pleasing descriptions, with which such authors do so plentifully abound.

As thinking of the foregoing beautiful *simile* in Milton, and applying it to myself, when I observed the windward of me a black cloud falling to earth in long trails of rain, which made me seek myself for shelter to a house I saw at a little distance from the place where I was walking. As I stood in the porch, I heard the voices of two or three persons, who seemed very earnest in discourse. My

curiosity was raised when I heard the names of Alexander the Great and Artaxerxes; and as their names seemed to run on ancient heroes, I concluded there could not be any secret in it; for which reason I thought I might very fairly listen to what they said.

After several parallels between great men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surprised to hear one say, that he valued the *Black Prince* more than the Duke of Vendosme. How the Duke of Vendosme should become a rival of the *Black Prince*, I could not conceive: and I was more startled when I heard a second affirm, with great vehemence, that if the Emperor of Germany was not going off, he should like him better than either of them. He added, that though the sea was so changeable, the Duke of Marlborough was a blooming beauty. I was wondering to myself from whence they had received this odd intelligence, especially when I heard them mention the names of several other great generals, as the Prince of Heinsberg and the King of Sweden, who, they said, were running away. To which they added, what I entirely agreed with them in, that the crown of France was very weak, but that the Marshal Villars kept his colours. At last, one of them told the company, if they would go along with him, he would shew them a chimney-sweeper and a painted lady in the same bed, which he was sure would very much please them. The shower, which had driven them as well as myself into the house, was now over; and as they were passing by me into the garden, I asked them to let me be one of their company.

The gentleman of the house told me, 'if I was lighted in flowers, it would be worth my while; that he believed he could shew me such a blow of tulips as was not to be matched in the whole country.'

I accepted the offer, and immediately found it

they had been talking in terms of gardening, and that the kings and generals they had mentioned were only so many tulips, to which the gardeners, according to their usual custom, had given such high titles and appellations of honour.

I was very much pleased and astonished at the glorious show of these gay vegetables, that arose in great profusion on all the banks about us. Sometimes I considered them with the eye of an ordinary spectator, as so many beautiful objects varnished over with a natural gloss, and stained with such a variety of colours, as are not to be equalled in any artificial dyes or tinctures. Sometimes I considered every leaf as an elaborate piece of tissue, in which the threads and fibres were woven together into different configurations, which gave a different colouring to the light as it glanced on the several parts of the surface. Sometimes I considered the whole bed of tulips, according to the notion of the greatest mathematician and philosopher that ever lived*, as a multitude of optic instruments, designed for the separating light into all those various colours of which it is composed.

I was awakened out of these my philosophical speculations, by observing the company often seemed to laugh at me. I accidentally praised a tulip as one of the finest I ever saw; upon which they told me, it was a common fool's-coat. Upon that I praised a second, which it seems was but another kind of fool's-coat. I had the same fate with two or three more; for which reason I desired the owner of the garden to let me know which were the finest of the flowers; for that I was so unskilful in the art, that I thought the most beautiful were the most valuable, and that those which had the gayest colours were the most beautiful. The gentleman smiled at

* Sir Isaac Newton.

my ignorance. He seemed a very plain honest man and a person of good sense, had not his head been touched with that distemper which *Hippocrates* call the *Τυλιππομανια*, *Tulippomania*; insomuch that he would talk very rationally on any subject in the world but a tulip.

He told me, 'that he valued the bed of flowers which lay before us, and was not above twenty yards in length and two in breadth, more than he would the best hundred acres of land in England;' and added, 'that it would have been worth twice the money it is, if a foolish cook-maid of his had not almost ruined him the last winter, by mistaking a handful of tulip-roots for a heap of onions, and by that means,' says he, 'made me a dish of porridge that cost me above a thousand pounds sterling.' He then shewed me what he thought the finest of his tulips, which I found received all their value from the rarity and oddness, and put me in mind of your great fortunes, which are not always the greatest beauties.

I have often looked upon it as a piece of happiness that I have never fallen into any of these fantastic tastes, nor esteemed any thing the more for its being uncommon and hard to be met with. For this reason I look upon the whole country in spring-time as a spacious garden, and make as many visits to a spot of daisies or a bank of violets, as a florist does to his borders or parterres. There is not a bush or blossom within a mile of me, which I am not acquainted with, nor scarce a daffodil or cowslip that withers away in my neighbourhood without my missing it. I walked home in this temper of mind through several fields and meadows with an unspeakable pleasure, not without reflecting on the bounty of Providence, which has made the most pleasing and most beautiful objects the most ordinary and most common.

N° 219. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1710.

————— Solutos

Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis—

Affectat, niger est; hunc, tu Romane, caveto.

HOR. 1 Sat. iv. 82.

Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise,

And courts of prating petulance the praise,

This man is vile; here, Roman, fix your mark;

His soul is black, as his complexion's dark.—FRANCIS.

NEVER were men so perplexed as a select company of us were this evening with a couple of professed fools, who, through our ill fortune, and their own confidence, had thought fit to pin themselves upon a gentleman who had owned to them, that he was going to meet such and such persons, and named us by one. These pert puppies immediately resolved to come with him; and from the beginning to the end of the night entertained each other with impertinences, to which we were perfect strangers. I am come home very much tired; for the affliction was so irksome to me, that it surpasses all other I ever knew, insomuch that I cannot reflect upon this morrow with pleasure, though it is past.

An easy manner of conversation is the most desirable quality a man can have; and for that reason excombs will take upon them to be familiar with people whom they never saw before. What adds to the vexation of it is, that they will act upon the foot of knowing you by fame; and rally with you, as they call it, by repeating what your enemies say of you; and court you, as they think, by uttering to your face, at a wrong time, all the kind things your friends speak of you in your absence.

These people are the more dreadful, the more they have of what is usually called wit : for a lively imagination, when it is not governed by a good understanding, makes such miserable havoc both in conversation and business, that it lays you defenceless, and fearful to throw the least word in its way that may give it new matter for its farther errors.

Tom Mercet has as quick a fancy as any one living ; but there is no reasonable man can bear his company half an hour. His purpose is to entertain, and it is of no consequence to him what is said, so it be what is called well said : as if a man must bear a wound with patience, because he that pushed at you came up with a good air and mien. That part of life which we spend in company is the most pleasing of all our moments ; and therefore I think our behaviour in it should have its laws as well as the part of being which is generally esteemed the more important. From hence it is, that from long experience we have made it a maxim, That however we may pretend to take satisfaction in sprightly mirth and high jollity, there is no great pleasure in any company where the basis of the society is not mutual goodwill. When this is in the room, every trifling circumstance, the most minute accident, the absurdity of a servant, the repetition of an old story, the look of a man when he is telling it, the most indifferents and the most ordinary occurrences, are matters which produce mirth and good-humour. I went to spend an hour after this manner with some friends, who enjoy it in perfection whenever they meet, when those destroyers above-mentioned came in upon us. There is not a man among them who has any notion of distinction of superiority to one another, either in their fortunes or their talents, when they are in company. Or if any reflection to the contrary occurs in their thoughts, it only strikes a delight

upon their minds, that so much wisdom and power is in possession of one whom they love and esteem.

In these my Lucubrations, I have frequently dwelt upon this one topic. The above maxim would make short work for us reformers; for it is only want of making this a position that renders some characters bad, which would otherwise be good. Tom Mercet means no man ill, but does ill to every body. His ambition is to be witty; and to carry on that design he breaks through all things that other people hold sacred. If he thought that wit was no way to be used but to the advantage of society, that sprightliness would have a new turn; and we should expect what he is going to say with satisfaction instead of fear. It is no excuse for being mischievous, that a man is mischievous without malice; nor will it be thought an atonement, that the ill was done not to injure the party concerned, but to divert the indifferent.

It is, methinks, a very great error, that we should not profess honesty in conversation, as much as in commerce. If we consider, that there is no greater misfortune than to be ill received: where we love the turning a man to ridicule among his friends, we rob him of greater enjoyments than he could have purchased by his wealth: yet he that laughs at him would perhaps be the last man who would hurt him in this case of less consequence. It has been said, the history of Don Quixote utterly destroyed the spirit of gallantry in the Spanish nation; and I believe we may say much more truly, that the humour of ridicule has done as much injury to the true relish of company in England.

Such satisfactions as arise from the secret comparison of ourselves to others, with relation to their inferior fortunes or merit, are mean and unworthy. The true and high state of conversation is, when

men communicate their thoughts to each other upon such subjects, and in such a manner, as would be pleasant if there were no such thing as folly in the world; for it is but a low condition of wit in one man which depends upon folly in another.

P.S. I was here interrupted by the receipt of ~~the~~ letters, among which is one from a lady who is not a little offended at my translation of the discourse between Adam and Eve. She pretends to tell me ~~my~~ my own, as she calls it, and quotes several passages in my works, which tend to the utter disunion of man and wife. Her epistle will best express her. I have made an extract of it, and shall insert the most material passages.

‘I suppose you know we women are not too apt to forgive: for which reason, before you concern yourself any farther with our sex, I would advise you to answer what is said against you by those of your own. I enclose to you business enough, and you are ready for your promise of being witty. You must not expect to say what you please, without admitting others to take the same liberty. Marry come up! you a Censor? Pray read over all *these pamphlets*, and *these notes* upon your Lucubrations: by that time you shall hear farther. It is, I suppose from such as you that people learn to be censorious for which I and all our sex have an utter aversion when once people come to take the liberty to wound reputations ——’

This is the main body of the letter; but she bids me turn over, and there I find ——

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF,

‘If you will draw Mrs. Cicely Trippet according to the enclosed description, I will forgive you all.’

‘ To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.

The humble Petition of Joshua Fairlove, of *Stepney*,

‘ SHEWETH,

‘ That your Petitioner is a general lover, who for some months last past has made it his whole business to frequent the by-paths and roads near his dwelling, for no other purpose but to hand such of the fair sex as are obliged to pass through them.

‘ That he has been at great expense for cleangloves to offer his hand with.

‘ That towards the evening he approaches near *London*, and employs himself as a convoy towards home.

‘ Your Petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that for such his humble services he may be allowed the title of Esquire.’

Mr. Morpew has orders to carry the proper instruments : and the Petitioner is hereafter to be writ to upon gilt paper, by the title of Joshua Fairlove, Esquire.

N° 220. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1710. ✓

*Insani sapiens nomen ferat æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.*

HOR. 1 Ep. vi. 15.

Even virtue, when pursu'd with warmth extreme,
Turns into vice, and fools the sage's fame.—FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, September 4.

HAVING received many letters filled with compliments and acknowledgments for my late useful discovery of the *political* Barometer, I shall here communicate to the public an account of my *ecclesiastical*

Thermometer, the latter giving as manifest prognostications of the changes and revolutions in church as the former does of those in state; and both of them being absolutely necessary for every prudent subject who is resolved to keep what he has, and get what he can.

The *church* Thermometer, which I am now to treat of, is supposed to have been invented in the reign of Henry the Eighth, about the time when that religious prince put some to death for owning the Pope's supremacy, and others for denying transubstantiation. I do not find, however, any great use made of this instrument, until it fell into the hands of a learned and vigilant priest or minister, for he frequently wrote himself both one and the other, who was sometime Vicar of *Bray*. This gentleman lived in his vicarage to a good old age; and, after having seen several successions of his neighbouring clergy either burned or banished, departed this life with the satisfaction of having never deserted his flock, and died Vicar of *Bray*. As this Glass was at first designed to calculate the different degrees of heat in religion, as it raged in popery, or as it cooled and grew temperate in the reformation; it was marked at several distances, after the manner our ordinary thermometer is to this day, viz. 'Extreme Heat, Sultry Heat, Very Hot, Hot, Warm, Temperate, Cold, Just Freezing, Frost, Hard Frost, Great Frost, Extreme Cold.

It is well known that Torricellius, the inventor of the common weather-glass, made the experiment in a long tube which held thirty-two feet of water; and that a more modern *virtuoso*, finding such a machine altogether unwieldy and useless, and considering that thirty-two inches of quicksilver weighed as much as so many feet of water in a tube of the same circumference, invented that sizeable instrument which is now in use. After this manner that I might adapt the Thermometer I am now speaking of to the pre-

stitution of our Church, as divided into High
 I have made some necessary variations both
 the and the fluid it contains. In the first
 ordered a tube to be cast in a planetary
 took care to seal it hermetically, when the
 in conjunction with *Saturn*. I then took
 precautions about the fluid, which is a
 of two very different liquors; one of them
 drawn out of a strong heady wine; the other
 sort of rock-water, colder than ice, and
 in crystal. The spirit is of a red fiery co-
 so very apt to ferment, that unless it be
 with a proportion of the water, or pent up
 it will burst the vessel that holds it, and
 fume and smoke. The water, on the con-
 such a subtle piercing cold, that unless it
 with a proportion of the spirits, it will
 through every thing that it is put into:
 to be of the same nature as the water
 by Quintus Curtius, which, says the his-
 old be contained in nothing but in the hoof,
 Oxford manuscript has it, in the scull of
 The Thermometer is marked according to
 ring figure; which I set down at length,
 to give my reader a clear idea of it, but also
 my Paper.

Ignorance.

Persecution.

Wrath.

Zeal.

CHURCH.

Moderation.

Lukewarmness.

Infidelity.

Ignorance.

My reader will observe, that the Church is placed
 middle point of the Glass, between Zeal and

Moderation; the situation in which she always flourishes, and in which every good *Englishman* wishes her, who is a friend to the constitution of his country. However, when it mounts to Zeal, it is amiss; and, when it sinks to Moderation, is still a most admirable temper. The worst of it is, that when it once begins to rise, it has still an inclination to ascend; insomuch that it is apt to climb up from Zeal to Wrath, and from Wrath to Persecution, which always ends in Ignorance, and very often proceeds from it. In the same manner it frequently takes progress through the lower half of the glass; and when it has a tendency to fall, will gradually descend from Moderation to Lukewarmness, and from Lukewarmness to Infidelity, which very often terminates in Ignorance, and always proceeds from it.

It is a common observation, that the ordinary Thermometer will be effected by the breathing of people who are in the room where it stands; and indeed it is almost incredible to conceive how the glass I am now describing will fall by the breathing of a multitude crying 'Popery;' or, on the contrary, how it will rise when the same multitude, as it sometimes happens, cry out in the same breath, 'The Church is in danger.'

As soon as I had finished this my glass, and adjusted it to the above-mentioned scale of religion, that I might make proper experiments with it, I carried it under my cloak to several coffee-houses and other places of resort about this great city. At St. James's coffee-house the liquor stood at Moderation; but at Will's, to my great surprise, it subsided to the very lowest mark on the glass. At the Georgian it mounted but just one point higher; at the Rainbow it still ascended two degrees; Christ Church fetched it up to Zeal; and other adjacent coffee-houses, to Wrath.

It fell in the lower half of the glass as I went to

ther into the city, until at length it settled at Moderation, where it continued all the time I stayed about the Exchange, as also while I passed by the Bank. And here I cannot but take notice, that through the whole course of my remarks, I never observed my glass to rise at the same time the stocks did.

To complete the experiment, I prevailed upon a friend of mine, who works under me in the Occult Sciences, to make a progress with my glass through the whole island of Great Britain: and after his return, to present me with a register of his observations. I guessed beforehand at the temper of several places he passed through, by the characters they have had time out of mind. Thus that facetious divine, Dr. Fuller, speaking of the town of Banbury near a hundred years ago, tells us, it was a place famous for cakes and zeal, which I find by my glass is true to this day, as to the latter part of this description; though I must confess, it is not in the same reputation for cakes that it was in the time of that learned author; and thus of other places. In short, I have now by me, digested in an alphabetical order, all the counties, corporations, and boroughs, in Great Britain, with their respective tempers, as they stand related to my Thermometer. But this I shall keep to myself, because I would by no means do any thing that may seem to influence any ensuing elections.

The point of doctrine which I would propagate by this my invention, is the same which was long ago advanced by that able teacher Horace, out of whom I have taken my text for this discourse. We should be careful not to overshoot ourselves in the pursuits even of virtue. Whether Zeal or Moderation be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one, and frost out of the other. But, alas! the world is too wise to want such a precaution. The terms High Church and Low Church, as commonly used, do not

so much denote a principle, as they distinguish party. They are like words of battle, they have nothing to do with their original signification; but are only given to keep a body of men together, and to let them know friends from enemies.

I must confess I have considered, with some little attention, the influence which the opinions of these great national sects have upon their practice; and do look upon it as one of the unaccountable things of our times, that multitudes of honest gentlemen, who entirely agree in their lives, should take it in their heads to differ in their religion.

✓ N° 221. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1710

Sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans iugarum, et totus in illis.

HOR. 1 Sat. ix. 1.

Musing, as wont, on this and that,
Such trifles, as I know not what. FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, September 6.

As I was this morning going out of my house, a little boy in a black coat delivered me the following letter. Upon asking who he was, he told me, that he belonged to my Lady Gimcrack. I did not at first recollect the name; but, upon inquiry, I found it to be the widow of Sir Nicholas, whose legacy lately gave some account of to the world. The letter ran thus:

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF,

‘I hope you will not be surprised to receive a letter from the widow Gimcrack. You know, Sir, that I have lately lost a very whimsical husband, who,

find by one of your last week's Papers, was not altogether a stranger to you. When I married this gentleman, he had a very handsome estate; but upon buying a set of microscopes, he was chosen a *Fellow of the Royal Society*; from which time I do not remember ever to have heard him speak as other people did, or talk in a manner that any of his family could understand him. He used, however, to pass away his time very innocently in conversation with several members of that learned body; for which reason, I never advised him against their company for several years, until at last I found his brain quite turned with their discourses. The first symptom which he discovered of his being a *Virtuoso*, as you call him, poor man! was about fifteen years ago; when he gave me positive orders to turn off an old weeding-woman, that had been employed in the family for some years. He told me, at the same time, that there was no such thing in nature as a weed, and that it was his design to let his garden produce what it pleased; so that, you may be sure, it makes a very pleasant show as it now lies. About the same time he took a humour to ramble up and down the country, and would often bring home with him his pockets full of moss and pebbles. This, you may be sure, gave me a heavy heart; though at the same time I must needs say, he had the character of a very honest man, notwithstanding he was reckoned a little weak, until he began to sell his estate, and buy those strange baubles that you have taken notice of. Upon Midsummer-day last, as he was walking with me in the fields, he saw a very odd-coloured butterfly just before us. I observed that he immediately changed colour, like a man that is surprised with a piece of good luck: and telling me, that it was what he had looked for above these twelve years, he threw off his coat, and followed it. I lost sight of

them both in less than a quarter of an hour; but his husband continued the chase over hedge and ditch until about sunset: at which time, as I was afterwards told, he caught the butterfly as she rested her wings upon a cabbage, near five miles from the place where he first put her up. He was here lifted from the ground by some passengers in a very fainting condition, and brought home to me about midnight. His violent exercise threw him into a fever, which grew upon him by degrees, and at last carried him off. In one of the intervals of his distemper, he called to me, and, after having excused himself for running out his estate, he told me, that he had always been more industrious to improve his mind than his fortune: and that his family must rather value themselves upon his memory as he was a great man, than a rich one. He then told me, that it was a custom among the Romans for a man to give his slaves their liberty when he lay upon his death-bed. I could not imagine what this meant, until, after having a little composed himself, he ordered me to bring him a flea which he had kept several months in a chain, with a design, as he said, to give it his manumission. This was done accordingly. He then made the Will, which I have since seen printed in your Works word for word. Only I must take notice that you have omitted the codicil, in which he left a large *Concha Veneris*, as it is there called, to a *Member of the Royal Society*, who was often with him during his sickness, and assisted him in his will. And now, Sir, I come to the chief business of my letter, which is to desire your friendship and assistance in the disposal of those many rarities and curiosities which are upon my hands. If you know any one that has occasion for a parcel of dried spiders, I will sell them at a pennyworth. I could likewise let any one have a bargain of cockle-shells. I would also desire y

advice, whether I had best sell my beetles in a lump, or by retail. The gentleman above mentioned, who was my husband's friend, would have me make an auction of all his goods, and is now drawing up a catalogue of every particular for that purpose, with the two following words in great letters over the head of them *Auctio Gimcrackiana*. But upon talking with him, I began to suspect he is as mad as poor Sir Nicholas was. Your advice in all these particulars will be a great piece of charity to,

Sir, your most humble servant,
ELIZABETH GIMCRACK.'

I shall answer the foregoing letter, and give the widow my best advice, as soon as I can find out chapmen for the wares which she has put off. In the mean time, I shall give my reader the sight of a letter, which I have received from another female correspondent by the same post.

'GOOD MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'I am convinced, by a late Paper of yours, that a passionate woman, who among the common people goes under the name of a scold, is one of the most insupportable creatures in the world. But, alas! Sir, what can we do? I have made a thousand vows and resolutions every morning to guard myself against this frailty; but have generally broken them before dinner, and could never in my life hold out until the second course was set upon the table. What most troubles me is, that my husband is as patient and good-natured as your own worship, or any man living can be. Pray give me some directions, for I would observe the strictest and severest rules you can think of to cure myself of this distemper, which is apt to fall into my tongue every moment.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant, &c.'

In answer to this most unfortunate lady I must acquaint her, that there is now in town an ingenious physician of my acquaintance, who undertakes to cure all the vices and defects of the mind by inward medicines or outward applications. I shall give the world an account of his patients and his cures in other Papers, when I shall be more at leisure to treat upon this subject. I shall only here inform my correspondent, that, for the benefit of such ladies as are troubled with virulent tongues, he has prepared a cold-bath, over which there is fastened at the end of a long pole, a very convenient chair, curiously gilt and carved. When the patient is seated in the chair, the doctor lifts up the pole, and gives her two or three total immersions in the cold-bath, until such time as she has quite lost the use of speech. This operation so effectually chills the tongue, and refrigerates the blood, that a woman, who at her entrance into the chair is extremely passionate and sonorous, will come out as silent and gentle as a lamb. The doctor told me, he would not practice this experiment upon women of fashion, had not he seen it made upon those of meaner condition with very good effect.

N° 222. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1710.

----- Chrysidis odas

Ebrius ante fores extinctâ cum face cantat.

PERSIUS, Sat. v. 165.

Shall I at Chrysis' door the night prolong

With midnight serenade, or drunken song?—R. WYNN.

From my own Apartment, September 8.

WHEREAS, by letters from Nottingham, we have advice, that the young ladies of that place complain

want of sleep, by reason of certain riotous lovers, who for this last summer have very much infested the streets of that eminent city, with violins and violas, between the hours of twelve and four in the morning, to the great disturbance of many of her Majesty's peaceable subjects: and whereas I have been importuned to publish some edict against those night alarms, which, under the name of serenades, greatly annoy many well-disposed persons, not only in the place above mentioned, but also in most of the polite towns of this island: I have taken that matter into my serious consideration, and do find that this custom is by no means to be indulged in this country and climate.

It is indeed very unaccountable, that most of our English youth should take such great delight in these nocturnal expeditions. Your robust true-born Briton, that has not yet felt the force of flames and kisses, has a natural inclination to break windows; and those whose natural ruggedness has been smoothed and softened by gentle passions, have as strong a propensity to languish under them, especially if they have a fiddler behind them to utter their complaints; for, as the custom prevails at present, there is scarce a young man of any fashion in the corporation, who does not make love with the violin-music. The Waits often help him through his courtship; and my friend Banister* has told me, that he was proffered 500*l.* by a young fellow, to play all one winter under the window of a lady, that was great fortune, but more cruel than ordinary. One would think they hoped to conquer their mistresses' hearts as people tame hawks and eagles, by keeping them awake, or breaking their sleep when they are falling into it.

* Mr. John Banister, a composer, and at the head of the band in Drury-lane.

I have endeavoured to search into the original of this impertinent way of making love, which, according to some authors, is of great antiquity. If we may believe Monsieur Dacier and other critics, Horace's tenth Ode of the third book was originally a Serenade. And if I was disposed to shew my learning, I could produce a line of him in another place which seems to have been the burden of an old he then serenade.

— Audis minus, et minus jam,

‘ Me tue longas pereunte noctes,

Lydia, dormis ’—HOR. 1 Ode. xxv. 8.

Now less and less assail thine ear

These plaints, ‘ Ah ’ sleepest thou, my dear,

While I, whole nights, thy True-love here

Am dying ’—FRANCIS.

But notwithstanding the opinions of many learned men upon this subject, I rather agree with those who look upon this custom, as now practised, to have been introduced by castrated musicians; who found out this method of applying themselves to their mistresses at these hours, when men of hoarser voice express their passions in a more vulgar method. It must be confessed, that your Italian eunuchs do practise this manner of courtship to this day.

But whoever were the persons that first thought of the serenade, the authors of all countries are unanimous in ascribing the invention to Italy.

There are two circumstances which qualified the country above all others for this midnight music.

The first I shall mention was the softness of the climate.

This gave the lover opportunities of being abroad in the air, or of lying upon the earth whole hours together, without fear of damps or dews; but as for our tramontane lovers, when they begin their midnight complaint with,

My lodging upon the cold ground is,

are not to understand them in the rigour of the letter; since it would be impossible for a British man to condole himself long in that situation, without dying for his mistress. A man might as well serenade in Greenland as in our region. Milton seems to have had in his thoughts the absurdity of these Northern Serenades, in the censure which he presses upon them:

—————Or midnight ball,
Or serenade, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.

The truth of it is, I have often pitied, in a winter night, a vocal musician, and have attributed many of his trills and quavers to the coldness of the weather.

The second circumstance which inclined the Italians to this custom, was that musical genius which is so universal among them. Nothing is more frequent in that country, than to hear a cobbler working to an opera-tune. You can scarce see a porter that has not one nail much longer than the rest, which you will find upon inquiry, is cherished for the instrument. In short, there is not a labourer, handicraftman, that in the cool of the evening does not relieve himself with solos and sonatas.

The Italian soothes his mistress with a plaintive voice; and bewails himself in such melting music, that the whole neighbourhood sympathizes with him in his sorrow.

*Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ——
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens, miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mœstis latè loca questibus implet.*
VIRG. Georg. iv. 511.

Thus Philomel beneath the poplar shade
With plaintive murmurs warbles through the glade—
Her notes harmonious tedious nights prolong,
And Echo multiplies the mournful song.—R. WYNNE.

On the contrary, our honest countrymen have so

little an inclination to music, that they seldom begin to sing until they are drunk; which also is usual at the time when they are most disposed to serenade.

N^o 223. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1711

For when upon their ungot heirs,
Th' entail themselves and all that's theirs,
What blunder bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or wager laid at six and seven,
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their children's tenants ere they're born?—Hud.

From my own Apartment, September 11.

I HAVE been very much solicited by Clarissa, Flavia, and Lysetta, to reassume my discourse concerning the methods of disposing honourably an unmarried part of the world, and taking off the bars to it, jointures and settlements; which are only the greatest impediments towards entering that state, but also the frequent causes of discord and animosity in it after it is consummated. I have with very much attention considered this case; among all the observations that I have made through a long course of years, I have thought the coldness of wives to their husbands, as well as disaffection from children to parents, to arise from this source. This trade for minds and bodies in a lump, without regard to either, but as they are accompanied with such sums of money, and such parcels of land, cannot but produce a commerce between the parties concerned, suitable to the motives upon which they at first came together. I have heretofore given an account, that this method

of making settlements was first invented by a gripping lawyer, who made use of the covetous tempers of the parents of each side, to force two young people into these vile measures of diffidence, for no other end but to increase the skins of parchment, by which they were put into each other's possession out of each other's power. The law of our country has given an ample and generous provision for the wife, even the third of her husband's estate, and left to her good humour and his gratitude the expectation of farther provision; but the fantastical method of going farther, with relation to their heirs, has a foundation in nothing but pride and folly: for as all men wish their children as like themselves, and as much better, as they can possibly, it seems monstrous that we should give out of ourselves the opportunities of rewarding and discouraging them according to their deserts. This wise institution has no more sense in it, than if a man should begin indeed with, 'Whereas no man living knows how long he shall continue to be a living creature, or an honest man. And whereas I B. am going to enter into the state of matrimony with Mrs. D. therefore I shall from henceforth make it indifferent to me whether from this time forward I shall be a fool or a knave. And therefore, in full and perfect health of body, and a sound mind, not knowing which of my children, will prove better or worse, I give to my first-born, be he perverse, ungrateful, impious, or cruel, the lump and bulk of my estate; and leave one year's purchase only to each of my younger children whether they shall be brave or beautiful, modest or honourable, from the time of the date hereof, wherein I resign my senses, and hereby promise to employ my judgment no farther in the distribution of my worldly goods from the day of the date hereof; hereby farther confessing and cove-

nanting, that I am from henceforth married, and dead in law.'

There is no man that is conversant in modern settlements, but knows this is an exact translation of what is inserted in these instruments. Men's passions could only make them submit to such terms, and therefore all unreasonable bargains in marriage ought to be set aside, as well as deeds extorted from men under force, or in prison, who are altogether as much masters of their actions, as he that is possessed with a violent passion.

How strangely men are sometimes partial to themselves, appears by the rapine of him that has his daughter's beauty under his direction. He will make no scruple of using it to force from her lover as much of his estate as is worth ten thousand pounds, and at the same time, as a justice on the bench, will spare no pains to get a man hanged that has taken but a horse from him.

It is to be hoped the legislature will in due time take this kind of robbery into consideration, and not suffer men to prey upon each other when they are about making the most solemn league, and entering into the strictest bonds. The only sure remedy is to fix a certain rate on every woman's fortune; one price for that of a maid, and another for that of a widow: for it is of infinite advantage, that there should be no frauds or uncertainties in the sale of our women.

If any man should exceed the settled rate, he ought to be at liberty after seven years are over, by which time his love may be supposed to abate a little, if it is not founded upon reason, to renounce the bargain, and be freed from the settlement upon restoring the portion: as a youth married under fourteen years old may be off, if he pleases, when he comes to age, and as a man is discharged from all

bargains but that of marriage, made when he is under twenty-one.

It grieves me when I consider, that these restraints upon matrimony take away the advantage we should otherwise have over other countries, which are sunk much by those great checks upon propagation, the *corrents*. It is thought chiefly owing to these, that Italy and Spain want above half their compliment of people. Were the price of wives always fixed and settled, it would contribute to filling the nation more than all the encouragements that can possibly be given to foreigners to transplant themselves hither.

I therefore, as censor of Britain, until a law is made, will lay down rules which shall be observed, with penalty of degrading all that break them, into *Pretty Fellows, Smarts, Squibs, Hunting-horns, Drums, and Bagpipes*.

The females that are guilty of breaking my orders, I shall respectfully pronounce to be *Kits, Hornpipes, Dulcimers, and Kettle-drums*. Such widows as wear the spoils of one husband, I will bury, if they attempt to rob another.

I ordain, That no woman ever demand one shilling to be paid after her husband's death, more than the very sum she brings him, or an equivalent for it in land.

That no settlement be made, in which the man settles on his children more than the reversion of the jointure, or the value of it in money; so that at his death, he may in the whole be bound to pay his family but double to what he has received. I would have the eldest, as well as the rest, have his provision out of this.

When men are not able to come up to those settlements I have proposed, I would have them receive so much of the portion only as they can come up to,

and the rest to go to the woman by way of pin money, or separate maintenance. In this, I think I determine equally between the two sexes.

If any lawyer varies from these rules, or is above two days in drawing a marriage-settlement, or uses more words in it than one skin of parchment will contain, or takes above 5*l*. for drawing it, I would have him thrown over the bar.

Were these rules observed, a woman with a small fortune, and a great deal of worth, would be sure to marry according to her deserts, if the man's estate were to be less encumbered, in proportion as her fortune is less than he might have with others.

A man of a great deal of merit, and not so much estate, might be chosen for his worth; because it would not be difficult for him to make a settlement.

The man that loves a woman best, would not love her for not being able to bid so much as another, or for not complying with an extravagant demand.

A fine woman would no more be set up to auction as she is now. When a man puts in for her, his friends or herself take care to publish it; and the man that was the first bidder is made no other use of but to raise the price. He that loves her will continue in waiting as long as she pleases, if her fortune be thought equal to his; and, under pretence of some failure in the rent-roll, or difficulties in drawing the settlement, he is put off until a better bargain is made with another.

All the rest of the sex, that are not rich or beautiful to the highest degree, are plainly gainers, and would be married so fast, that the least charming of them would soon grow beauties to the bachelors.

Widows might be easily married, if they would not, as they do now, set up for discreet, only by being mercenary.

The making matrimony cheap and easy would be

greatest discouragement to vice: the limiting the sense of children would not make men ill inclined, afraid of having them in a regular way; and the loss of merit would not live unmarried, as they often now, because the goodness of a wife cannot be added to them; but the loss of an estate is certain, if a man would never have the affliction of a worthless heir added to that of a bad wife.

I am the more serious, large, and particular on this subject, because my *Lucubrations*, designed for the encouragement of virtue, cannot have the desired success as long as this encumbrance of settlements continues upon matrimony.

24. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1710.

Maternam superabat opus.—OVID. *Met.* ii. 5.

The matter equal'd not the artist's skill.—R. WYNN.

From my own Apartment, September 13.

By my custom, in a dearth of news, to entertain myself with those collections of advertisements that appear at the end of all our public prints. These I consider as accounts of news from the little world, in the same manner that the foregoing parts of the paper are from the great. If in one we hear that a foreign prince is fled from his capital city, in the other we hear of a tradesman who hath shut up his shop, and run away. If in one we find the victory of a general, in the other we see the desertion of a private soldier. I must confess I have a certain weakness in my temper, that is often very much affected by these little domestic occurrences, and have fre-

'The highest compounded spirit of lavender most glorious, *if the expression may be used*, emitting scent and flavour that can possibly be, which raptures the spirits, delights the gust, and gives such airs to the countenance, as are not to be imagined but by those that have tried it. The merit of the thing is admired by most gentlemen and ladies; but this far more, as by far it exceeds the gaining among all a more than a common ease. It is sold, in neat flint bottles fit for the pocket, at the Golden Key in Wharton's-court, near Holborn-bars, 3s. 6d. with directions.'

At the same time that I recommend the *several flowers in which this spirit of lavender is wrapped up, if the expression may be used*, I cannot excuse my fellow-labourers for admitting into their paper several uncleanly advertisements, not at all proper to appear in the works of polite writers. Among these I must reckon the 'Carminative Wine-pelling Pills.' If the doctor had called them his Carminative Pills, he had been as cleanly as could have wished; but the second word entirely destroys the decency of the first. There are several absurdities of this nature so very gross, that I do not mention them; and shall therefore dismiss the subject with a public admonition to Michael Pegg that he do not presume any more to mention a certain worm he knows of, which, by the way, is grown seven feet in my memory; for, if I am much mistaken, it is the same that was but nine long about six months ago.

By the remarks I have here made, it plainly appears, that a collection of advertisements is a sort of miscellany, the writers of which, contrary to the custom of authors, excepting men of quality, give more to the bookseller who publishes their copies. The merit of the bookseller is chiefly shewn in his manner of ranging and digesting these little tracts.

A paper I took up in my hand places them in the following order.

The true Spanish blacking for shoes, &c.

Pease and plasters, &c.

Nectar and Ambrosia, &c.

Four freehold tenements of fifteen pounds *per ann.*

Annotations upon the Tatler, &c.

The present state of England, &c.

A commission of bankruptcy, being awarded against B. L. bookseller, &c.

225. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1710.

Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti, si non, his utere mecum.

HOR. 1 Ep. vi. 67.

If a better system's thine,
Impart it frankly; or make use of mine.—FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, September 15.

Those hours which we spend in conversation are the most pleasing of any which we enjoy; yet methinks, there is very little care taken to improve ourselves by the frequent repetition of them. The common fault in this case is that of growing too intimate, and falling into displeasing familiarities; for it is a very ordinary thing for men to make no other use of a new acquaintance with each other's affairs, but to use one another with unacceptable allusions. One would pass over patiently such as converse like animals, and salute each other with bangs on the shoulder, sly raps with canes, or other robust pleasantries practised by the rural gentry of this nation:

but even among those who should have more perfect ideas of things, you see a set of people who in the design of conversation, and make frequent mention of ungrateful subjects; nay, mention them because they are ungrateful; as if the perfection of society were in knowing how to offend on the one part, and how to bear an offence on the other. In all parts of this populous town, you find the world made up of an active and a passive companion; one who has good-nature enough to suffer, and his friend shall think fit to say, and one who is resolved to make the most of his good-humour to serve his parts. In the trading part of mankind, I have ever observed the jest went by the weight of profit, and the ridicule is made up by the gains which come from it. Thus the packer allows the clothier to say what he pleases; and the broker has his countenance ready to laugh with the merchant, though the abuse is to fall on himself, because he knows that, as a go-between, he shall find his account in being in the good graces of a man of wealth. And these just and punctual people the richest men are ever the better jester; and they know no such thing as a person who shall pretend to a superior knowledge at a man, who does not make him amends by opportunities of advantage in another kind; but among people of a different way, where the pretended distinction in company is only what is raised from sense and understanding, it is very absurd to carry rough raillery so far, as that the whole discourse should turn upon each other's infirmities, follies, and misfortunes.

I was this evening with a set of wags of this kind. They appear generally by two and two; and the most extraordinary, is, that those very persons who are most together appear least of a mind when joined by other company. This evil proceeds

indiscreet familiarity, whereby a man is allowed to say the most grating thing imaginable to another, and it shall be accounted weakness to shew an impudence for the unkindness. But this and all other variations from the design of pleasing each other when we meet, are derived from the interlopers in society; who want capacity to put in a stock among regular companions, and therefore supply their wants with stale histories, sly observations, and rude hints, which relate to the conduct of others. All cohabitants in general run into this unhappy fault; men and their wives break into reflections, which are like much Arabic to the rest of the company; sisters and brothers often make the like figure, from the same unjust sense of the art of being intimate and familiar. It is often said, such a one cannot stand the mention of such a circumstance; if he cannot, I assure it is for want of discourse, or a worse reason, that any companion of his touches upon it.

Familiarity, among the truly well-bred, never has authority to trespass upon another in the most intimate circumstance; but it allows to be kinder than we ought otherwise to presume to be. Eusebius has wit, humour, and spirit; but there never was a man in his company who wished he had less; he understands familiarity so well, that he knows how to make use of it in a way that neither makes himself or his friend contemptible; but if any one is offended by his freedom, it is he himself, who always takes the place, the diet, and the reception, when he is in the company of his friends. Equality is the life of conversation; and he is as much out who assumes himself any part above another, as he who considers himself below the rest of the society. Familiarity in inferiors is sauciness; in superiors, condescension; neither of which are to have being among companions, the very word implying that they are to

be equal. When, therefore, we have abstracted company from all considerations of their quality or fortune, it will immediately appear, that to make us happy and polite, there must nothing be started which shall discover that our thoughts run upon any distinctions. Hence it will arise, that benevolence must become the rule of society, and he that is obliging must be most diverting.

This way of talking I am fallen into from the reflection that I am, wherever I go, entertained with some absurdity, mistake, weakness, or ill-luck of some man or other, whom not only I, but the person who makes me those relations, has a value in. It would therefore be a great benefit to the world if it could be brought to pass, that no story should be told, or a taking one, but what was to the advantage of the person of whom it is related. By this means that is now a wit in conversation, would be considered as a spreader of false news is in business.

But above all, to make a familiar fit for a benefactor, it is absolutely necessary that we should always be inclined rather to hide than rally each other of our infirmities. To suffer for a fault is a sort of punishment; and nobody is concerned for the offence which he has made reparation.

P. S. I have received the following letter, which rallies me for being witty sooner than I design; but I have now altered my resolution, and intend to be facetious until the day in October heretofore mentioned, instead of beginning from that day.

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF,

Sept. 6, 1709.

‘By your own reckoning, you came yesterday about a month before the time you looked your best, and did me much to the satisfaction of

Your most obliged, humble servant,
PLAIN ENGLISH.

St. James's Coffee-house, September 15.

Advices from Madrid of the eighth say, the duke of Anjou with his court, and all the councils, were preparing to leave that place in a day or two, in order to remove to Valladolid. They add, that the palace was already unfurnished.

N° 226. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1710.

— Juenis quondam, nunc femina, Cæneus,
Rursus et in veterem fato revoluta figuram.

VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 448.

Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man;
But ending in the sex she first began.—DRAWDEN.

From my own Apartment, September 18.

It is one of the designs of this paper to transmit to posterity an account of any thing that is monstrous in my own times. For this reason, I shall here publish to the world the life of a person who was neither man nor woman; as written by one of my ingenious correspondents, who seems to have imitated Plutarch in that multifarious erudition, and those occasional dissertations, which he has wrought into the body of his history. The life I am putting out is that of Margery, alias John Young, commonly known by the name of Doctor Young; who, as the town very well knows, was a woman that practised physic in a man's clothes, and, after having had two wives, and several children, died about a month since.

SIR,

I here make bold to trouble you with a short account of the famous Doctor Young's life, which

you may call, if you please, a second part of the farce of the *Sham Doctor*. This perhaps will not seem so strange to you, who, if I am not mistaken, have somewhere mentioned with honour your sister Kirleus, as a practitioner both in physic and astrology; but, in the common opinion of mankind, she-quack is altogether as strange and astonishing creature, as the Centaur that practised physic in the days of Achilles, or as King Phys in the *Rehearsal*. *Æsculapius*, the great founder of your art, was particularly famous for his beard, as we may conclude from the behaviour of a tyrant, who is branded by heathen historians as guilty both of sacrilege and blasphemy; having robbed the statue of *Æsculapius* of a thick bushy golden beard, and then alleged for his excuse, That it was a shame the son should have a beard, when his father Apollo had none. This latter instance, indeed, seems something to favour a female professor, since, as I have been told, the ancient statues of Apollo are generally made with the head and face of a woman: nay, I have been credibly informed by those who have seen them both, that the famous Apollo, in the *Belvidera*, did very much resemble Doctor Young. Let that be as it will, the Doctor was a kind of Amazon in physic, that made as great devastation and slaughters as any of our chief heroes in the army, and was as fatal to the English in these our days as the famous Joan d'Arc was in those of our forefathers.

‘I do not find any thing remarkable in the life which I am about to write till the year 1695; at which time the Doctor, being about twenty-three years old, was brought to-bed of a bastard-child. The scandal of such a misfortune gave so great an uneasiness to pretty Mrs. Peggy, for that was the name by which the Doctor was then called, that she

left her family, and followed her lover to London, with a fixed resolution, some way or other, to recover her lost reputation: but instead of changing her life, which one would have expected from so good a disposition of mind, she took it in her head to change her sex. This was soon done by the help of a sword and a pair of breeches. I have reason to believe that her first design was to turn man-midwife, having herself had some experience in those affairs: but thinking this too narrow a foundation for her future fortune, she at length bought her a gold-buttoned coat, and set up for a physician. Thus we see the same fatal miscarriage in her youth made Mrs. Young a Doctor, that formerly made one of the same sex a Pope.

The Doctor succeeded very well in his business at first; but very often met with accidents that disquieted him. As he wanted that deep magisterial voice which gives authority to a prescription, and is absolutely necessary for the right pronouncing of these words, 'Take these pills,' he unfortunately got the nick-name of the Squeaking Doctor. If this circumstance alarmed the Doctor, there was another which gave him no small disquiet, and very much diminished his gains. In short, he found himself run down as a superficial prating quack, in all families that had at the head of them a cautious father, or a jealous husband. These would often complain, one among another, that they did not like such a smock-faced physician; though in truth, had they known how justly he deserved that name, they would rather have favoured his practice, than have apprehended any thing from it.

Such were the motives that determined Mrs. Young to change her condition, and take in marriage a virtuous young woman, who lived with her in good reputation, and made her the father of a

very pretty girl. But this part of her happiness was soon after destroyed, by a distemper which was too hard for our physician, and carried off his first wife. The Doctor had not been a widow long before he married his second lady, with whom also he lives in very good understanding. It so happened, that the Doctor was with child at the same time that his lady was; but the little ones coming both together they passed for twins. The Doctor having entirely established the reputation of his manhood, especially by the birth of the boy of whom he had been lately delivered, and who very much resembles him, grew into good business, and was particularly famous for the cure of the venereal distempers; but would have had much more practice among his own sex, had not some of them been so unreasonable as to demand certain proofs of their cure, which the Doctor was not able to give them. The florid blooming look, which gave the Doctor some uneasiness at first, instead of betraying his person, only recommended his physic. Upon this occasion I cannot forbear mentioning what I thought a very agreeable surprise; in one of Moliere's plays, where a young woman applies herself to a sick person in the habit of a quack, and speaks to her patient, who was something scandalized at the youth of his physician, to the following purpose—I began to practise in the reign of Francis the First, and am now in the hundred and fiftieth year of my age; but by the virtue of my medicaments, have maintained myself in the same beauty and freshness I had at fifteen. For this reason Hippocrates lays it down as a rule, that a student in physic should have a sound constitution, and a healthy look; which indeed seem as necessary qualifications for a physician, as a good life and virtuous behaviour for a divine. But to return to our subject. About two years ago the

Doctor was very much afflicted with the vapours, which grew upon him to such a degree, that about two weeks since they made an end of him. His death discovered the disguise he had acted under, and brought him back again to his former sex. It is said, that at his burial the pall was held up by six women in some fashion. The Doctor left behind him a widow, and two fatherless children, if they may be called so, besides the little boy before mentioned. In relation to whom we may say of the Doctor, as in a good old ballad about The Children in the Wood of the unnatural uncle, that he was father and mother both in one. These are all the circumstances as I could learn of Doctor Young's life, which might have given occasion to many obscene fictions: as I know those would never have gained a place in your Paper, I have not troubled you with any immorality of that nature, having stuck to the truth as scrupulously, as I always do when I subscribe myself,

Sir, yours, &c.'

I shall add, as a postscript to this letter, that I have informed the famous Saltero, who sells coffee in his museum at Chelsea, has by him a curiosity, which helped the Doctor to carry on his imposture, and will give great satisfaction to the curious inquirer.'

227. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1710.

Omnibus invidias, Zoile, nemo tibi.—MARTIAL.

Thou envi'st all: but no man envies thee.—R. WYNN.

From my own Apartment, September 20.

Is the business of reason and philosophy to soothe and allay the passions of the mind, or turn them to

a vigorous prosecution of what is dictated by the understanding. In order to this good end, I would keep a watchful eye upon the growing inclination of youth, and be particularly careful to prevent their indulging themselves in such sentiments as may embitter their more advanced age. I have now under cure a young gentleman, who lately communicated to me, that he was of all men living the most miserably envious. I desired the circumstances of his distemper: upon which, with a sigh that would have moved the most inhuman breast, 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said he, 'I am nephew to a gentleman of very great estate, to whose favour I have a cousin that has equal pretensions with myself. This kinsman of mine is a young man of the highest merit imaginable, and has a mind so tender, and so generous that I can observe he returns my envy with pity. He makes me, upon all occasions, the most obliging condescensions: and I cannot but take notice of the concern he is in, to see my life blasted with this racking passion, though it is against himself. In the presence of my uncle, when I am in the room, he never speaks so well as he is capable of; but always lowers his talents and accomplishments out of regard to me. What I beg of you, dear Sir, is to instruct me how to love him, as I know he does me: and beseech you, if possible, to set my heart right; that it may no longer be tormented where it should be pleased, or hate a man whom I cannot but approve.'

The patient gave me this account with such candour and openness, that I conceived immediate hopes of his cure; because, in diseases of the mind, the person affected is half recovered when he is sensible of his distemper. 'Sir,' said I, 'the acknowledgment of your kinsman's merit is a very hopeful symptom; for it is the nature of persons afflicted with this evil, when they are incurable, to

pretend a contempt of the person envied, if they are vexed with that weakness. A man who is really envious will not allow he is so; but, upon such an accusation, is tormented with the reflection, that to deny a man is to allow him your superior. But in our case, when you examine the bottom of your heart, I am apt to think it is avarice, which you mistake for envy. Were it not that you have both expectations from the same man, you would look upon your cousin's accomplishments with pleasure. You, at now consider him as an obstacle to your interest, could then behold him as an ornament to your family. I observed my patient upon this occasion recover himself in some measure; and he owned to me, that 'he hoped it was as I imagined; for that in all places, but where he was his rival, he had pleasure in his company. This was the first discourse he had upon this malady; but I do not doubt but, after two or three more, I shall, by just degrees, turn his envy into emulation.

Such an envy, as I have here described, may possibly enter into an ingenuous mind; but the envy which makes a man uneasy to himself and others, is a certain distortion and perverseness of temper, that renders him unwilling to be pleased with any thing without him, that has either beauty or perfection in it. I look upon it as a distemper in the mind, which I know no moralist that has described in this light, when a man cannot discern any thing, which another is master of, that is agreeable. For which reason, I look upon the good-natured man to be endowed with a certain discerning faculty, which the envious are altogether deprived of. Shallow wits, superficial critics, and conceited fops, are with me so many blind men in respect of excellences. They can behold nothing but faults and blemishes, and indeed see nothing that is worth seeing. Shew them a

poem, it is stuff; a picture, it is daubing. They find nothing in architecture that is not irregular, or in music that is not out of tune. These men should consider that it is their envy which deforms every thing, and that the ugliness is not in the object, but in the eye. And as for nobler minds, whose merits are either not discovered, or are misrepresented by the envious part of mankind, they should rather consider their defamers with pity than indignation. No man can have an idea of perfection in another, which he was never sensible of in himself. Locke tells us, 'That upon asking a blind man what he thought scarlet was?' he answered, 'That he believed it was like the sound of a trumpet.' He was forced to form his conceptions of ideas which he had not, by those which he had. In the same manner, ask an envious man what he thinks of virtue? he will call it design: what of good-nature? and he will term it dulness. The difference is, that as the person before mentioned was born blind, so envious men have contracted the distemper themselves, and are troubled with a sort of an acquired blindness. Thus the devil in Milton, though made an angel of light, could see nothing to please him even in Paradise, and hated our first parents, though in their state of innocence.

228. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1710.

— Veniet manus, auxilio quæ
 Sit mihi— Hon. 1 Sat. iv. 141.

A powerful aid from other hands will come.— R. WYNN.

From my own Apartment, September 22.

A MAN of business, who makes a public entertain-
 ment, may sometimes leave his guests, and beg
 them to divert themselves as well as they can until
 his return. I shall here make use of the same pri-
 vilege, being engaged in matters of some import-
 ance relating to the family of the Bickerstaffs, and
 must desire my readers to entertain one another
 until I can have leisure to attend them. I have
 therefore furnished out this paper, as I have done
 some few others, with letters of my ingenious cor-
 respondents, which I have reason to believe, will
 please the public as much as my own more elabo-
 rate Lucubrations.

SIR,

Lincoln, Sept. 9.

I have long been of the number of your ad-
 mirers, and take this opportunity of telling you so.
 I know not why a man so famed for astrological
 observations may not be also a good casuist; upon
 which presumption it is I ask your advice in an
 affair, that at present puzzles quite that slender
 stock of divinity I am master of. I have now been
 some time in holy orders, and fellow of a certain
 college in one of the universities; but, weary of
 that unactive life, I resolve to be doing good in my
 generation. A worthy gentleman has lately offered
 me a fat rectory; but means, I perceive, his kins-
 woman should have the benefit of the clergy. I am

a novice in the world, and confess it startles me how the body of Mrs. Abigail can be annexed to the cure of souls. Sir, would you give us, in one of your Tatlers, the original and progress of smock simony, and shew us, that where the laws are silent men's consciences ought to be so too, you could no more oblige our fraternity of young divines, and among the rest,

Your humble servant,

HIGH-CHURCH.'

I am very proud of having a gentleman of this name for my admirer, and may, some time or other write such a treatise as he mentions. In the meantime, I do not see why our clergy, who are frequently men of good families, should be reproached, if any of them chance to espouse a handmaid with a rectory *in commendam*, since the best of our peers have often joined themselves to the daughters of very ordinary tradesmen, upon the same valuable considerations.

Globe in Moorfields, September 16.

'HONOURED SIR,

'I have now finished my almanack for the next year, in all the parts of it, except that which concerns the weather; and you having shewn yourself by some of your late works, more weatherwise than any of our astrologers, I most humbly presume to trouble you upon this head. You know very well that in our ordinary almanacks the wind and rain, snow and hail, clouds and sunshine, have their proper seasons, and come up as regularly in their several months as the fruits and plants of the earth. As for my own part, I freely own to you, that I generally steal my weather out of some antiquated almanack that foretold it several years ago. Now, Sir, what I humbly beg of you is, that you would lend a

our *State* weather-glass, in order to fill up this vacant column in my works. This, I know, would sell my almanack beyond any other, and make me a richer man than Poor Robin. If you will not grant me this favour, I must have recourse to my old method, and will copy from an old almanack which I have by me, and which I think was for the year when the great storm was. I am, Sir,

The most humble of your admirers,
T. PHILOMATH.

This gentleman does not consider, what a strange appearance his almanack would make to the ignorant, should he transpose his weather, as he must do, if he follow the dictates of my glass. What would the world say to see summers filled with clouds and storms, and winters with calms and sunshine: according to the variations of the weather, as they might accidentally appear in a *State* barometer? But let that be as it will, I shall apply my own invention to my own use; and if I do not make my fortune by it, it will be my own fault.

The next letter comes to me from another self-interested solicitor.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I am going to set up for a Scrivener, and have thought of a project which may turn both to your account and mine. It came into my head, upon reading that learned and useful Paper of yours concerning advertisements. You must understand, I have made myself master in the whole art of advertising, both as to the style and the letter. Now if you and I could so manage it, that nobody should write advertisements besides myself, or print them any where but in your Paper, we might both of us get estates in a little time. For this end I would likewise propose, that you should enlarge the de-

sign of advertisements, and have sent you two three samples of my work in this kind, which have made for particular friends, and intend to shop with. The first is for a gentleman, who will willingly marry, if he could find a wife to his liking; the second is for a poor whig, who is lately turn'd out of his post; and the third for a person of a contrary party, who is willing to get into one.'

'Whereas A. B. next door to the Pestle and Mortar, being about thirty years old, of a good make, with dark-coloured hair, bright eye, and long nose, has occasion for a good-humoured, fair, young woman, of about 3000*l.* fortune; he is to give notice, that if any such young woman has a mind to dispose of herself in marriage to such a person as the above mentioned, she may be provided with a husband, a coach and horses, and a properable settlement.'

'C. D. designing to quit his place, has a great quantity of paper, parchment, ink, wax, and what else he has to dispose of, which will be sold at very reasonable rates.'

'E. F. a person of good behaviour, six feet high, of a black complexion, and sound principles, wants an employ. He is an excellent penman and comptant, and speaks French.'

Her fruitful cursed spawn of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, foul, and black as ink ;
Which swarming all about his legs did crawl,
And him encumbered sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle shepherd in sweet even tide,
When ruddy Phœbus 'gins to welk in west,
High on a hill, his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their hasty supper best ;
A cloud of cumbrous gnats do him molest,
All striving to enfix their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest ;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

If ever I should want such a fry of little authors to attend me, I shall think my paper in a very decaying condition. They are like ivy about an oak, which adorns the tree at the same time that it eats into it ; or like a great man's equipage, that do honour to the person on whom they feed. For my part, when I see myself thus attacked, I do not consider my *antagonists* as malicious, but hungry; and therefore am resolved never to take any notice of them.

As for those who detract from my labours, without being prompted to it by an empty stomach ; in return to their censures, I shall take pains to excel, and never fail to persuade myself, that their enmity is nothing but their envy or ignorance.

Give me leave to conclude, like an old man, and a moralist, with a fable.

The owls, bats, and several other birds of night, were one day got together in a thick shade, where they abused their neighbours in a very sociable manner. Their satire at last fell upon the sun, whom they all agreed to be very troublesome, impertinent, and inquisitive. Upon which the sun, who overheard them, spoke to them after this manner. ' Gentlemen, I wonder how you dare abuse one that, you

know, could in an instant scorch you up, and be every mother's son of you; but the only answer shall give you, or the revenge I shall take of you to "shine on."

N^o 230. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1709

From my own Apartment, September 28.

THE following letter has laid before me many great and manifest evils in the world of letters, which I have overlooked; but they open to me a very busy scene, and it will require no small care and application to amend errors which are become so universal. The affectation of politeness is exposed in this epistle with a great deal of wit and discernment; so that whatever discourses I may fall into hereafter upon the subject the writer treats of, I shall at present lay the matter before the world, without the least alteration from the words of my correspondent.

'To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.

'SIR,

'There are some abuses among us of great consequence, the reformation of which is properly your province; though as far as I have been conversant in your papers, you have not yet considered them. These are, the deplorable ignorance that for so many years hath reigned among our *English* writers, the great depravity of our taste, and the continual corruption of our style. I say nothing here of those who handle particular sciences, Divinity, Law, Physic, and the like; I mean the traders in history, politics, and the *Belles Lettres*; together with the

by whom books are not translated, but as the common expressions are, *done* out of *French*, *Latin*, or other language, and *made English*. I cannot but observe to you, that until of late years a Grub-street book was always bound in sheep-skin, with suitable print and paper, the price never above a shilling, and taken off wholly by common tradesmen or country pedlars; but now they appear in all sizes and shapes, and in all places. They are handed about from lapsuls in every coffee-house to persons of quality; are shewn in Westminster-hall and the Court of Requests. You may see them gilt, and in royal paper of five or six hundred pages, and rated accordingly. I would engag'd to furnish you with a catalogue of *English* books, published within the compass of seven years past, which at the first hand would cost you a hundred pounds, wherein you shall not be able to find ten lines together of common grammar or common sense.

These two evils, ignorance, and want of taste, have produced a third; I mean the continual corruption of our *English* tongue, which, without some timely remedy, will suffer more by the false refinements of twenty years past, than it hath been improved in the foregoing hundred. And this is what I design chiefly to enlarge upon, leaving the former evils to your animadversion.

But instead of giving you a list of the late refinements crept into our language, I here send you the copy of a letter I received, some time ago, from a most accomplished person in this way of writing; upon which I shall make some remarks. It is in these terms:

"SIR,

"I Cou'd n't get the things you sent for all about Town—I thôt to ha come down myself, and then

I'd k' brôt 'um; but I ha'nt don't, and I be can't do't, that's Pozz——Tom begins to gi'me because he's going with the Plenipo's——"T the French king will bamboozl us agen, which many speculations. The Jacks and others Kidney are very uppish and alert upon't, as y see by their Phizz's——Will Hazard has got the having lost to the Tune of five hund'rd pound, understands play very well, no Body better. promis't me upon Rcp, to leave off play; but y 'tis a weakness he's too apt to give into, tho' as much wit as any man, no Body more. He incog ever since——The Mobb's very quiet now——I believe you thôt I banter'd you in like a Country Put——I shan't leave to month, &c."

'This letter is in every point an admirable term of the present polite way of writing: of less authority for being an epistle. Ye gather every flower in it, with a thousand equal sweetness, from the books, pamphlets, single papers, offered us every day in the houses: and these are the beauties introduced to supply the want of wit, sense, humour, and which formerly were looked upon as qualifications for a writer. If a man of wit, who died forty ago, were to rise from the grave on purpose would he be able to read this letter? and had got through that difficulty, how would he be able to understand it? The first thing that strikes your eye, is the breaks at the end of almost every sentence; of which I know not the use, only that it is a refinement, and very frequently practised. You will observe the abbreviations and elisions, which consonants of most obdurate sound are put together, without one softening vowel to inter-

and all this only to make one syllable of two, directly contrary to the example of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, altogether of the *Gothic* strain, and a natural tendency towards relapsing into barbarity, which delights in monosyllables, and uniting of mute consonants, as it is observable in all the northern languages. And this is still more visible in the next refinement, which consists in pronouncing the first syllable in a word that has many, and dismissing the rest, such as *Phizz*, *Hipps*, *Mobb*, *Pozz*, *Rep*, and many more, when we are already overloaded with monosyllables, which are the disgrace of our language. Thus we cram one syllable, and cut off the rest, as the owl fattened her mice after she had bit off their legs to prevent them from running away; and if ours be the same reason for maiming our words, it will certainly answer the end; for I am sure no other nation will desire to borrow them. Some words are hitherto but fairly split, and therefore only in their way to perfection, as *Incog*, and *Plenipo*: but in a short time, it is to be hoped, they will be farther docked to *Inc.* and *Plen.* This reflection has made me of late years very impatient for a peace, which I believe would save the lives of many brave words, as well as men. The war has introduced abundance of polysyllables, which will never be able to live many more campaigns, *Speculations*, *Operations*, *Preliminaries*, *Ambassadors*, *Palisadoes*, *Communication*, *Circumcallation*, *Battalions*; as numerous as they are, if they attack us too frequently in our coffee-houses, we shall certainly put them to flight, and cut off the rear.

‘The third refinement observable in the letter I send you, consists in the choice of certain words invented by some pretty fellows, such as *Banter*, *Bamboozle*, *Country Put*, and *Kidney*, as it is there applied; some of which are now struggling for the

vogue, and others are in possession of it. I have done my utmost for some years past to stop the progress of *Mobb* and *Banter*, but have been borne down by numbers, and betrayed by those who promised to assist me.

‘In the last place, you are to take notice of certain choice phrases scattered through the letters of them tolerable enough, until they were torn to rags by servile imitators. You might easily have known them though they were not in a different print; therefore I need not disturb them.

‘These are the false refinements in our style which you ought to correct: first, by argument and reason; but, if those fail, I think you are to use of your authority as Censor, and by an *Index Expurgatorius* expunge all words and phrases that are offensive to good sense, and condemn all barbarous mutilations of vowels and syllables. At this last point the usual pretence is, that they are as they speak. A noble standard for language to depend upon the caprice of every coxcomb, because words are the clothing of our thoughts, and he who dresses them out and shapes them as he pleases, and not as they are, dresses them oftener than his dress. I believe reasonable people would be content that such words were more sparing in their words, and less in their syllables: and upon this head I should be glad if you would bestow some advice upon several young readers in our churches, who, coming up from a university full fraught with admiration of our politeness, will needs correct the style of our prayer-books. In reading the absolution, they are very careful to say *Pardons* and *Absoltees*; and in the prayer for the Royal Family, it must be *enrich’um*, *prosper’um*, and *bring’um*. Then in their sermons, they use all the modern terms of art, *Banter*, *Mob*, *Bubble*, *Bully*, *Cutting*, *Shuffling*.

...ing; all which, and many more of the like
amp, as I have heard them often in the pulpit from
ch young sophisters, so I have read them in some
"those sermons that have made the most noise
late." The design, it seems, is to avoid the
adful imputation of pedantry; to shew us that
we know the town, understand men and manners,
and have not been poring upon old unfashionable
books in the university.

I should be glad to see you the instrument of
roducing into our style that simplicity which is
the best and truest ornament of most things in life,
which the politer ages always aimed at in their
diding and dress, *simples munditus*, as well as
in productions of wit. It is manifest that all new
fected modes of speech, whether borrowed from
the court, the town, or the theatre, are the first
fishing parts in any language; and as I could
give by many hundred instances, have been so in
the. The writings of Hooker, who was a country
squire, and of Parsons the Jesuit, both in the
time of Queen Elizabeth, are in a style that, with
a few allowances, would not offend any present
reader, and are much more clear and intelligible than
those of Sir Harry Wootton, Sir Robert Naunton,
Bacon, Daniel the historian, and several others who
wrote later; but being men of the court, and affecting
the phrases then in fashion, they are often either
difficult to be understood, or appear perfectly ridiculous.

What remedies are to be apphed to these evils,
I have not room to consider, having, I fear, already
taken up most of your paper. Besides, I think it
your office only to represent abuses, and yours to
address them. I am with great respect, Sir,

Yours, &c.'

N^o 231. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 31, 1709.

Principiis obsta — OVID. Rem. Amor. ver. 91.

Prevent the growing evil — R. WYNNER.

From my own Apartment, September 29.

THERE are very many ill habits that might much ease have been prevented, which after have indulged ourselves in them, become incurable. We have a sort of proverbial expression 'Taking a woman down in her wedding shoes you would bring her to reason. An early behaviour of this sort had a very remarkable good effect in my family, wherein I was several years an intimate acquaintance.

A gentleman in Lincolnshire had four daughters, three of which were early married very happily; the fourth, though no way inferior to any of her sisters, either in person or accomplishments, had from her infancy discovered so imperious a temper, we called a High Spirit, that it continually made uneasiness in the family, became her known character in the neighbourhood, and deterred all her suitors from declaring themselves. However, in process of time, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune and acquaintance, having observed that quickness of spirit to be her only fault, made his addresses, and obtained her consent in due form. The lady finished the writings, in which, by the way, there was no pin-money; and they were married. During a decent time spent in the father's house, the bridegroom went to prepare his seat for her reception. During the whole course of his courtship, though a man of the most equal temper, he had artifice

mented to her, that he was the most passionate creature breathing. By this one intimation, he at once made her understand warmth of temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her against that constitution in himself. She at the same time thought herself highly obliged by the composed behaviour which he maintained in her presence. Thus far he with great success soothed her from being guilty of violences, and still resolved to give her such a terrible apprehension of his fiery spirit, that she should never dream of giving way to her own. He returned on the day appointed for carrying her home; but, instead of a coach and six horses, together with the gay equipage suitable to the occasion, he appeared without a servant, mounted on the skeleton of a horse, which his huntsman had, the day before, brought in to feast his dogs on the arrival of their new mistress, with a pillion fixed behind, and a case of pistols before him, attended only by a favourite hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging, but somewhat positive manner, desired his lady to seat herself on the cushion; which done, away they crawled. The road being obstructed by a gate, the dog was commanded to open it: the poor cur looked up and wagged his tail: but the master, to shew the impatience of his temper, drew a pistol, and shot him dead. He had no sooner done it, but he fell into a thousand apologies for his unhappy rashness, and begged as many pardons for his excesses before one for whom he had so profound a respect. Soon after their steed stumbled, but with some difficulty recovered: however, the bridegroom took occasion to swear, if he frightened his wife so again, he would run him through! And alas! the poor animal being now almost tired, made a second trip; immediately on which the careful husband alights, and, with great ceremony, first

takes off his lady, then the accoutrements, draws his sword, and saves the huntsman the trouble of killing him: then says to his wife, 'Child, prithee take up the saddle;' which she readily did, and dragged it home, where they found all things in the greatest order, suitable to their fortune and the present occasion. Some time after, the father and the lady gave an entertainment to all his daughters and their husbands; where, when the wives were retired, and the gentlemen passing a toast about our last married man took occasion to observe to the rest of his brethren, how much, to his great satisfaction, he found the world mistaken as to the temper of his lady, for that she was the most modest and humble woman breathing. The applause was received with a loud laugh: but, as a trial which of them would appear the most master at home, he proposed they should all by turns send for their wives down to them. A servant was dispatched, and answer was made by one, 'Tell him I will come by-and-by;' and another, 'That she would come when the cards were out of her hand;' and so on. But no sooner was her husband's desire whispered in the ear of our last married lady, but the cards were clapped on the table, and down she comes with 'My dear, would you speak with me?' He receives her in his arms, and, after repeated caresses, tells her the experiment, confesses his good-nature, and assures her, that since she could now command her temper, he would no longer disguise his own.

I received the following letter with a dozen of wine and cannot but do justice to the liquor, and give my testimony, 'That I have tried it upon several of my acquaintance, who were given to impertinent abbreviations with great success.'

‘ MR. BICKERSTAFF,

‘ I send you by this bearer, and not *per* bearer, a dozen of that claret which is to be sold at Garraway’s coffee-house, on Thursday the 5th day of October next. I can assure you I have found by experience the efficacy of it, in amending a fault you complain of in your last. The very first draught of it has some effect on the speech of the drinker, and restores all the letters taken away by the elisions so justly complained of. Will Hazard was cured of his *Hypochondria* by three glasses ; and the gentleman, who gave you an account of his late indisposition, has in public company, after the first quart, spoke every syllable of the word *Plenipotentiary*. Your’s, &c.’

N° 232. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 2.

I HAVE received the following letter from my unfortunate old acquaintance the upholsterer, who, I observed, had long absented himself from the bench at the upper end of the Mall. Having not seen him for some time, I was in fear I should soon hear of his death ; especially since he never appeared, though the noons have been of late pretty warm, and the councils at that place very full from the hour of twelve to three, which the sages of that board employ in conference, while the unthinking part of mankind are eating and drinking for the support of their own private persons, without any regard to the public.

‘SIR,

‘I should have waited on you very frequently’ have discoursed you upon some matters of moment but that I love to be well informed in the subject upon which I consult my friends, before I enter into debate with them. I have therefore, with the utmost care and pains, applied myself to the reading all the writings and pamphlets which have come out since the trial, and have studied night and day in order to be master of the whole controversy. but the authors are so numerous, and the state of affairs alter so very fast, that I am now a fortnight behind-hand in my reading, and know only how things stood twelve days ago. I wish you would enter into those useful subjects: for if I may be allowed to say so, there are no times to jest in. As for my own part, you know very well that I am of a public spirit, and never regarded my own interest, but looked farther; and let me tell you that while some people are minding only themselves and families, and others are thinking only of their own country, things go on strangely in the north. I foresee very great evils arising from the neglect of transactions at a distance, for which reason I am now writing a letter to a friend in that country, which I design as an answer to the Czar of Muscovy’s letter to the Grand Seignior concerning his Majesty of Sweden. I have endeavoured to prove, that it is not reasonable to expect that his Swedish Majesty should leave Bender without forty thousand men; and I have added to this an apology for the Cossacks. But the matter multiplies upon me, and I grow dim with much writing; therefore desire if you have an old *green pair* of spectacles, such as you used about your fiftieth year, that you would send them to me; as also that you will please to desire Mr. Morphew to send me in a bushel of coal.

the credit of my answer to his Czarian Majesty; I design it shall be printed for Morphew, and the other grows sharp. I shall take it kindly if you would order him also to send me the papers as they come out. If there are no fresh pamphlets published, compute that I shall know before the end of next month what has been done in town to this day. If there were not for an ill custom lately introduced by a certain author, of talking Latin at the beginning of letters, matters would be in a much clearer light than they are: but, to our comfort, there are solid writers who are not guilty of this pedantry. The *St-man* writes like an angel. The *Moderator* is a reading. It would do you no harm to read the *St-boy* with attention; he is very deep of late. He is instructive; but I confess a little satirical: a top pen! he cares not what he says. The *Examiner* is admirable, and is become a grave and substantial author. But, above all, I am at a loss how to term myself in my judgment of those whose whole writings consist in interrogatories: and then the way of answering, by proposing questions as hard to them, quite as extraordinary. As for my part, I tremble at these novelties; we expose, in my opinion, our affairs too much by it. You may be sure the French will spare no cost to come at the reading of them. I dread to think if the fable of the blackbirds could fall into his hands. But I shall not venture to say more until I see you. In the mean time,

I am, &c.'

P. S. I take the Bender letter, in the *Examiner*, for spurious.'

This unhappy correspondent, whose fantastical fidelity to the King of Sweden has reduced him to his low condition of reason and fortune, would appear much more monstrous in his madness, did we

not see crowds very little above his circumstance from the same cause, a passion to politics.

It is no unpleasant entertainment to consider the commerce even of the sexes interrupted by difference in state-affairs. A wench and her gallant parted last week upon the words *unlimited* and *passive*: and there is such a jargon of terms got into the mouth of the very silliest of the women, that you cannot come into a room even among them, but you find them divided into Whig and Tory. What heightens the humour is, that all the hard words they know they certainly suppose to be terms useful in the disputes of the parties. I came in this day where two were in very hot debate; and one of them proposed to me to explain to them what was the difference between *circumcision* and *predestination*. You may be sure I was at a loss; but they were too angry at each other to wait for my explanation, and proceeded to lay open the whole state of affairs, instead of the usual topics of dress, gallantry, and scandal.

I have often wondered how it should be possible that this turn to politics should so universally prevail to the exclusion of every other subject out of conversation; and, upon mature consideration, find it is for want of discourse. Look round you among all the young fellows you meet, and you see those who have the least relish for books, company, or pleasure, though they have no manner of qualification to make them succeed in those pursuits, shall make very passable politicians. Thus the most barren invention shall find enough to say to make one appear an able man in the top coffee-houses. It is but adding a certain vehemence in uttering yourself, let the thing you say be never so flat, and you shall be thought a very sensible man, if you were not too hot. As love and honour are the noble motives of life; so the pretenders to them, without

ing animated by them, are the most contemptible of all sorts of pretenders. The unjust affectation of a thing that is laudable is ignominious in proportion to the worth of the thing we affect; thus, as love of one's country is the most glorious of all passions, even the most ordinary tools in a nation give themselves airs that way, without any one good quality in their own life, has something in it romantic, yet no less ridiculous as odious.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Bickerstaff has received Sylvia's letter in *The Bath*, and his sister is set out thither. Frontly, who is one of the guides for the town, is desired to bring her into company, and oblige her with a mention in his next lampoon.

233. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1710.

— Sunt certa piacula, quæ te
 Ter purè lecto poterant recreare libello.—HOR. 1 Ep. i. 36.
 And like a charm, to the upright mind and pure,
 If thrice read o'er, will yield a certain cure.—R. WYNN.

From my own Apartment, October 4.

When the mind has been perplexed with anxious thoughts and passions, the best method of bringing it to a usual state of tranquillity is, as much as we possibly can, to turn our thoughts to the adversities of persons of higher consideration in virtue and merit than ourselves. By this means all the little incidents of our own lives, if they are unfortunate, seem to be the effect of justice upon our faults and indiscretions. When those whom we know to be excel-

lent, and deserving of a better fate, are what we cannot but resign ourselves, whom men know to merit a much worse state than that placed in. For such and many other occasions is one admirable relation which one might recur for certain periods of one's life, to touch, and improve, the heart of man. Tully says where, 'The pleasures of a husbandman are those of a philosopher.' In like manner we say, for methinks they bear the same proportion to another, The pleasures of humanity are those of devotion. In both these latter satisfactions there is a certain humiliation which exalts above its ordinary state. At the same time lessens our value of ourselves, it enlarges the estimation of others. The history I am going to tell of, is that of Joseph in Holy Writ, which is written with such majestic simplicity, that all the passages strike us with strong touches of nature and passion; and he must be a stranger to both, who does not read it with attention, and not be overwhelmed with the vicissitudes of joy and sorrow. I hope it will not be a profanation, to tell it one's own way, and that they who may be unthinking enough to despise frequently readers of such papers as this, Sacred Writ, may be advertised, that the pleasures the imagination can be entertained are to be found there, and that even the style of Scripture is more than human.

Joseph, a beloved child of Israel, became odious to his elder brethren, for no other reason than his superior beauty, and excellence of behaviour, insomuch that they could not bear his living virtue, and let him live. They therefore conspired his death; but nature pleaded so strongly in the heart of one of them, that by his persuasion they determined rather to bury him

his immediate executioners with their own hands. When thus much was obtained for him, his friends still softened towards him, and they took the opportunity of some passengers to sell him to Egypt. Israel was persuaded by the artificers, that the youth was torn to pieces by wild beasts; but Joseph was sold to slavery, and still exposed to new misfortunes, from the same cause as his beauty and his virtue. By a false accusation he was committed to prison; but in process of time he was delivered from it, in consideration of his wisdom and knowledge, and made the governor of Pharaoh's house. In this elevation of his fortune, his brothers were sent into Egypt, to buy necessaries for their family in a famine. As soon as they are brought in his presence, he beholds, but he beholds with compassion, the men who had sold him to slavery, and greets them with awe and reverence. While looking over his brethren, he takes a resolution not to indulge himself in the pleasure of stirring up his own affections, by keeping himself conversant with and examining into the circumstances of his family. For this end, with an air of severity, he appoints a faithful minister to Pharaoh, he accuses them, who are come into Egypt with designs on the state. This led them into the account he wanted of them, the condition of their father and little brother, whom they had left behind them. When he had learned that his brother was still living, he demands the bringing him to Egypt, as a proof of their veracity.

It would be a vain and empty endeavour to lay this excellent representation of the character of man in the same colours as they appear in Sacred Writ, in any other manner, or almost in other words, than those made use of in the page before. I am obliged, therefore, to turn my designed

narration rather into a comment upon the several parts of that beautiful and passionate scene. When Joseph expects to see Benjamin, how natural, and how forcible is the reflection, 'This affliction is come upon us, in that we saw the anguish of our brother's soul without pity! How moving must be to Joseph to hear Reuben accuse the rest, that they would not hear what he pleaded in behalf of his innocence and distress! He turns from them and weeps; but commands his passion so far as to give orders for binding one of them in the presence of the rest, while he at leisure observed their different sentiments and concern in their gesture and countenance. When Benjamin is demanded for bondage for stealing the cup, with what force and what resignation does Judah address his brother!

'In what words shall I speak to my lord? with what confidence can I say any thing? Our guilt is but too apparent; we submit to our fate. We are my lord's servants, both we and he also with whom the cup is found.' When that is not accepted, how pathetically does he recapitulate the whole story. And, approaching nearer to Joseph, delivers himself as follows; which, if we fix our thoughts upon the relation between the pleader and the judge, it is impossible to read without tears:

'SIR,

'Let me intrude so far upon you, even in the high condition in which you are, and the miserable one in which you see me and my brethren, to inform you of the circumstances of us unhappy men that prostrate ourselves before you. When we were first examined by you, you inquired—for what reason my lord inquired we know not—but you inquired whether we had not a father or a brother. We then acquainted you, that we had a father, an old man

who had a child of his old age, and had buried another son, whom he had by the same woman. You are pleased to command us to bring the child he had remaining down to you: we did so; and he has forfeited his liberty. But my father said to us, You know that my wife bare me two sons: one of them was torn in pieces; if mischief befall this also, it will bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Accept, therefore, oh my lord! me for your bondman, and let the lad return with his brethren, that I may not see the evil that shall come on my father.' Here Joseph's passions grew too great for farther disguise, and he reveals himself with exclamations of transport and tenderness.

After their recovery from their first astonishment, his brethren were seized with fear for the injuries they had done him; but how generously does he keep them in countenance, and make an apology for them! 'Be not angry with yourselves for selling me hither; call it not so, but think Providence sent me before you to preserve life!'

It would be endless to go through all the beauties of this sacred narrative; but any one who shall read it at an hour when he is disengaged from all other regards or interests than what arise from it, will feel the alternate passion of a father, a brother, and a son, so warm in him, that they will incline him to exert himself in such of those characters as happen to be in, much above the ordinary course of his life.

N° 234. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 6.

I HAVE reason to believe, that certain of my contemporaries have made use of an art I some time ago professed, of being often designedly dull; and for that reason shall not exert myself when I see them lazy. He that has so much to struggle with as the man who pretends to censure others, must keep up his fire for an onset, and may be allowed to carry his arms a little carelessly upon an ordinary march. This Paper therefore shall be taken up by my correspondents, two of which have sent me the two following plain, but sensible and honest letters upon subjects no less important than those of Education and Devotion.

SIR,

I am an old man retired from all acquaintance with the town, but what I have from your Paper is not the worst entertainment of my solitude; yet being still a well-wisher to my country, and the commonwealth of learning (*a qua confiteor nullam ætatis meæ partem abhorrui*), and hoping the plain phrase in writing that was current in my younger days would have lasted for my time, I was startled at the picture of modern politeness, transmitted by your ingenious correspondent, and grieved to see our sterling *English* language fallen into the hands of Clippers and Coiners. That mutilated epistle, consisting of *Hippo*, *Rep's*, and such-like enormous cuttings, was a mortifying spectacle, but with the reserve of comfort to find this and other abuses of our mother-tongue so pathetically complained of

to the proper person for redressing them, the censor of Great Britain.

He had before represented the deplorable ignorance that for several years past has reigned amongst English writers, the great depravity of our taste, and continual corruption of our style. But, Sir, before you give yourself the trouble of prescribing remedies for these distempers, which you own will require the greatest care and application, give me leave, having long had my eye upon these mischiefs, and thoughts exercised about them, to mention what I humbly conceive to be the cause of them, and in my friend Horace's words, *Quo fonte derivata cludes patriam populumque fluxit.*

I take our corrupt ways of writing to proceed from the mistakes and wrong measures in our common methods of Education, which I always looked upon as one of our national grievances, and a singularity that renders us, no less than our situation,

————— *Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.*

VIRG. 1 Ecl. 67.

A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.—*DRYDEN.*

This put me upon consulting the most celebrated critics on that subject, to compare our practice with their precepts, and find where it was that we came out or went wide.

But after all, I found our case required something more than these doctors had directed, and the principal defect of our *English* discipline to lie in the initiatory part, which although it needs the greatest care and skill, is usually left to the conduct of those blind guides, viz. Chance and Ignorance.

I shall trouble you with but a single instance, pursuant to what your sagacious friend has said, that I could furnish you with a catalogue of English books, which would cost you a hundred pounds at the hand, wherein you could not find ten lines

together of common grammar; which is a necessary consequence of our mismanagement of our province.

‘ For can any thing be more absurd than of proceeding in this part of literature? to tender wits into the intricate mazes of grammar? a *Latin* grammar? to learn an unknown unknown tongue? to carry them a dark round way to let them in at the back door? Why teaching them first the grammar of their tongue, so easy to be learned, their advanced grammars of *Latin* and *Greek* would be greatly easy; but our precipitate way of hurrying them into such a gulf, before we have built them a bridge to it, is a shock to their weak understandings, they seldom, or very late, recover. In the mean time we wrong nature, and slander infants, who have neither capacity nor will to learn, until we put them upon service beyond their strength, and then we balk them.

‘ The liberal arts and sciences are all beneath the Graces; nor has Grammar, the severe to all, so frightful a face of her own; it is the put upon it that scares children. She is to speak hard words, that to them sound like railing. Let her talk intelligibly, and they will listen to her.

‘ In this, I think, as on other accounts, we are ourselves true Britons, always overlooking our natural advantages. It has been the practice of the wisest nations to learn their own language by rules, to avoid the confusion that would follow leaving it to vulgar use. Our English tongue, as a learned man, is the most determinate instruction, and reducible to the fewest rules; every language has less grammar in it, is less intelligible; and whatever has more, all that it is

is superfluous; for which reasons he would have it made the foundation of learning Latin, and all other languages.

‘To speak and write without absurdity the language of one’s country is commendable in persons of all stations, and to some indispensably necessary: and to this purpose I would recommend, above all things, the having a grammar of our mother-tongue first taught in our schools, which would facilitate our youths learning their Latin and Greek grammars, with spare time for arithmetic, astronomy, cosmography, history, &c. that would make them pass the spring of their life with profit and pleasure, that is now miserably spent in grammatical perplexities.

‘But here, methinks, I see the reader smile, and ready to ask me, as the lawyer did sexton Diego on his bequeathing rich legacies to the poor of the parish, where are these mighty sums to be raised? Where is there such a grammar to be had? I will not answer as he did, ‘Even where your Worship pleases.’ No, it is our good fortune to have such a grammar, with notes, now in the press, and to be published next term.

‘I hear it is a chargeable work, and wish the publisher to have customers of all that have need of such a book; yet fancy that he cannot be much a sufferer, if it is only bought by all that have more need for it than they think they have.

‘A certain author brought a poem to Mr. Cowley, for his perusal and judgment of the performance, which he demanded at the next visit with a poetaster’s assurance; and Mr. Cowley, with his usual modesty, desired that he would be pleased to look a little to the grammar of it. ‘To the grammar of it! what do you mean, Sir, would you send me to school

again?"—"Why, Mr. H——, would it do you any harm?"

'This put me on considering how this voyage of literature may be made with more safety and profit, expedition and delight; and at last for completing so good a service, to request your directions in so deplorable a case: hoping that, as you have had compassion on our overgrown coxcombs in concerns of less consequence, you will exert your charity towards innocents, and vouchsafe to be guardian to the children and youth of Great Britain in this important affair of education, wherein mistakes and wrong measures have so often occasioned their aversion to books, that had otherwise proved the chief ornament and pleasure of their life. I am, with sincerest respect, Sir,

Yours, &c.'

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

St. Clements, Oct. 3.

'I observe, as the season begins to grow cold, so does people's devotion; insomuch, that instead of filling the churches, that united zeal might keep one warm there, one is left to freeze in almost bare walls by those who in hot weather are troublesome the contrary way. This, Sir, needs a regulation that none but you can give to it, by causing those who absent themselves on account of weather only this winter-time, to pay the apothecaries' bills occasioned by coughs, catarrhs, and other distempers, contracted by sitting in empty seats. Therefore, to you I apply myself for redress, having gotten such a cold on Sunday was sevensnight, that has brought me almost to your Worship's age from sixty, within less than a fortnight. I am,

Your Worship's in all obedience,

W. E.'

Nº 235. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1720.

Scit genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum.

HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 187.

But whence these turns of inclination rose,
The genius this, the god of nature knows:
That mystic power, which our actions guides,
Attends our stars, and o'er our lives presides.—FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, October 9.

AMONG those inclinations which are common to all men, there is none more unaccountable than that *unequal* love by which parents distinguish their children from each other. Sometimes vanity and self-love appear to have a share towards this effect: and in other instances I have been apt to attribute it to mere instinct: but, however that is, we frequently see the child, that has been beholden to neither of these impulses in his parents, in spite of being neglected, snubbed, and thwarted at home, acquire a behaviour which makes him as agreeable to all the rest of the world, as that of every one else of their family is to each other. I fell into this way of thinking from an intimacy which I have with a very good house in our neighbourhood, where there are three daughters of a very different character and genius. The eldest has a great deal of wit and cunning; the second has good-sense, but no artifice; the third has much vivacity, but little understanding. The first is a fine, but scornful woman; the second is not charming, but very winning; the third is no way commendable, but very desirable. The father of these young creatures was ever a great pretender to wit; the mother a woman of as much coquetry. This turn in the parents has biassed their affections towards their children. The old man supposes the

eldest of his own genius ; and the mother looks the youngest as herself renewed. By *this* means all the lovers that approach the house are discovered by the father, for not observing *Mrs. Mary's* wisdom and beauty ; and by the mother, for being blind to the mien and air of *Mrs. Biddy*. Come never so many pretenders, they are not suspected to have the thought of *Mrs. Betty*, the middle daughter. *She* therefore, is mortified into a woman of a great deal of merit, and knows she must depend on that for her advancement. The middlemost is the favourite of all her acquaintance, as well as the youngest, while the other two carry a certain insolence with them in all conversations, and expect the part which they meet with at home to attend them wherever they appear. So little do parents understand that they are, of all people, the least judges of children's merit, that what they reckon such wisdom any thing else but a repetition of their own ideas and infirmities.

There is, methinks, some excuse for being particular, when one of the offspring has any defective nature. In this case, the child, if we may so call it, is so much the longer the child of its parents, and calls for the continuance of their care and indulgence from the slowness of its capacity, or the weakness of its body. But there is no enduring to see a parent enamoured only at the sight of their own imperfections repeated, and to observe, as we may sometimes see, that they have a secret dislike of their children, as if they were a degeneracy from their very crimes. Come now to Lady Goodly ; she is equal to all her children, but prefers them to those of all the world beside. My lady is a perfect hen in the care of her brood ; she fights and she squabbles with all that appear where they come, but is wholly unbiassed in dispensing her favours among them. It is no more

ains she is at to defame all the young women in her neighbourhood, by visits, whispers, intimations, and hearsays; all which she ends with thanking Heaven, that no one living is so blessed with such obedient and well-inclined children as herself. Perhaps,' says she, 'Betty cannot dance like *Mrs. Frontinet*, and it is no great matter whether she does or not; but she comes into a room with a good grace: though he says it that should not, she looks like a gentleman. Then, if *Mrs. Rebecca* is not so talkative as the mighty wit *Mrs. Clapper*, yet she is discreet, she knows better what she says when she does speak. If her wit be slow, her tongue never runs before it.' This kind parent lifts up her eyes and hands in congratulation of her own good fortune, and is maliciously thankful that none of her girls are like any of her neighbours: but this preference of her own to all others is grounded upon an impulse of nature; while those, who like one before another of their own, are so unpardonably unjust, that it could hardly be equalled in the children, though they preferred all the rest of the world to such parents. It is no unpleasant entertainment to see a ball at a dancing-school, and observe the joy of relations when the young ones, for whom they are concerned, are in motion. You need not be told whom the dancers belong to. At their first appearance, the passions of their parents are in their faces, and there is always a nod of approbation stolen at a good step, or a graceful turn.

I remember, among all my acquaintance, but one man whom I have thought to live with his children with equanimity and a good grace. He had three sons and one daughter, whom he bred with all the care imaginable in a liberal and ingenious way. I have often heard him say, 'he had the weakness to love one much better than the other, but that he took

as much pains to correct that as any other criminal passion that could arise in his mind.' His method was, to make it the only pretension in his children to his favour, to be kind to each other; and he would tell them, 'that he who was the best brother, would reckon the best son.' This turned their thoughts into an emulation for the superiority of kind and tender affection towards each other. The boys behaved themselves very early with a manly friendship; and their sister, instead of the gross familiarities, and impertinent freedoms in behaviour usual in other houses, was always treated by them with as much complaisance as any other young lady of their acquaintance. It was an unspeakable pleasure to visit, or sit at a meal, in that family. I have often seen the old man's heart flow at his eyes with joy, upon occasions which would appear indifferent to such as were strangers to the turn of his mind; but a very slight accident, wherein he saw his children's good-will to one another, created in him a godlike pleasure of loving them because they loved each other. This great command of himself, hiding his first impulse to partiality, at last improved to a steady justice towards them; and that, which at first was but an expedient to correct his weakness, was afterward the measure of his virtue.

The truth of it is, those parents who are interested in the care of one child more than that of another no longer deserve the name of parents, but are in effect, as childish as their children, in having and following unreasonable and ungoverned inclinations. A father of this sort has degraded himself into one of his own offspring; for none but a child would take part in the passions of children.

N^o 236. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1710.

Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine mentem

Tangit, et immemorem non sinit esse sui.

OVID. Ep. ex Pont. I. 111.

A nameless fondness for our native clime,

Triumphs o'er change, and all-devouring time,

Our next regards our friends and kindred claim;

And every bosom feels the sympathetic flame.—R. WYNN.

From my own Apartment, October 11.

FIND in the registers of my family that the branch of the Bickerstaffs, from which I am descended, came originally out of *Ireland*. This has given me a kind of natural affection for that country. It is therefore with pleasure that I see not only some of the greatest warriors, but also of the greatest wits, to be natives of that kingdom. The gentleman who writes the following letter is one of these last. The matter of fact contained in it is literally true, though the diverting manner in which it is told may give it the colour of a fable.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire, at his House
in GREAT BRITAIN.

SIR,

Dublin.

‘Finding, by several passages in your Tatlers, that you are a person curious in natural knowledge, I thought it would not be unacceptable to you to give you the following history of the migration of frogs into this country. There is an ancient tradition among the wild philosophers of this kingdom, that the whole island was once as much infested by frogs, as that, wherein Whittington made his for-

tune, was my mice. Insomuch that it is said, M^r Donald the First could no more sleep, by reason of these Dutch nightingales, as they are called Paris, than Pharaoh could when they croaked in his bed-chamber. It was in the reign of this great monarch, that St. Patrick arrived in Ireland, but as famous for destroying vermin as any rat-cat of our times. If we may believe the tradition, he killed more in one day than a flock of storks could have done in a twelvemonth. From that time about five hundred years there was not a frog to be heard in Ireland, notwithstanding the bogs still remained, which in former ages had been so plentifully stocked with those inhabitants.

When the arts began to flourish in the reign of King Charles II., and that great monarch had placed himself at the head of the Royal Society, to lead them forward into the discoveries of Nature, he said, that several proposals were laid before his majesty, for the importing of frogs into Ireland. In order to it, a virtuoso of known abilities was unanimously elected by the Society, and intrusted with the whole management of that affair. For this end he took along with him a sound able-bodied fellow of a strong hale constitution, that had given proof of his vigour by several leaps that he had made before that learned body. They took ship, and sailed together until they came within sight of the hill Hoath, before the frog discovered any symptoms of being indisposed by his voyage: but as the wind chopped about, and began to blow from the Irish coast, he grew sea-sick, or rather land-sick; for the learned companion ascribed it to the particles of soil with which the wind was impregnated. He was confirmed in his conjecture, when, upon the wind turning about, his fellow-traveller sensibly recovered, and continued in good health until his

lived upon the shore, where he suddenly relapsed, and expired upon a Ring's-End car in his way to Dublin. The same experiment was repeated several times in that reign, but to no purpose. A frog was never known to take three leaps upon Irish turf, before he stretched himself out, and died.

‘Whether it were that the philosophers on this side the water despaired of stocking the island with this useful animal, or whether, in the following reign, it was not thought proper to undo the miracle of a popish saint; I do not hear of any farther progress made in this affair until about two years after the battle of the Boyne.

‘It was then that an ingenious physician, to the honour as well as improvement of his native country, performed what the English had been so long attempting in vain. This learned man, with the hazard of his life, made a voyage to Liverpool, where he filled several barrels with the choicest spawn of frogs that could be found in those parts. This cargo he brought over very carefully, and afterward disposed of it in several warm beds, that he thought most capable of bringing it to life. The doctor was a very ingenious physician, and a very good Protestant; for which reason, to shew his zeal against popery, he placed some of the most promising spawn in the very fountain that is dedicated to the saint, and known by the name of St. Patrick's Well, where those animals had the impudence to make their first appearance. They have, since that time, very much increased and multiplied in all the neighbourhood of this city. We have here some curious inquirers into natural history, who observe their motions with a design to compute in how many years they will be able to hop from Dublin to Wexford; though, as I am informed, not one of them has yet passed the mountains of Wicklow.

‘I am farther informed, that several graziers of the county of Cork have entered into a project of planting a colony in those parts, at the instance of the French Protestants; and I know not but the same design may be on foot in other parts of the kingdom, if the wisdom of the British nation do not think fit to prohibit the farther importation of English frogs. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

T. B.’

There is no study more becoming a rational creature than that of Natural Philosophy; but, as several of our modern *virtuosi* manage it, their speculations do not so much tend to open and enlarge the mind, as to contract and fix it upon trifles.

This in England is in a great measure owing to the worthy elections that are so frequently made in our Royal Society. They seem to be in a confederacy against men of polite genius, noble thought and diffusive learning; and choose into their assemblies such as have no pretence to wisdom, but want of wit; or to natural knowledge, but ignorance of every thing else. I have made observations in this matter so long, that when I meet with a young fellow that is a humble admirer of these sciences but more dull than the rest of the company, I conclude him to be a Fellow of the Royal Society.

237. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1710.

*Ex nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora.*—OVID. *Met.* i. 1.

Of bodies changed to various forms I sing.—DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, October 13.

I came home last night before my usual hour, I took a book into my hand, in order to divert myself with it until bed-time. Milton chanced to be my choice, whose admirable poem of 'Paradise Lost,' was at once to fill the mind with pleasing ideas, and with good thoughts, and was therefore the most proper book for my purpose. I was amusing myself with that beautiful passage in which the Poet presents Eve sleeping by Adam's side, with the Devil sitting at her ear, and inspiring evil thoughts, in the shape of a toad. Ithuriel, one of the guardian angels of the place, walking his nightly rounds, saw the great enemy of mankind hid in this disguise, some animal, which he touched with his spear. His spear being of a celestial temper, had such a secret virtue in it, that whatever it was applied to immediately flung off all disguise, and appeared in its natural figure. I am afraid the reader will not pardon me, if I content myself with explaining the passage in prose, without giving it in the author's inimitable words:

— On he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the morn. These to the bower direct,
In search of whom they sought. Him there they found,
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve;
Ensnaring by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams;

Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
 The animal spirits (that from pure blood arise
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure), thence raise
 At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
 Blown up with high conceits, engend'ring pride.
 Him thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear
 Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to his own likeness. Up he starts
 Discover'd and surprised. As when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
 Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
 Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain,
 With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air;
 So started up in his own shape the fiend.

I could not forbear thinking how happy a man would be in the possession of this spear; or what advantage it would be to a minister of state were master of such a white staff. It would help him discover his friends from his enemies, men of ability from pretenders: it would hinder him from being imposed upon by appearances and professions; might be made use of as a kind of state-test, where no artifice could elude.

These thoughts made very lively impressions on my imagination, which were improved, instead of being defaced, by sleep, and produced in me the following dream: I was no sooner fallen asleep, when I thought the angel Ithuriel appeared to me, and with a smile that still added to his celestial beauty made me a present of the spear which he held in his hand; and disappeared. To make trials of it, I went into a place of public resort.

The first person that passed by me, was a lady that had a particular shyness in the cast of her eyes, and a more than ordinary reservedness in all the parts of her behaviour. She seemed to look upon me as an obscene creature, with a certain secret

and fear of him. In the height of her airs I touched her gently with my wand, when, to my unspeakable surprise, she fell in such a manner as made me blush in my sleep. As I was hasting away from this undisguised prude, I saw a lady in earnest discourse with another, and overheard her say, with some vehemence, ' Never tell me of him, for I am resolved to die a virgin ! ' I had a curiosity to try her ; but, as soon as I laid my wand upon her head, she immediately fell in labour. My eyes were diverted from her by a man and his wife, who walked near me, hand in hand, after a very loving manner. I gave each of them a gentle tap, and the next instant saw the woman in breeches, and the man with a fan in his hand. It would be tedious to describe the long series of metamorphoses that I entertained myself with in my night's adventure, of Whigs disguised in Tories, and Tories in Whigs ; men in red coats, that denounced terror in their countenance, trembling at the touch of my spear ; others in black, with peace in their mouths, but swords in their hands. I could tell stories of noblemen changed into usurers, and magistrates into beadles ; of freethinkers into penitents, and reformers into whoremasters. I must not, however, omit the mention of a grave citizen who passed by me with a huge clasped Bible under his arm, and a band of a most immoderate breadth ; but, upon a touch on the shoulder, he let drop his book, and fell a-picking my pocket.

In the general I observed, that those who appeared good, often disappointed my expectations ; but that, on the contrary, those who appeared very bad, still grew worse upon the experiment : as the toad in Milton, which one would have thought the most deformed part of the creation, at Ithuriel's stroke became more deformed, and started up into a devil.

Among all the persons that I touched, there was but one who stood the test of my wand; and, after many repetitions of the stroke, stuck to his form and remained steady and fixed to his first appearance. This was a young man, who boasted of his distempers, wild debauches, insults upon holy men and affronts to religion.

My heart was extremely troubled at this vision. The contemplation of the whole species, so entirely sunk in corruption, filled my mind with a melancholy that is inexpressible, and my discoveries still added to my affliction.

In the midst of these sorrows which I had in my heart, methought there passed by me a couple of coaches with *purple liveries*. There sat in each of them a person with a very venerable aspect. In the appearance of them the people, who were gathered round me in great multitudes, divided into parties, as they were disposed to favour either of those reverend persons. The enemies of one of them begged me to touch him with my wand, and assured me I should see his lawn converted into a cloud. The opposite party told me with as much assurance that if I laid my wand upon the other, I should see his garments embroidered with flower-de-luces, and his head covered with a cardinal's hat. I made the experiment; and, to my great joy, saw them both without any change, distributing their blessings to the people, and praying for those who had reviled them. Is it possible, thought I, that good men, who are so few in number, should be divided among themselves, and give better quarter to the vices that are in their party, than the most strictly virtuous who are out of it? Are the ties of faction stronger than those of religion?—I was going on in my soliloquy, but some sudden accident awakened me, when I found my hand grasped, but my spear gone.

reflection on so very odd a dream made me figure to myself what a strange face the world would bear, should all mankind appear in their proper shapes and characters, without hypocrisy and disguise? I am afraid the earth we live upon would appear to other intellectual beings no better than a planet peopled with monsters. This should, methinks, inspire us with an honest ambition of recommending ourselves to those invisible spies, and of being what we would appear. There was one circumstance in my foregoing dream, which I at first intended to conceal; but, upon second thoughts, I cannot look upon myself as a candid and impartial historian, if I do not acquaint my reader, that upon taking Ithuriel's spear into my hand, though I was before an old decrepit fellow, I appeared a very handsome, jolly, black man. But I know my enemies will say this is praising my own beauty, for which reason I will speak no more of it.

N° 238. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1710.

——— Poetica surgit

Tempestas ——— Juv. Sat. xii. 23.

Thus dreadful rises the poetic storm.—R. WYNN.

From my own Apartment, October 16.

STORMS at sea are so frequently described by the ancient poets, and copied by the moderns, that whenever I find the winds begin to rise in a new heroic poem, I generally skip a leaf or two until I come into fair weather. Virgil's tempest is a masterpiece in this kind, and is indeed so naturally drawn, that one who has made a voyage, can scarce read it with-

out being sea-sick. Land-showers are no less frequent among the poets than the former, but I remember none of them which have not fallen in country; for which reason they are generally filled with the lowings of oxen and the bleatings of sheep, and very often embellished with a rainbow.

Virgil's land-shower is likewise the best of the kind. It is, indeed, a shower of consequence, which contributes to the main design of the poem, by putting off a tedious ceremonial, and bringing us to a speedy conclusion between two potent enemies of different sexes. My ingenious kinsman, Mr. Henry Wagstaff, who treats of every subject after a manner that no other author has done, and better than any other can do, has sent me the description of a land-shower. I do not question but the reader remembers my cousin's description of the Morning breaks in town, which is printed in the ninth issue, and is another exquisite piece of this local poetry.

Careful observers may foretel the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower;
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine,
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the South, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
Whilst the first drizzling shower is borne aslope:
Such is that sprinkling which some careless queen
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean.
You fly, invoke the gods, then, turning, stop
To rail; she singing, still whisks on her mop.

Nor yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life ;
And, wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah ! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade ?
His only coat, where dust, confus'd with rain,
Roughen the nap, and leave a mingled stain ?

Now, in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.

To shops, in crowds, the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while ev'ry spout's abroad,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her *oil'd umbrella's* sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed,
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits ;
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds ; he trembles from within.
So when Troy-chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, run them through),
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.

Now, from all parts, the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go :

Filth of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from, by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St. 'Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluent join'd at Snow-hill ridge,
Fall from the conduit, prone to Holborn-bridge.

Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats and turnip-tops come tumbling down the flood. }

✓ N^o 239. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1711

—— Mecum certasse feretur¹—OVID. Met. xiii. 20.
 Shall he contend with me to get a name?—R. WYNN.

From my own Apartment, October 18.

IT is ridiculous for any man to criticise on the works of another, who has not distinguished himself by his own performances. A judge would be but an indifferent figure who had never been known at the bar. Cicero was reputed the greatest orator of his age and country, before he wrote a book, 'Oratore;' and Horace the greatest poet, before he published his 'Art of Poetry.' This observation arises naturally in any one who casts his eyes on this last-mentioned author, where he will find criticisms placed in the latter end of his book, which is, after the finest odes and satires in the Latin tongue.

A modern, whose name I shall not mention, because I would not make a silly paper sell, was a *Critic* and an *Examiner*, and, like one of the fangs of the serpent's teeth, came into the world with a sword in his hand. His works put me in mind of a story that is told of the German monk, who, in taking a catalogue of a friend's library, and meeting with a Hebrew book in it, entered it under the title of 'A book that has the beginning where the end should be.' This author, in the last of his crudities, has amassed together a heap of quotations, to prove that Horace and Virgil were both of them more modern men than myself; and if his works were to live as long as mine, they might possibly give posterity

notion, that Isaac Bickerstaff was a very conceited old fellow, and as vain a man as either Tully or Sir Francis Bacon. Had this serious writer fallen upon me only, I could have overlooked it; but to see Cicero abused is, I must confess, what I cannot bear. The censure he passes upon this great man, runs thus: 'The itch of being very abusive is almost inseparable from vainglory. Tully has these two faults in so high a degree, that nothing but his being the best writer in the world can make amends for them.' The scurrilous wretch goes on to say, that I am as bad as Tully. His words are these: 'And yet the Tatler, in his Paper of September the twenty-sixth, has outdone them both. He speaks of himself with more arrogance, and with more insolence of others.' I am afraid, by his discourse, this gentleman has no more read Plutarch than he has Tully. If he had, he would have observed a passage in that historian, wherein he has, with great delicacy, distinguished between two passions which are usually complicated in human nature, and which an ordinary writer would not have thought of separating. Not having my Greek spectacles by me, I shall quote the passage word for word, as I find it translated to my hand. 'Nevertheless, though he was intemperately fond of his own praise, yet he was very free from envying others, and most liberally profuse in commending both the ancients and his contemporaries, as is to be understood by his writings; and many of those sayings are still recorded, as that concerning Aristotle, "that he was a river of flowing gold:" of Plato's dialogue, "that if Jupiter were to speak, he would discourse as he did." Theophrastus he was wont to call his peculiar delight: and being asked, "which of Demosthenes his orations he liked best?" he answered "*The longest.*"

'And as for the eminent men of his own time,

either for eloquence or philosophy, there was none of them which he did not, by writing or speaking favourably of, render more illustrious.

Thus the critic tells us, that Cicero was excessively vainglorious and abusive; Plutarch, that was vain, but not abusive. Let the reader believe which of them he pleases.

After this, he complains to the world that I call him names, and that, in my passion, I said he was a flea, a louse, an owl, a bat, a small wit, a scribble and a nubbler. When he had thus bespoken his reader's pity, he falls into that admirable vein of mirth, which I shall set down at length, it being an exquisite piece of railery, and written in great gaiety of heart. 'After this list of names,' viz. flea, louse, owl, bat, &c. 'I was surprised to hear him say that he has hitherto kept his temper pretty well; wonder how he will write when he has lost his temper! I suppose, as he is now very angry and unmannerly, he will then be exceeding courteous and good-humoured.' If I can outlive this railery, I shall be able to bear any thing.

There is a method of criticism made use of by the author, for I shall take care how I call him a scribbler again, which may turn into ridicule any work that was ever written, wherein there is a variety of thoughts. This the reader will observe in the following words: 'He,' meaning me, 'is so intent upon being something extraordinary, that he scarce knows what he would be; and is as fruitful in his simile as a brother of his whom I lately took notice of. In the compass of a few lines he compares himself to a fox, to Daniel Burgess, to the Knight of the Red Cross, to an oak with ivy about it, and to a gentleman with an equipage.' I think myself as much honoured by being joined in this part of his paper with the gentleman whom he here calls my brother

in the beginning of it, by being mentioned
Horace and Virgil.

It is very hard that a man cannot publish ten papers
without stealing from himself; but to shew you that
it is only a knack of writing, and that the author
is not into a certain road of criticism, I shall set
his remarks on the works of the gentleman
who here glances upon, as they stand in his
Paper, and desire the reader to compare them
with the foregoing passage upon mine.

In thirty lines his patron is a river, the *primum*
a pilot, a victim, the sun, any thing, and
a dog. He bestows increase, conceals his source,
the machine move, teaches to steer, expiates
fences, raises vapours, and looks larger as he

that poem can be safe from this sort of criti-

I think I was never in my life so much of-
fended, as at a wag whom I once met with in a
house. He had in his hand one of the 'Mis-
takes,' and was reading the following short copy
verses, which without flattery to the author is, I
think as beautiful in its kind as any one in the
English tongue:

Flavia the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ.
This Fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love,
But she, with such an air and mien,
Not to be told or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To every other breast a flame.

As this coxcomb had done reading them, 'Hey-
ho,' says he, 'what instrument is this that Flavia
plays in such a manner as is not to be told, nor
seen? In ten lines it is a toy, a Cupid's bow,

a fan, and an engine in love. It has wanton motion, it wounds, it cools, and inflames.'

Such criticisms make a man of sense sick, and a fool merry.

The next paragraph of the paper we are talking of, falls upon somebody whom I am at a loss to guess at: but I find the whole invective turns upon a man, who, it seems, has been imprisoned for debt. Whoever he was, I most heartily pity him; but at the same time must put the *Examiner* in mind, that notwithstanding he is a critic, he still ought to remember he is a Christian. Poverty was never thought a proper subject for ridicule; and I do not remember that I ever met with a satire upon a beggar.

As for those little retortings of my own expressions, of 'being dull by design, witty in October, shining, excelling,' and so forth; they are the common cavils of every witling, who has no other method of shewing his parts, but by little variations and repetitions of the man's words whom he attacks.

But the truth of it is, the paper before me, not only in this particular, but in its very essence, is like Ovid's *Echo*.

—Quæ nec reticere loquenti,
Nec prior ipsa loqui didicit— OVID. Met. iii. 357.

She who in other's words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.—ADDISON.

I should not have deserved the character of a Censor, had I not animadverted upon the above-mentioned author, by a gentle chastisement: but I know my reader will not pardon me, unless I declare, that nothing of this kind for the future, unless it be written with some wit, shall divert me from my care to the public.

N° 240. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1710.

Ad populum phaleras.— PARS. Sat. iii. 30.

Such pageantry be to the people shewn:
There boast thy horse's trappings, and thy own.—DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, October 20.

I do not remember that in any of my Lucubrations I have touched upon that useful science of physic, notwithstanding I have declared myself more than once a professor of it. I have indeed joined the study of astrology with it, because I never knew a physician recommended himself to the public, who had not a sister art to embellish his knowledge in medicine. It has been commonly observed, in compliment to the ingenious of our profession, that Apollo was god of verse as well as physic; and, in all ages, the most celebrated practitioners of our country were the particular favourites of the Muses. Poetry to physic is indeed like the gilding to a pill; it makes the art shine, and covers the severity of the doctor with the agreeableness of the companion.

The very foundation of poetry is good sense, if we may allow Horace to be a judge of the art.

Scribendi rectè sapere est et principium et fons.

HOR. Ars Poet. 509.

Such judgment is the ground of writing well.—ROSCOMMON.

And if so, we have reason to believe, that the same man who writes well can prescribe well, if he has applied himself to the study of both. Besides, when we see a man making professions of two different sciences, it is natural for us to believe he is no pretender in that which we are not judges of,

when we find him skilful in that which we understand.

Ordinary quacks and charlatans are thoroughly sensible how necessary it is to support themselves by these collateral assistances, and therefore always lay their claims to some supernumerary accomplishments, which are wholly foreign to their profession.

About twenty years ago it was impossible to walk the streets, without having an advertisement thrust into your hand, of a doctor 'who had arrived at the knowledge of the Green and Red Dragon, and had discovered the female fern-seed.' Nobody ever knew what this meant; but the Green and Red Dragon so amused the people, that the doctor lived very comfortably upon them. About the same time there was pasted a very hard word upon every corner of the streets. This, to the best of my remembrance, was

TETRACHYMAGOGON,

which drew great shoals of spectators about it, who read the bill that it introduced with unspeakable curiosity; and when they were sick, would have nobody but this learned man for their physician.

I once received an advertisement of one 'who had studied thirty years by candle-light for the good of his countrymen.' He might have studied twice as long by day-light, and never have been taken notice of. But Lucubrations cannot be overvalued. There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for physic by their birth, as the 'seventh son of a seventh son;' and others by not being born at all, as the *unborn doctor*, who, I hear, is lately got the way of his patients; having died worth five hundred pounds *per annum*, though he was not born at a halfpenny.

My ingenious friend Doctor Saffold succeeded in

old contemporary Doctor Lilly in the studies both of physick and astrology, to which he added that of poetry, as was to be seen both upon the sign where he lived, and in the pills which he distributed. He was succeeded by Doctor Case, who erased the verses of his predecessor out of the sign-post, and substituted in their place two of his own, which were as follow :

Within this place
Lives Doctor Case.

He is said to have got more by this distich, than Mr. Dryden did by all his works. There would be no end of enumerating the several imaginary perfections, and unaccountable artifices, by which this tribe of men insnare the minds of the vulgar, and gain crowds of admirers. I have seen the whole front of a mountebank's stage, from one end to the other, faced with patents, certificates, medals, and great seals, by which the several princes of Europe have testified their particular respect and esteem for the Doctor. Every great man with a sounding title has been his patient. I believe I have seen twenty mountebanks that have given physick to the Czar of Muscovy. The Great Duke of Tuscany escapes no better. The Elector of Brandenburg was likewise a very good patient.

This great condescension of the doctor draws upon him much good will from his audience ; and it is ten to one, but if any of them be troubled with an aching tooth, his ambition will prompt him to get it drawn by a person, who has had so many princes, kings, and emperors, under his hands.

I must not leave this subject without observing that as physicians are apt to deal in poetry, apothecaries endeavour to recommend themselves by oratory, and are therefore, without controversy, the most eloquent persons in the whole British nation.

I would not willingly discourage any of the arts, especially that of which I am a humble professor; but I must confess, for the good of my native country, I could wish there might be a suspension of physic for some years, that our kingdom, which has been so much exhausted by the wars, might have leave to recruit itself.

As for myself, the only physic which has brought me safe to almost the age of man, and which I prescribe to all my friends, is *abstinence*. This is certainly the best physic for prevention, and very often the most effectual against a present distemper. In short, my *recipe* is, 'Take nothing.'

Were the body politic to be physicked like particular persons, I should venture to prescribe to it after the same manner. I remember when a whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills, which, as he told the country people, were 'very good against an earthquake.' It may, perhaps, be thought as absurd to prescribe a diet in the allaying popular commotions, and national fermentations. But I am verily persuaded, that if in such a case a whole people were to enter into a course of *abstinence*, and eat nothing but water-gruel for a fortnight, it would abate the rage and animosity of parties, and not a little contribute to the cure of a distracted nation. Such a *fast* would have a natural tendency to the procuring of those ends, for which a *fast* is usually proclaimed. If any man has a mind to enter on such a voluntary *abstinence*, it might not be improper to give him the caution of Pythagoras in particular; *Abstine à Fabis*, 'Abstain from beans;' that is, say the interpreters, 'Meddle not with elections;' beans having been made use of by the voters among the Athenians in the choice of magistrates.

N° 241. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 23.

METHOD of spending one's time agreeably is a thing so little studied, that the common amusement of our young gentlemen, especially of such as are at a distance from those of the first breeding, is *Drinking*. This way of entertainment has custom on its side; but as much as it has prevailed, I believe there have been very few companies that have been guilty of excess this way, where there have not happened more accidents which make against, than for the continuance of it. It is very common that events arise from a debauch which are fatal, and always such as are disagreeable. With all a man's reason and good sense about him, his tongue is apt to utter things out of mere gaiety of heart, which may displease his best friends. Who then would trust himself to the power of wine, without saying more against it, than that it raises the imagination and depresses the judgment? Were there only this single consideration, that we are less masters of ourselves, when we drink in the least proportion above the exigencies of thirst; I say, were this all that could be objected, it were sufficient to make us shun this vice. But we may go on to say, that as he who drinks but a little is not master of himself, so he who drinks much is a slave to himself. As for my part, I ever esteemed a *Drunkard* of all vicious persons the most vicious: for, if our actions are to be weighed and considered according to the mention of them, what can we think of him, who has himself into a circumstance wherein he can

have no intention at all, but incapacitates himself for the duties and offices of life, by a suspension of all his faculties? If a man considers that he cannot, under the oppression of drink, be a friend, gentleman, a master, or a subject: that he has long banished himself from all that is dear, and given up all that is sacred to him: he would even then think of a debauch with horror. But when he looks still farther, and acknowledges, that he is not only expelled out of all the relations of life, but also liable to offend against them all; what word can express the terror and detestation he would have of such a condition? And yet he owns all this of himself, who says he was drunk last night.

As I have all along persisted in it, that all the vicious in general are in a state of death; so I think I may add to the nonexistence of *Drunkards*, that they died by their own hands. He is certainly guilty of suicide who perishes by a slow, as he that is dispatched by an immediate poison. In my last *Lucubration* I proposed the general use of water-gruel, and hinted that it might not be amiss at the very season. But as there are some whose cases in regard to their families, will not admit of delay, I have used my interest in several wards of the city that the wholesome restorative above-mentioned might be given in tavern-kitchens to all the morning draughts-men, within the walls, when they call for wine before noon. For a farther restraint and measure upon such persons, I have given orders, that in the offices where policies are drawn upon lives, shall be added to the article which prohibits that the nominee should cross the sea, the words, 'Provided also, that the above-mentioned A. B. shall not drink before dinner during the term mentioned in this indenture.'

I am not without hopes, that by this method

all bring some unsizeable friends of mine into shape and breadth, as well as others, who are languid and presumptive, into health and vigour. Most of the self-murderers whom I just hinted at, are such as preserve a certain regularity in taking their poison, and take it mix pretty well with their food. But the most conspicuous of those who destroy themselves, are such as in their youth fall into this sort of debauchery; and contract a certain uneasiness of spirit, which is not to be diverted but by tippling as often as they fall into company in the day, and conclude with downright *Drunkenness* at night. These gentlemen never know the satisfaction of youth; but skip the years of manhood, and are decrepit soon after they are of age. I was godfather to one of these old fellows. He is now three-and-thirty, which is the grand characteristic of a young *Drunkard*. I went to visit the crazy wretch this morning, with no other purpose than to rally him under the pain and uneasiness of being sober.

But as our faults are double when they affect others besides ourselves, so this vice is still more odious in a married than a single man. He that is the husband of a woman of honour, and comes home overloaded with wine, is still more contemptible in proportion to the regard we have to the unhappy consort of his intemperance. The imagination cannot shape to itself any thing more monstrous and unnatural than the similarities between *Drunkenness* and *Chastity*. The dejected Astræa, who is the perfection of beauty and innocence, has long been thus condemned for life. The romantic tales of virgins devoted to the jaws of monsters, have nothing in them so terrible as the contrast of Astræa to that Bacchanal.

The reflection of such a match as spotless innocence with abandoned lewdness, is what puts this vice in the worst figure it can bear with regard to

others; but when it is looked upon with respect to the *Drunkard* himself, it has deformities enough to make it disagreeable, which may be summed in a word by allowing that he who resigns his reason is actually guilty of all that he is liable to from want of reason.

P. S. Among many other enormities, there are two in the following letters which I think should suddenly amended; but since they are sins of omission only, I shall not make remarks upon them until I find the delinquents persist in their errors; and the inserting the letters themselves shall be all the present admonition.

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF,

Oct. 16

‘Several that frequent divine service at St. Paul’s as well as myself, having with great satisfaction observed the good effect which your animadversion had on an access in performance there; it is requested that you will take notice of a contrary fault, which is, the unconcerned silence, and the motionless postures, of others, who come thither. If this custom prevails, the congregation will resemble an audience at a playhouse, or rather a silent meeting of Quakers. Your censuring such church-mutes, in the manner you think fit, may make these dissenters join with you out of fear lest you should farther animadvert upon their nonconformity. According as this succeeds you shall hear from, Sir,

Your most humble servant, B.

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF,

‘I was the other day in company with a gentleman, who, in reciting his own qualifications, concluded every period with these words, *the best of any man in England*. Thus, for example: he kept the best house of any man in England; he understood this, and that, and the other, the best of any man

How harsh and ungrateful soever this ex-
traight sound to one of my nation, yet the
was one whom it no ways became me to
but perhaps a new term put into his *by-*
they call a sentence a man particularly af-
flict him. I therefore took a resolution
to you, who, I dare say, can easily persuade
a man, whom I cannot believe an enemy to
to amend his phrase, and be hereafter the
my man in Great Britain. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,
SCOTO-BRITANNUS.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

As Mr. Humphry Treelooby, wearing his
pair of buckskin breeches, a hunting-whip,
and pair of spurs, has complained to the
that on Thursday last he was defrauded of
£200, under pretence of a duty to the sexton
of the cathedral of St. Paul, London: it is
ordered, that none hereafter require above
£10 of any country gentleman under the age of
21 for that liberty; and that all which shall
be above the said sum, of any person, for
the inside of that sacred edifice, be forth-
with paid to Mr. John Morphew, for the use of Mr.
Morphew, under pain of farther censure on the
part of the mentioned extortion.'

Nº 242. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1709

——— Quis iniquas

Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?—Jov. Sat.

To view so lewd a town, and to refrain,
What hoops of iron could my spleen contain?—Dante

From my own Apartment, October 25.

It was with very great displeasure I heard that a man say of a companion of his with an air of probation, 'You know Tom never fails of saying a spiteful thing. He has a great deal of wit, but that is his particular talent. Did you mind how he put the young fellow out of countenance that pretends to talk to him?' Such impertinent applauses which one meets with every day, put me upon considering what true raillery and satire were in themselves. This, methought, occurred to me from reflection on the great and excellent persons that were distinguished for talents this way. When I had run over such in my thoughts, I concluded, however innumerable the assertion might appear at first, that good-nature was an essential quality in a satirist, and that all the sentiments which are become famous in this way of writing, must proceed from that source in the author. Good-nature produces a dislike to all baseness, vice, and folly: which prompts to express themselves with smartness against the faults of men, without bitterness towards their persons. This quality keeps the mind in equanimity, and does not let an offence unseasonably throw a man out of his character. When Virgil said, 'he that did not love Bavius might love Mævius,' he was in perfect humour; and was not so much moved at the

ardities as passionately to call them sots or block-heads in a direct invective, but laughed at them with delicacy of scorn, without any mixture of anger.

The best good man, with the worst-natur'd muse,

was the character among us of a gentleman as famous for his humanity as his wit.

The ordinary subjects for satire are such as incite the greatest indignation in the best tempers, and consequently men of such a make are the best qualified for speaking of the offences in human life. These men can behold vice and folly, when they injure persons to whom they are wholly unacquainted, with the same severity as others resent the ills they do to themselves. A good-natured man cannot see an overbearing fellow put a bashful man of merit out of countenance, or outstrip him in the pursuit of any advantage, but he is on fire to succour the oppressed, produce the merit of the one, and confront the impudence of the other.

The men of the greatest character in this kind were Horace and Juvenal. There is not, that I remember, one ill-natured expression in all their writings, not one sentence of severity, which does not apparently proceed from the contrary disposition. Whoever reads them, will, I believe, be of this mind; and if they were read with this view, it might possibly persuade our young fellows, that they may be very witty men without speaking ill of any but those who deserve it. But, in the perusal of these writers, it may not be unnecessary to consider, that they lived in very different times. Horace was intimate with a prince of the greatest goodness and humanity imaginable, and his court was formed after his example; therefore the faults that poet falls upon were little inconsistencies in behaviour, false pretences to politeness, or impertinent affectations of what men were

not fit for. Vices of a coarser sort could not under his consideration, or enter the palace of *gustus*. Juvenal, on the other hand, lived under a tyrant, in whose reign every thing that was noble was banished the habitations of the powerful. Therefore he attacks vice as it passes in triumph, not as it breaks into conversation. The fall of empire, contempt of glory, and a gross generacy of manners, are before his eyes in his writings. In the days of Augustus, to have been like Juvenal had been madness; or in those of a Christian, like Horace. Morality and virtue are everywhere recommended in Horace, as became a polite court, from the beauty, the propriety, and convenience, of pursuing them. Vice and corruption are attacked by Juvenal in a style which daunts the fears he shall not be heard without he calls in their own language, with a barefaced mention of the villanies and obscenities of his contemporaries.

This accidental talk of these two great writers has diverted me from my design, which was to tell you of the coxcombs that run about this town with their smart satirical fellows, that they are by no means qualified for the characters they pretend to assume, and are severe upon other men; for they want good sense. There is no foundation in them for arriving at the aim they aim at; and they may as well pretend to be as rally agreeably, without being good-natured.

There is a certain impartiality necessary, that what a man says bear any weight with the world he speaks to. This quality, with respect to errors and vice, is never seen but in good-natured men. They have ever such a frankness of mind, and a violence to all men, that they cannot receive any suggestions of unkindness without mature deliberation. Writing or speaking ill of a man upon personal considerations, is so irreparable and mean an

of a vicious man with greater life, but one would immediately cry, 'Mr. Such-a-one is in that place.' But the truth of it is, satirists of the age, and backbiters assign their descriptions to private men.

All terms of reproof, when the sentence appears to flow from personal hatred or passion, it is not made the cause of mankind, but a misunderstanding between two persons. For this reason the quotations of a good-natured man bear a pleasure in them, which shews there is no malignity at hand and by consequence they are attended to by hearers or readers, because they are unprejudiced. Offence is only what is due to him; for no man thoroughly nettled can say a thing general so as to pass off with the air of an opinion declared, or a passion gratified. I remember a humorous man at Oxford, when he heard any one had spoken of him, used to say, 'I will not take my revenge until I have forgiven him.' What he meant was, that he would not enter upon this subtilty it was grown as indifferent to him as any other. I have by this rule, seen him more than

is your quarrel. You must make your satire the concern of society in general if you would have it regarded. When it is so, the good-nature of a man of wit will prompt him to many brisk and disdainful sentiments and replies, to which all the malice in the world will not be able to repartee.

N° 243. SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1710.

Infert se septas nebula, mirabile dictu!

Per medios, miscetque viris, neque cernitur ulli.

VIRG. Æn. i. 443.

Conceal'd in clouds, prodigious to relate!

He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,

— and pass'd unseen along.—DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, October 27.

I HAVE somewhere made mention of Gyges's ring, and intimated to my reader, that it was at present in my possession, though I have not since made use of it. The tradition concerning this ring is very romantic, and taken notice of both by Plato and Tully, who each of them make an admirable use of it for the advancement of morality. This Gyges was the master-shepherd to King Candaules. As he was wandering over the plains of Lydia, he saw a gulf or chasm in the earth, and had the curiosity to enter it. After having descended pretty far into it he found the statue of a horse in brass, with doors in the sides of it. Upon opening them, he found the body of a dead man, bigger than ordinary, with a ring upon his finger, which he took off, and put upon his own. The virtues of it were much greater than he at first imagined; for upon his going into the assembly

shepherds, he observed, that he was invisible when he turned the stone of the ring within the palm of his hand, and visible when he turned it towards his company. Had Plato and Cicero been as well versed in the occult sciences as I am, they would have found a great deal of mystic learning in this tradition: but it is impossible for an adept to be understood by one who is not an adept.

As for myself, I have, with much study and application, arrived at this great secret of making myself invisible, and by that means conveying myself where I please; or, to speak in Rosicrucian lore, I have entered into the clefts of the earth, discovered the brazen horse, and robbed the dead giant of his ring. The tradition says farther of Gyges, that by the means of this ring he gained admission into the most retired parts of the court, and made such use of those opportunities, that he at length became king of Lydia. For my own part, I, who have always rather endeavoured to improve my mind than my fortune, have turned this ring to no other advantage, than to get a thorough insight into the ways of men, and to make such observations upon the errors of others as may be useful to the public, whatever effect they may have upon myself.

About a week ago, not being able to sleep, I got up, and put on my magical ring; and, with a thought, transported myself into a chamber, where I saw a light. I found it inhabited by a celebrated beauty, though she is of that species of women which we call a slattern. Her head-dress and one of her shoes lay upon a chair, her petticoat in one corner of the room, and her girdle that had a copy of verses made upon it but the day before, with her thread stockings, in the middle of the floor. I was so foolishly officious, that I could not forbear gathering up her clothes together, to lay them upon the chair that stood by her

bed-side; when, to my great surprise, after a little muttering, she cried out, 'What do you do? I am in my petticoat alone.' I was startled at first, but soon found that she was in a dream; being one of those who, to use Shakspeare's expression, 'are loose of thought,' that they utter in their sleep everything that passes in their imagination, I left the apartment of this female rake, and went into his neighbour's, where there lay a male coquette. He had a bottle of salts hanging over his head, and upon the table by his bed-side Suckling's Poem with a little heap of black patches on it. His snuff-box was within reach on a chair: but while I was admiring the disposition which he made of the several parts of his dress, his slumber seemed interrupted by a pang that was accompanied by a sudden oath as he turned himself over hastily in his bed. I did not care for seeing him in his nocturnal pains, and left the room.

I was no sooner got into another bed-chamber, but I heard very harsh words uttered in a smooth uniform tone. I was amazed to hear so great a volubility in reproach, and thought it too coherent to be spoken by one asleep; but, upon looking near, I saw the head-dress of the person who spoke, which shewed her to be a female, with a man lying by her side, broad awake, and as quiet as a lamb. I could not but admire his exemplary patience, and discovered by his whole behaviour, that he was then lying under the discipline of a curtain lecture.

I was entertained in many other places with the kind of nocturnal eloquence; but observed, that most of those whom I found awake were kept so either by envy or by love. Some of these were sighing, and others cursing, in soliloquy; some hugged their pillows, and others gnashed their teeth.

The covetous I likewise found to be a very wake

ful people. I happened to come into a room where one of them lay sick. His physician and his wife were in a close whisper by his bed-side. I overheard the doctor say to the poor gentlewoman, 'he cannot possibly live until five in the morning.' She received it like the mistress of a family prepared for all events. At the same instant came in a servant maid, who said, 'Madam, the undertaker is below, according to your order.' The words were scarce out of her mouth, when the sick man cried out with a feeble voice, 'Pray, doctor, how went Bank-stock to-day at 'Change?' This melancholy object made me too serious for diverting myself farther this way. As I was going home, I saw a light in a garret, and entering into it, heard a voice crying, *and, hand, stand, band, fanned, tanned*. I concluded him by this, and the furniture of his room, to be a lunatic; but, upon listening a little longer, perceived it was a poet, writing a heroic upon the ensuing peace.

It was now towards morning, an hour when spirits, witches, and conjurers, are obliged to retire to their own apartments, and feeling the influence of it, I was hastening home, when I saw a man had got half way into a neighbour's house. I immediately called to him, and turning my ring, appeared in my proper person. There is something magisterial in the aspect of the Bickerstaffs, which made him run away in confusion.

As I took a turn or two in my own lodging, I was thinking that old as I was, I need not go to bed alone, but that it was in my power to marry the finest lady in this kingdom, if I would wed her with this ring. For what a figure would she that should have it make at a visit, with so perfect a knowledge as this would give her of all the scandal in the town? But, instead of endeavouring to dispose of myself and it in matrimony, I resolved to lend it to my

loving friend, the author of the 'Atalantis,' to furnish a new 'Secret History of Secret Memoirs.'

N^o 244. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1710.

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Quam sapere, et fieri ut possit quæ sentiat?—HOM. 1 Ep. iv. 6

What can the fondest mother wish for more,
E'en for her darling son, than solid sense,
Perceptions clear, and flowing eloquence?—R. WYNNE.

Will's Coffee-house, October 30.

It is no easy matter, when people are advancing any thing, to prevent their going too fast for want of patience. This happens in nothing more frequently than in the prosecution of studies. Hence it is, that we meet crowds who attempt to be eloquent before they can speak. They affect the flow of rhetoric before they understand the parts of speech. In the ordinary conversation of this town, there are so many who can, as they call it, talk well, that there is not one in twenty that talks to be understood. This proceeds from an ambition to excel, or, as the term is, to shine in company. The matter is not to make themselves understood, but admired. They come together with a certain emulation, rather than benevolence. When you fall among such companions, the safe way is to give yourself up, and let the orators declaim for your esteem, and trouble yourself no farther. It is said, that a poet must be born so; but I think it may be much better said of an orator, especially when we talk of our town poets and orators; but the town poets are full of rules and laws; the town orators go through thick and thin.

and are, forsooth, persons of such eminent natural parts, and knowledge of the world, that they despise all men as unexperienced scholastics, who wait for an occasion before they speak, or who speak no more than is necessary. They had half persuaded me to go to the tavern the other night, but that a gentleman whispered me, 'Pr'ythee, Isaac, go with us; there Tom Varnish will be there, and he is a fellow that talks as well as any man in England.'

I must confess, when a man expresses himself well upon any occasion, and his falling into an account of any subject arises from a desire to oblige the company, or from fulness of the circumstance itself, so that his speaking of it at large is occasioned only by the openness of a companion; I say, in such a case as this, it is not only pardonable, but agreeable, when a man takes the discourse to himself; but when you see a fellow watch for opportunities for being copious, it is excessively troublesome. A man that stammers, if he has understanding, is to be attended to with patience and good-nature; but he that speaks more than he needs, has no right to such an indulgence. The man who has a defect in his speech takes pains to come to you, while a man of weak capacity, with fluency of speech, triumphs in outrunning you. The stammerer strives to be fit for your company; the loquacious man endeavours to shew you, you are not fit for his.

With thoughts of this kind do I always enter into that man's company who is recommended as a person that talks well; but if I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as laboured no farther than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. To have good sense, and ability to express it are the most essential and necessary

qualities in companions. When thoughts rise fit to utter, among familiar friends there needs very little care in clothing them.

Urbanus is, I take it, a man one might live whole years, and enjoy all the freedom and improvement unimagable, and yet be insensible of a contradiction to you in all the mistakes you can be proof of. His great good-will to his friends, has produced in him such a general deference in his discourse, that if he differs from you in his sense of any thing, he introduces his own thoughts by some agreeable circumlocution; or, 'he has often observed such and such a circumstance that made him of another opinion.' Again, where another would be at bay, 'this I am confident of, I may pretend to be as well of this matter as any body;' Urbanus says, 'I am verily persuaded: I believe, one may conclude.' In a word, there is no man more clear in his thoughts and expressions than he is, or speaks with greater diffidence. You shall hardly find a man of any consideration, but you shall observe a great deal of less consequence form himself after him. It happens to Urbanus; but the man who steals from him almost every sentiment he utters in a week, disguises the theft by carrying it with a quite different air. Umbratilis knows Urbanus's downy way of speaking proceeds from good-nature and good-breeding, and not from uncertainty in his notions. Umbratilis, therefore, has no more to do but repeat the thoughts of Urbanus in a positive manner, and appear to the undiscerning a wiser man than the person from whom he borrows: but those who know him, can see the servant in his master's habit; and the more he struts, the less do his clothes appear his own.

In conversation, the medium is neither to be silent or eloquence; not to value our approbation

and to endeavour to excel us who are of your company, are equal injuries. The great enemies therefore to good company, and those who transgress most against the laws of equality, which is the life of it, are, the clown, the wit, and the pedant. A clown, when he has sense, is conscious of his want of education, and, with an awkward bluntness, hopes to keep himself in countenance by overthrowing the use of all polite behaviour. He takes advantage of the restraint good-breeding lays upon others not to offend him, to trespass against them, and is under the man's own shelter while he intrudes upon him. The fellows of this class are very frequent in the repetition of the words *rough* and *manly*. When these people happen to be by their fortunes of the rank of gentlemen, they defend their other absurdities by an impertinent courage; and, to help out the defect of their behaviour, add their being dangerous to their being disagreeable. This gentleman (though he dissembles, professes to do so; and, knowing that, dares still go on to do so) is not so painful a companion, as he who will please you against your will, and resolves to be a wit.

This man, upon all occasions, and whoever he falls in company with, talks in the same circle, and in the same round of chat which he has learned at one of the tables of this coffee-house. As poetry is in itself an elevation above ordinary and common sentiments; so there is no fop so very near a madman in indifferent company as a poetical one. He is not apprehensive that the generality of the world are intent upon the business of their own fortune and profession, and have as little capacity as curiosity to enter into matters of ornament or speculation. I remember at a full table in the city, one of these ubiquitary wits was entertaining the company with a soliloquy, for so I call it when a man talks to

those who do not understand him, concerning me, and was worth half a plum*, stared at him observing there was some sense, as he thought, with his impertinence, whispered me, 'Take word for it, this fellow is more knave than This was all my good friend's applause of the man of talk that I was ever present at, which nothing to make it excellent, but that there was occasion for it.

The pedant is so obvious to ridicule, that it were to be one to offer to explain him. He is a man so well known, that there is none but of his own class who do not laugh at and avoid him. Pedantry proceeds from much reading and little understanding. A pedant among men of learning and sense, is like an ignorant servant giving an account of a polite conversation. You may find more brought with him more than could have got into his head without being there, but still he is not a bit wiser than if he had not been at all.

Nº 245. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2,

From my own Apartment, November 1.

THE lady hereafter mentioned, having come in very great haste, and paid me much above the usual fee as a cunning-man to find her goods, and also having approved my late display of advertisements, obliged me to draw up this and insert it in the body of my Paper.

* Fifty thousand pounds.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Bridget Howd'ye, late servant to the Lady Fardingle, a short, thick, lively, hard-favoured wench of about twenty-nine years of age, her eyes small and bleared, her nose very broad at bottom, and turning up at the end, her mouth wide, and lips of an unusual thickness, two teeth out before, the rest black and uneven, the tip of her left ear being of a mouse colour, her voice loud and shrill, quick of speech, and something of a Welsh accent, withdrew herself on Wednesday last from her ladyship's dwelling house, and, with the help of her consorts, carried off the following goods of her said lady, viz. a *thick wadded calico wrapper*, a musk-coloured velvet mantle lined with squirrel-skins, eight night-shifts, four pair of silk stockings curiously darned, six pair of *laced shoes*, new and old, with the heels of half *two inches higher* than their fellows; a quilted petticoat of the largest size, and one of canvas with whalebone hoops; three pair of stays, bolstered below the left shoulder, *two pair of hips* of the newest fashion, six round-about aprons with pockets, and four striped muslin *night-rails* very little frayed; a silver pot for coffee or chocolate, the lid much bruised; a *broad-brimmed flat silver plate* for sugar with *Rhenish wine*; a *silver ladle* for plum-porridge; a silver cheese-toaster with three tongues, an ebony handle, and silvering at the end; a *silver posset to butter eggs*; one caudle and two cordial-water cups, two cocoa-cups, and an ostrich's egg, with rims and feet of silver, a marrow spoon with a scoop at the other end, a silver orange-strainer, eight sweetmeat spoons made with forks at the end, an agate-handle knife and fork in a sheath, a silver tongue-scraper, a silver tobacco-box, with a tulip graved on the top; and a Bible bound in shagreen,

with gilt leaves and clasps, never opened but once. Also a small cabinet, with six drawers inlaid with red tortoise-shell, and brass gilt ornaments at the four corners, in which were two *leather forehead cloths*, three pair of *oiled dog-skin gloves*, seven *cakes of superfine Spanish wool*, half-a-dozen of *Portuguese dishes*, and a *quire of paper from thence*: two pair of *brun-new plumpers*, four *black-lead combs*, three pair of *fashionable eye-brows*, two sets of *ivory teeth*, little the worse for wearing, and one pair of *box for common use*; *Adam and Eve in bugle-work*, without gilt leaves, upon canvas, curiously wrought with the ladyship's own hand; several *filligrane curiosities*, a *crotchet of one hundred and twenty-two diamonds* set strong and deep in silver, with a *rump-jewel* after the same fashion; *bracelets of braided hair*, *pomander and seed pearl*; a large old purple velvet purse embroidered, and shutting with a spring, containing two pictures in miniature, the features visible; a broad thick gold ring with a *hand-in-hand* engraved upon it, and with this poesy, 'While life does last, I'll hold thee fast'; another set round with small rubies and sparks, six wanting; another of *Turkey-stone*, cracked through the middle; an *Elizabeth* and four *Jacobus's*, one guinea, the first of the coin, an angel with a hole bored through, a broken half of a Spanish piece of gold, a crown-piece with the *Lreeches*, an old nine-pence bent both ways by Lilly the almanack-maker for luck at *langteraloe*, and twelve of the shells called *blackmoor's teeth*; one small amber box with *opoplectic balsam*, and one silver-gilt of a larger size for *cashu* and *carrawa comfits*, to be taken at long sermons, the lid enamelled, representing a *Cupid fishing for hearts*, with a piece of gold on his hook; over his head the rhyme, 'Only with gold, you me shall hold.' In the lower drawer was a large new gold repeating

watch made by a Frenchman; a gold chain, and all the proper appurtenances hung upon steel swivels, to wit, lockets with the hair of dead and living lovers, seals with arms, emblems and devices cut in cornelian, agate, and onyx, with Cupids, hearts, stars, altars, flames, rocks, pickaxes, roses, thorns, and sunflowers; as also a variety of ingenious French mottoes; together with gold etuys for quills, scissars, needles, thimbles, and a sponge dipped in Hungary water, left but the night before by a young lady going upon a frolic *incog*. There was also a bundle of letters, dated between the years one thousand six hundred and seventy, and one thousand six hundred and eighty-two, most of them signed Philander, the rest Strephon, Amyntas, Corydon, and Adonis; together with a collection of receipts to make pastes for the hands, pomatums, lip-salves, white-pots, beautifying creams, water of talc, and frog spawn water; decoctions for clearing the complexion, and an approved medicine to procure abortion.

Whoever can discover the aforesaid goods, so that they may be had again, shall have fifty guineas for the whole, or proportionably for any part.

N. B. Her ladyship is pleased to promise ten pounds for the packet of letters over and above, or five for Philander's only, being her first love. 'My lady bestows those of Strephon to the finder, being so written, that they may serve to any woman who reads them.'

P. S. As I am a patron of persons who have no other friend to apply to, I cannot suppress the following complaint:—

•SIR,

'I am a blacknoor boy, and have, by my lady's order, been christened by the chaplain. The good man has gone farther with me, and told me a great

deal of good news : as, that I am as good as my lady herself, as I am a Christian, and many other things ; but for all this, the parrot, who came over with me from our country, is as much esteemed by her as I am. Besides this, the shock-dog has a collar that cost almost as much as mine. I desire also to know whether now I am a Christian, I am obliged to dress like a Turk, and wear a turban. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant, POMPEY.

N^o 246. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1710

—Vitis nemo sine nascitur ; optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur. HOR. 1 Sat. iii. 68.

—We have all our vices, and the best
Is he, who with the fewest is oppress. —FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, November 3.

WHEN one considers the turn which conversation takes in almost every set of acquaintance, club, assembly, in this town or kingdom, one cannot but observe, that in spite of what I am every day saying, and all the moral writers since the beginning of the world have said, the subject of discourse is generally upon one another's faults. This, in a great measure, proceeds from self-conceit, which were to be ended in one or other individual person ; but the folly has spread itself almost over all the species ; and one cannot only say, Tom, Jack, or Will, but in general ' that man is a coxcomb.' From this source it is, that any excellence is faintly received, any imperfection unmercifully exposed. But if things were put in a true light, and we would take time to consider, that man in his very nature, is an imperfect being, our set

of this matter would be immediately altered, and the word *imperfection* would not carry an unkinder idea than the word *humanity*. It is a pleasant story that we, forsooth, who are the only imperfect creatures in the universe, are the only beings that will not allow of imperfection. Somebody has taken notice, that we stand in the middle of existences, and are, by this one circumstance, the most unhappy of all others. The brutes are guided by instinct, and know no sorrow; the angels have knowledge, and they are happy; but men are governed by opinion, which is I know not what mixture of instinct and knowledge, and are neither indolent nor happy. It is very observable, that critics are a people between the learned and the ignorant, and, by that situation, enjoy the tranquillity of neither. As critics stand among men, so do men in general between brutes and angels. Thus, every man, as he is a critic and a coxcomb, until improved by reason and speculation, is ever forgetting himself, and laying open the faults of others.

At the same time that I am talking of the cruelty of urging people's faults with severity, I cannot but bewail some which men are guilty of for want of admonition. These are such as they can easily mend, and nobody tells them of, for which reason I shall make use of the penny-post (as I have with success to several young ladies about turning their eyes, and holding up their heads) to certain gentlemen, whom I remark habitually guilty of what they may reform in a moment. There is a fat fellow, whom I have long remarked wearing his breast open in the midst of winter, out of an affectation of youth. I have therefore sent him just now the following letter in my physical capacity :

‘SIR,

‘From the twentieth instant to the first of May

next, both days inclusive, I beg of you to button your waistcoat from your collar to your waistband. I am your most humble servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Philomath.

There is a very handsome well-shapen youth that frequents the coffee-houses about Charing-cross, and ties a very pretty riband with a cross of jewels at his breast. This being something new, and a thing in which the gentleman may offend the Herald's-office, I have addressed myself to him as I Censor.

• DEAR COUNTRYMAN,

• Was that ensign of honour which you wear given you by a prince or a lady that you have served? If you bear it as an absent lover, please to hang it on a black riband; if as a rewarded soldier, you may have my licence to continue the red.

Your faithful servant,

BICKERSTAFF, Censor.

These little intimations do great service, and are very useful, not only to the persons themselves, but to inform others how to conduct themselves, towards them.

Instead of this honest private method, or a friend one face to face, of acquainting people with their faults in their power to explain or amend, the usual way among people is to take no notice of things you can help, and nevertheless expose you for those you cannot.

Plumbeus and Levis are constantly in each other's company; they would, if they took proper method, be very agreeable companions; but they so extravagantly aim at what they are unfit for, and each of them rallies the other so much in the wrong place, that, instead of doing each other the office

of friends, they do but instruct the rest of the world to laugh at them with more knowledge and skill. Plumbeus is of a saturnine and sullen complexion; Levis of a mercurial and airy disposition. Both these gentlemen have but very slow parts, but would make a very good figure did they pursue what they ought. If Plumbeus would take to business, he would, in a few years, know the forms of orders so well as to direct and dictate with so much ease, to be thought a solid, able, and, at the same time, a sure man of dispatch. Levis, with a little reading, and coming more into company, would soon be able to write a song, or lead up a country-dance. Instead of these proper pursuits, in obedience to their respective geniuses, Plumbeus endeavours to be a man of pleasure, and Levis the man of business. This appears in their speech, and in their dress; Plumbeus is ever egregiously fine, and talking something like wit: Levis is ever extremely grave, and, with a silly face, repeating maxims. These two pardon each other for affecting what each is incapable of, the one to be wise, and the other gay; but are extremely critical in their judgments of each other in their way towards what they pretend to. Plumbeus acknowledges Levis to be a man of great reach, because it is what Plumbeus never cared for being thought himself, and Levis allows Plumbeus to be an agreeable rake for the same reason. Now were these dear friends to be free with each other, as they ought to be, they would change characters, and be both as commendable, instead of being as ridiculous, as their capacities will admit of.

Were it not too grave, all that I would urge on this subject is, that men are bewildered when they consider themselves in any other view than that of strangers, who are in a place where it is no great

matter whether they can, or unreasonable to expect they should, have every thing about them as well as at their own home. This way of thinking is, perhaps the only one that can put this being in a proper posture for the ease of society. It is certain, that this would reduce all faults into those which proceed from malice, or dishonesty; it would quite change our manner of beholding one another, and nothing that was not below a man's nature, would be below his character. The arts of this life would be proper advances towards the next; and a very good man would be a very fine gentleman. As it is now, human life is inverted, and we have not learned half the knowledge of this world before we are dropping into another. Thus, instead of the raptures and contemplations which naturally attend a well-spent life from the approach of eternity, even we old fellows are afraid of the ridicule of those who are born *since us*, and ashamed not to understand as well as peevish to resign, the mode, the fashion, the ladies, the fiddles, the balls, and what not. Dick Reptile, who does not want humour, is very pleasant at our club when he sees an old fellow touchy at being laughed at for any thing that is not in the mode, and bawls in his ear, 'Pry'thee do not mind him; tell him thou art mortal.'

Nº 247. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1710.

*Edopol, nre nos æque sumus omnes invise viris
Propter paucas, quæ omnes faciant dignis ut videamur malo.
TAR. Hecyr. II. iii. 1.*

How unjustly
Do husbands stretch their censure to all wives
For the offences of a few, whose vices
Reflect dishonour on the rest.—COLMAN.

By Mrs. JENNY DISTAFF, Half Sister to
Mr. BICKERSTAFF.

From my own Apartment, November 6.

My brother having written the above piece of Latin, desired me to take care of the rest of the ensuing paper. Towards this he bid me answer the following letter, and said, nothing I could write properly on the subject of it would be disagreeable to the motto. It is the cause of my sex, and I therefore enter upon it with great alacrity. The epistle is literally thus :

Edinburgh, Oct. 23.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I presume to lay before you an affair of mine, and begs you'll be very sinceir in giving me your judgment and advice in this matter, which is as follows :

A very agreeable young gentleman, who is endowed with all the good qualities that can make a man complete, has this long time maid love to me in the most passionat manner that was posable. He has left nothing unsaid to make me believe his affections real ; and, in his letters, expressed himself so

handsomly and so tenderly, that I had all the imaginable to believe him sincere. In short, he has positively promised me he would marry me; but I find all he said nothing; for when the question was put to him, he would not; but still continues my humble servant, and would go on at the usual rate, repeating the assurances of his fidelity, and at the same time has none in him. He writes to me in the same endearing style he usually would have me spake to no man but himself. His estate is in his own hand, his father being dead, and to the full answers his estate. Pray be ingenious, and tell me cordially, if you think I shall do myself an injury if I keep correspondence any longer with this man. I hope you will favour an honest Northampton, as I am, with your advice in this amour; I am resolved just to follow your directions; you will do me a sensible pleasure, and very honour, if you will please to insert this poor letter with your answer to it, in your Tatler. Pray not to give me your answer; for on it depends the happiness of

Disconsolat ALMELIA

MADAM,

‘I have frequently read over your letter, and am of opinion, that, as lamentable as it is, it is the common of any evil that attends our sex. I am very much troubled for the tenderness you express towards your lover, but rejoice at the same time that you can so far surmount your inclination to him, as to resolve to dismiss him when you have your brother's opinion for it. His sense of the matter desired me to communicate to you. Oh Almelia, the common failing of our sex is to value the opinion of our lovers rather from the grace of their address

in the sincerity of their hearts. He has expressed himself so handsomely ! Can you say that, after you have reason to doubt his truth ? It is a melancholy thing, that in this circumstance of love, which is the most important of all others in female life, we women, who are, they say, always weak, are still weakest. The true way of valuing a man is, to consider his reputation among the men. For want of the necessary rule towards our conduct, when it is late, we find ourselves married to the outcasts of that sex ; and it is generally from being disagreeable among men, that fellows endeavour to make themselves pleasing to us. The little accomplishments of coming into a room with a good air, and saying, while they are with us, what we cannot hear among ourselves, usually make up the whole of a woman's man's merit. But if we, when we began to reflect upon our lovers, in the first place, considered what figures they make in the camp, at the bar, on the exchange, in their country, or at court, we should behold them in quite another view than we now present.

Were we to behave ourselves according to this rule, we should not have the just imputation of favouring the silliest of mortals, to the great scandal of the wisest, who value our favour as it advances their pleasure, not their reputation. In a word, Madam, if you would judge aright in love, you must look upon it as in a case of friendship. Were this gentleman treating with you for any thing but yourself when you had consented to his offer, if he fell off, you would call him a cheat and an impostor. There is, therefore, nothing left for you to do but to despise him, and yourself for doing it with regret.

I am,
Madam, &c.'

I have heard it often argued in conversation, that

this evil practice is owing to the perverted taste of the wits in the last generation. A libertine on the throne could very easily make the language and fashion turn his own way. Hence it is that we are treated as a mistress, and not a wife. It is the writings of those times, and the traditions and accounts of the debauches of their men of pleasure, that the coxcombs now-a-days take upon themselves, to be false swains and perjured lovers. I think I feel all the woman rise in me, when I reflect upon the nauseous rogues that pretend to desire us; wretches, that can never have it in their power to overreach any thing living but their mistresses. In the name of goodness, if we are designed by nature as suitable companions to the other sex, are we not treated accordingly? If we have no more, as some allow, why is it not as base in men to injure us, as one another? If we are the insignificant that others call us, where is the triumph in despising us? But when I look at the bottom of this disaster, and recollect the many of my acquaintances whom I have known in the same condition with the 'Northern Lass' that occasions this discourse, must own I have ever found the perfidiousness of men has been generally owing to ourselves, and we have contributed to our own deceit. The truth is we do not conduct ourselves, as we are courted, but as we are inclined. When we let our imaginations take this unbridled swing, it is not he that acts most lovely, but he that is most lovely acted. When our humble servants make their addresses, we do not keep ourselves enough disengaged to be judges of their merit; and we seldom give our judgment of our lover, until we have lost our judgment for him.

While Clarinda was passionately attended to, she was addressed by Strephon, who is a man of sense.

knowledge in the world, and Cassio, who has a
 useful fortune, and an excellent understanding,
 fell in love with Damon at a ball. From that
 moment, she that was before the most agreeable
 creature of all my acquaintance, cannot hear Stre-
 nde speak, but it is something 'so out of the way
 ladies' conversation:' and Cassio has never since
 opened his mouth before us, but she whispers me,
 how seldom does riches and sense go together!
 The issue of all this is, that for the love of Damon,
 she has neither experience, understanding, nor
 worth, she despises those advantages in the other
 which she finds wanting in her lover; or else
 she takes he has them for no other reason but because
 he is her lover. This, and many other instances,
 may be given in this town; but I hope thus much
 will suffice to prevent the growth of such evils at
 Edinburgh.

248. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1710.

—Media sese tulit obvia silva,
 Virginis os habitumque gerens.—VIRG. *Æn.* li. 318.

Lo! in the deep recesses of the wood
 Before my eyes a beauteous form appears,
 A virgin's dress and modest look she wears.—R. WYNN.

By ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.

From my own Apartment, November 9.

may perhaps appear ridiculous, but I must con-
 fess, this last summer, as I was riding in Enfield-
 Chase, I met a young lady whom I could hardly get
 out of my head, and, for aught I know, my heart,
 ever since. She was mounted on a pad, with a very

well-fancied furniture. She set her home in a very graceful air ; and, when I saluted her with that hat, she bowed to me so obligingly, that it was her civility or beauty that touched me, I know not ; but I am sure I shall never forget her. She dwells in my imagination in a figure to her advantage, that if I were to draw a picture of Youth, Health, Beauty, or Modesty, I should send any, or all of them, in the person of this woman.

I do not find that there are any descriptions in the ancient poets so beautiful as those of the nymphs in their pastoral dresses and habits. Virgil gives Venus the habit of a Spartan, when she is to put Æneas in his way, and his cares with the most agreeable object in the world. Diana and her train are always described as huntswomen of the woods, and followers of the stag. To be well diverted, is the safest guard to industry, and, methinks, it should be one of the first things to be regarded among people of condition, as the best proper amusements for young ladies. I do not but think this of riding might easily be introduced among them, when they consider how much it contributes to their beauty. This would be the best portion they could bring into a family, a stock of health, to transmit to their posterity, and a charming bloom, as this gives the countenance very much preferable to the real or affected paleness or softness, which appear in the faces of modern beauties.

The comedy, called 'The Ladies' Curiosity,' presents the affectation of wan looks and languishing glances to a very entertaining extravagance. It is, as the lady in the play complains, some way from robust in perfect health, that it is with her breeding and delicacy to appear in public.

air. But the natural gaiety and spirit which in the complexion of such as form to themselves a sort of diverting industry, by choosing recreations that are exercises, surpass all the false ornaments and graces that can be put on by applying the whole dispensary of a toilet. A healthy body and cheerful mind, give charms as irresistible as beauty. The beauteous Dycinna, who came to last week, has, from the constant prospect in this country, and the moderate exercise and variety in the visits she made round it, contracted a new life in her countenance, which will in vain be tryed by both the painters and the poets to represent. Her becoming negligence in her dress, the severity of her looks, and a certain innocent boldness in all her behaviour, are the effect of the active recreations I am talking of.

Instead of such, or any other as innocent and engaging method of passing away their time with alacrity, we have many in town who spend their hours in an indolent state of body and mind, without either recreations or reflections. I am apt to believe there are some parents who imagine their daughters will be accomplished enough, if nothing interrupts their study or their shape. According to this method of education, I could name you twenty families, where the first girls hear of in this life is, that it is time to come to dinner, as if they were so insignificant as to be wholly provided for when they are dressed and clothed.

It is with great indignation that I see such crowds of the female world lost to human society, and devoted to a laziness which makes life pass away with idleness rather than in the hardest labour. Palestris, in her drawing-room, is supported by spirits to keep off the returns of spleen and melancholy, before she can pass half of the day, for want of something to do,

while the wench in the kitchen sings and scolds from morning to night.

The next disagreeable thing to a lazy lady is a very busy one. A man of business in good company who gives an account of his abilities and dispatch is hardly more insupportable than her they call a notable woman and a manager. Lady Good was where I visited the other day, at a very polite dinner, entertained a great lady with a *recipe* for a poultice, and gave us to understand, that she had discovered extraordinary cures since she was last in town. It seems a countryman had wounded himself with a scythe as he was mowing; and we were obliged to hear of her charity, her medicine, and her humbug in the harshest tone and coarsest language imaginable.

What I would request in all this prattle is, that our females would either let us have their persons or their minds in such perfection as nature designs them.

The way to this is, that those who are in the society of gentlewomen, should propose to them some suitable method of passing away their time. This would furnish them with reflections and arguments proper for the companions of reasonable men, and prevent the unnatural marriages which happen every day between the most accomplished women and the veriest oafs, the worthiest men and the most insignificant females. Were the general turn of women's education of another kind than it is at present, we should want one another for more reason than we do as the world now goes. The common design of parents is, to get their girls off as well as they can; and they make no conscience of putting into our hands a bargain for our whole life, which will make our hearts ache every day of it. I would therefore, take this matter into serious consideration.

and will propose, for the better improvement of the
 our sex, a 'Female Library.' This collection of
 books shall consist of such others as do not corrupt
 while they divert, but shall tend more immediately
 to improve them as they are women. They shall be
 such as shall not hurt a feature by the austerity of
 their reflections, nor cause one impertinent glance
 at the wantonness of them. They shall all tend to
 to advance the value of their innocence as virgins, im-
 prove their understanding as wives, and regulate
 their tenderness as parents. It has been very often
 said in these Lucubrations 'that the ideas which
 most frequently pass through our imaginations, leave
 traces of themselves in our countenances.' There
 shall be a strict regard had to this in my *Female*
Library, which shall be furnished with nothing that
 shall give supplies to ostentation or impertinence;
 and the whole shall be so digested for the use of my
 readers, that they shall not go out of character in
 their inquiries, but their knowledge appear only a
 cultivated innocence.

249. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1710.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
 Tendimus.

VIRG. ÆN. i. 208.

Through various hazards and events we move.—DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, November 10.

I WAS last night visited by a friend of mine, who
 is an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never
 fails to entertain his company with a variety of
 thoughts and hints that are altogether new and un-

common. Whether it were in complaint of his way of living, or his real opinion, he adds the following paradox: that it required more talents to fill up and become a retired life of business. Upon this occasion he met agreeably the busy men of the age, who are themselves for being in motion and passing a series of trifling and insignificant actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money on my table, 'I defy,' says he, 'any of the persons to produce half the adventures a twelvepenny-piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his life.'

My friend's talk made so odd an impression on my mind, that soon after I was a-bed I fell suddenly into an unaccountable *reverie*, that I had no moral nor design in it, and cannot be so called a dream as a *delirium*.

Methought the shilling that lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, and turning towards me, opened its mouth, and in a loud sound, gave me the following account of his adventures:

'I was born,' says he, 'on the side of the mountain, near a little village of Peru, and made my way to England in an ingot, under the command of Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, out of my Indian habit, refined, naturally put into the British mode, with the face of a queen, Elizabeth on one side, and the arms of the king on the other. Being thus equipped, I found a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visited all parts of the new world into which I was sent. The people very much favoured my natural inclination, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand, that before I was five years old, I had travelled through most every corner of the nation. But in the

sergeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows and list them into the service of parliament.

‘As soon as he had made one man sure, he was, to oblige him to take a shilling of a homely figure, and then practise the same trick on another. Thus I continued doing great mischief to the crown, until my officer, chancing one morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, sacrificed to his pleasures, and made use of me to seduce a milk-maid. This wench bent me, and gave her sweetheart, applying more properly than attended the usual form of “to my love and from love.” This ungenerous gallant marrying her a few days after, pawned me for a dram of brandy, and drinking me out next day, I was beaten with a hammer, and again set a-running.

‘After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spendthrift in company with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who I found was very elegant, gave great demonstrations of joy at receiving the will; but opening it, he found himself disappointed, and cut off from the possession of a fair estate by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that, after having me in his hand, and cursed me, he squirmed me from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead tree, where I lay undiscovered and useless during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

‘About a year after the king’s return, a poor valiant, that was walking there about dinner-time, fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the joy of us both, carried me to a cook’s-shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the king’s health. When I came again into the world, I found I had been happier in my retirement than I then

ably by that means escaped wearing a pair of breeches.

Now of great credit and antiquity, I was used upon as a medal than an ordinary which reason a gamester laid hold of me, and led me to a counter, having got together a set of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those times when current coin is at rest, and partaking of our master's; being in a few moments a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the day led us. I had at length the good luck to get a better break, by which means I was again, under my primitive denomination of a

I pass over many other accidents of less consequence and hasten to that fatal catastrophe when I was in the hands of an artist, who conveyed me to the ground, and, with an unmerciful pair of shears, cut off my titles, clipped my brims, retrenched my sides, rubbed me to my inmost ring; and, in short, spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a groat. You may think what confusion it was in to see myself thus curtailed and diminished; I should have been ashamed to have shewn myself in the same shameful figure, excepting some small pieces were punched through the belly. In the midst of this general calamity, when every body was in the same misfortune irretrievable, and our case was the same, we were thrown into the furnace together, and often happens with cities rising out of a ruin, and with greater beauty and lustre than we could boast of before. What has happened to me in this change of sex which you now see, I will on some other opportunity to relate. In the

mean time I shall only repeat two adventures being very extraordinary, and neither of them have ever happened to me above once in my life. The first was, my being in a poet's pocket, who was taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion to the finest burlesque poem in the British language, entitled, from *The Splendid Shilling*. The second adventure, I must not omit, happened to me in the year when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by mistake, the person who took me having thrown me heedlessly into the hat of a penny-worth of farthings.'

Nº 250. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1709.

Scis enim justum gemina suspendere lance
Ancipitis libras?

PERS. Sat. iv.

Know'st thou with equal hand to hold the scale.—Dante.

From my own Apartment, November 13.

I LAST winter erected a court of justice for the recting of several enormities in dress and behaviour which are not cognizable in any other courts of the realm. The vintner's case, which I there tried, is still fresh in every man's memory. That of the petticoat gave also a general satisfaction: I mention the more important points of the case from a perspective: in which, if I did not give judgments and decrees, according to the strictest rules of equity and justice, I can safely say, I acted according to the best of my understanding. But as to the proceedings of that court, I shall refer my readers

of them, written by my secretary; which the press, and will shortly be published in the style of Lillie's 'Reports*.'

This year presided over a court of justice, it is my intention this year to set myself at the head of a court of honour. There is no court of this nature here at present, except in France; where, to the best of my intelligence, it consists of twelve as are marshals of that kingdom. I am informed, that there is not one of that honourable board at present, who has not been driven from the field by the Duke of Marlborough: but this may be only an accidental or a necessary diminution, I must confess I am not able to de-

termine the court of honour of which I am here to preside. I intend to sit myself in it as president, with twelve great men of honour on my right hand, and twelve great virtues on my left, as my assistants. The first on the bench I have given to an old Tancrède with a wooden leg. The second is a man of a long twisted periwig without a curl at the end, with very little hair upon it, and a new coat with new buttons; being a person of great worth, and second brother to a man of quality. The third is a gentleman usher, extremely well known in romances, and grandson to one of the great wits in Germany, who was some time president of the ceremonies to the Duke of Wolfen-

burg. Those who sit farther on my right hand, and who are not in public courts†, they are such as will be the number of faces upon the bench, and more for ornament than use.

* Lillie.

† As to the masters in chancery, who sit on the bench with the chancellor, sole judge of the court.

The chief upon my left hand are,
An old maiden lady, that preserves some
best blood of England in her veins.

A Welsh woman of a little stature, but high

An old prude, that has censured every man
for these thirty years, and is lately wedded
young rake.

Having thus furnished my bench, I shall ex-
correspondences with the horse-guards, and
veterans of Chelsea-college; the former to
me with twelve men of honour as often as I
have occasion for a grand jury; and the latter
as many good men and true, for a petty jury.

As for the women of virtue, it will not be
cult for me to find them about midnight at
and basset.

Having given this public notice of my
must farther add, that I intend to open it
day sevensnight, being Monday the twentieth
and do hereby invite all such as have suffered
ries and affronts, that are not to be redressed
common laws of this land, whether they be
bows, cold salutations, supercilious looks, unres-
smiles, distant behaviour, or forced familiarity;
also all such as have been aggrieved by any
ous expression, accidental jumble, or unkind rep-
likewise all such as have been defrauded of
right to the wall, tricked out of the upper end
table, or have been suffered to place themselves
their own wrong, on the back seat of the
These, and all of these, I do, as I above-said,
to bring in their several cases and complaints
which they shall be relieved with all imaginable
expedition.

I am very sensible, that the office I have
taken upon me will engage me in the disquisition
many weighty points, that daily perplex the

the British nation; and, therefore, I have already discussed several of them for my future use; as, 'how far a man may brandish his cane in telling a story, without insulting his hearer;' 'what degree of contradiction amounts to the lie;' 'how a man may resent another's staring and cocking a hat in his face;' 'if asking pardon is an atonement for treading upon one's toes;' 'whether a man may put a box on the ear received from a stranger in the dark;' or, 'whether a man of honour may take a blow of his wife;' with several other subtilties of a like nature.

For my directions in the duties of my office, I have furnished myself with a certain astrological pair of scales, which I have contrived for this purpose. In one of them I lay the injuries, in the other the reparations. The first are represented by little weights made of a metal resembling iron, and the second of gold. These are not only lighter than the weights made use of in avoirdupois, but also such as are used in Troy-weight. The heaviest of those represent the injuries amount but to a scruple; and decrease by so many sub-divisions, that there are several imperceptible weights which cannot be weighed without the help of a very fine microscope. I thought acquaint my reader, that these scales were made under the influence of the sun when he was in Aries, and describe many signatures on the weights of injury and reparation: but as this would rather to proceed from an ostentation of my art, than any care for the public, I shall pass it in silence.

N^o 251. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1710.

Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens, sibi qui imperiosus,
 Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, nec vincula terre
 Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
 Fortis, et in seipso tutus, teres atque rotundus,
 Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari;
 In quem manca ruit semper fortuna. — HOR. 2 Sat. vii.

Who then is free?—The wise, who well maintains
 An empire o'er himself, who neither chains,
 Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire,
 Who boldly answers to his warm desire,
 Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise,
 Firm in himself who on himself relies,
 Polish'd and round who runs his proper course,
 And breaks misfortune with superior force.—FRANCIS

From my own Apartment, November 15.

It is necessary to an easy and happy life, to put our minds in such a manner as to be always satisfied with our own reflections. The way to this state is to measure our actions by our own opinion and not by that of the rest of the world. The opinion of other men ought to prevail over us in things of less consideration, but not in concerns where our life and honour are engaged. When we look into the bottom of things, what at first appears a paradox is a plain truth; and those professions, which, for want of being duly weighed, seem to proceed from a system of romantic philosophy, and ignorance of the world, after a little reflection, are so reasonable that it is direct madness to walk by any other rules. They contradict our desires, and to conquer the impetuosity of our ambition, if they do not fall in with what our inward sentiments approve, is so much in our interest, and so absolutely necessary to our

happiness, that to contemn all the wealth and power of the world, where they stand in competition with man's honour, is rather good sense than greatness of mind.

Did we consider that the mind of a man is the man himself, we should think it the most unnatural sort of self-murder to sacrifice the sentiment of the soul to gratify the appetites of the body. Bless us! is it possible, that when the necessities of life are supplied, a man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful! When we meet a poor wretch, raged with hunger and cold, asking an alms, we are apt to think this a state we could rather starve than submit to: but yet how much more despicable in his condition, who is above necessity, and yet shall resign his reason and his integrity to purchase superfluities! Both these are abject and common beggars: but sure it is less despicable to beg a supply to a man's hunger than his vanity. But custom and general prepossessions have so far prevailed over an unthinking world, that those necessitous creatures, who cannot relish life without applause, attendance, and equipage, are so far from making a contemptible figure, that distressed virtue is less esteemed than successful vice. But if a man's appeal, in cases that regard his honour, were made to his own soul, there would be a basis and standing for our conduct, and we should always endeavour rather to be, than appear honourable. Mr. Waller, in his 'Essay on Fortitude,' has treated this subject with great wit and magnanimity. 'What,' says he, 'can be more honourable than to have courage enough to execute the commands of reason and conscience; to maintain the dignity of our nature, and the station assigned us? to be proof against poverty, pain, and death itself; I mean so far as not to do any thing that is scandalous or sinful to avoid.

them : to stand adversity under all shapes of cency and resolution ! To do this, is to be above title and fortune. This argues the heavenly extraction, and is worthy the offer of the Deity.'

What a generous ambition has this man to us ! When men have settled in themselves a conviction, by such noble precepts, that the only thing honourable which is not accompanied with pain, is innocence ; nothing mean but what has guilt. They say, when they have attained thus much of poverty, pain, and death, may still retain their terrors ; yet riches, pleasures, and honours, lose their charms, if they stand between us and integrity.

What is here said with allusion to fort and fame, may as justly be applied to wit and for these latter are as adventitious as the other, as little concern the essence of the soul. It is all laudable in the man who possesses them, and the just application of them. A bright imagination while it is subservient to an honest and noble end, is a faculty which makes a man justly admired by mankind, and furnishes him with reflection on his own actions, which add delicacy to the exercise of a good conscience ; but when wit descends upon sensual pleasures, or promotes the base passions of ambition, it is then to be contemned in proportion to its excellence. If a man will not resolve to lay the foundation of his happiness in his own mind, he is in a bewildered and unhappy state, incapable of peace or tranquillity. For to such a one, the general applause of valour, wit, nay of honesty itself, is to him but a very feeble comfort ; since it is constantly being interrupted by any one who wants either understanding or good-nature to see or acknowledge such excellences. This rule is so necessary

we may very safely say, it is impossible to know any true relish of our being without it. Look about you in common life among the ordinary race of mankind, and you will find merit in every kind is allowed only to those who are in particular districts or sets of company : but, since men can have little pleasure in these faculties which denominate them persons of distinction, let them give up such an empty pursuit, and think nothing essential to happiness but what is in their own power ; the capacity of reflecting with pleasure on their own actions, however they are interpreted.

It is so evident a truth, that it is only in our own bosoms we are to search for any thing to make us happy, that it is, methinks, a disgrace to our nature to talk of taking our measures from thence only, as a matter of fortitude. When all is well there, the vicissitudes and distinctions of life are the mere scenes of a drama ; and he will never act his part well, who has his thoughts more fixed upon the applause of the audience than the design of his part.

The life of a man who acts with a steady integrity, without valuing the interpretation of his actions, has but one uniform regular path to move in, where he cannot meet opposition, or fear ambuscade. On the other side, the least deviation from the rules of honour introduces a train of numberless evils, and involves him in inexplicable mazes. He that has entered into guilt has bid adieu to rest ; and every criminal has his share of the misery expressed so emphatically in the tragedian,

Macbeth shall sleep no more !

It was with detestation of any other grandeur but the calm commanding of his own passions, that the excellent Mr. Cowley cries out with so much justice,

If e'er Ambition did my fancy cheat
 With any thought so mean as to be great,
 Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
 The humble blessings of that life I love !

N° 252. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1709.

Narrator et prisci Catonis
 Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.—Hor. 3 Od. xxi. 12.

Of old
 Cato's virtue, we are told,
 Often with a bumper glow'd,
 And with social raptures flow'd.—FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, November 17.

THE following letter, and several others to the same purpose, accuse me of a rigour of which I am far from being guilty, to wit, the disallowing the useful use of wine.

' From my Country House, October 28.

' MR. BICKERSTAFF,

' Your discourse against drinking, in Tuesday's Tatler, I like well enough in the main ; but, in my humble opinion, you are become too rigid, when you say to this effect : *Were there only this single consideration, that we are the less masters of ourselves, if we drink the least proportion beyond the exigent thirst.* I hope no one drinks wine to allay this appetite. This seems to be designed for a loftier indulgent nature ; for it were hard to suppose that the Author of Nature, who imposed upon her creatures necessary pains, does not allow her her proper pleasures ; we may reckon among the latter the moderate use of the grape. Though I am as much against ex-

ever approaches it, as yourself; yet I conceive safely go farther than the bounds you there not only without forfeiting the title of one's own master, but also to possess it in a greater degree. If a man's expressing himself on any subject with more life and vivacity, variety of ideas, more copiously, more fluently, as to the purpose, argues it; he thinks speaks more ready, and with greater choice extensive and significant terms. I have the pleasure now to be intimate with a gentleman* who for this temper, who has an inexhaustible wit to entertain the curious, the grave, the gay, and the *frivolous*. He can transform himself into different shapes, and adapt himself to every place yet in a coffee-house, or in the ordinary affairs, he appears rather dull than sprightly. I seldom get him to the tavern; but when he is driven to his pint, and begins to look about for his company, you admire a thousand things which before lay buried. Then you discover the richness of his mind, and the strength of his wit, accompanied with the most graceful mirth. And by this enlivening aid, he is whatever is instructive, and diverting. What makes him so agreeable is, that he tells us a story, serious and gay, with as much delicacy of humour as he can command himself. And for all this, at other times, after a long knowledge of him, you shall scarce be able to find in this incomparable person a whit more than might be expected from one of a common sort. Doubtless, there are men of great parts guilty of downright bashfulness, that by a hesitation and reluctance to speak, murder the most elegant thoughts, and render the most lively conceptions flat and heavy.

* Mr. Addison.

‘In this case, a certain quantity of my red cordial, which you will, is an easy, but fallible remedy. It awakens the judgment, the memory, ripens the understanding, dispels melancholy, cheers the heart; in a word, it restores the whole man to himself and his friends, the least pain or indisposition to the patient be taken only in the evening, in a moderate quantity, before going to bed. Note; My bottles are sealed with three flower-de-luces and a bunch of grapes. Beware of counterfeits. I am your humble servant, &c.’

Whatever has been said against the use of wine upon the supposition that it enfeebles the mind, renders it unfit for the duties of life, bears no comparison to the advantages of that delicious juice in case of a cold. It not only heightens conversation, and brings out agreeable talents, which otherwise would be concealed under the oppression of an unjust cold. I must acknowledge I have seen many of the effects mentioned by this correspondent, and own that wine may very allowably be used, in a degree above that of mere necessity, by such as labour under a cold, melancholy, or are tongue-tied by modesty. It is a very agreeable change, when we see a grave and a lifeless conversation into all the pleasure and good-humour. But when Casca adds to his natural impudence the fluster of a bottle, the fool is called fire, when he was sober, all is treated as outrage when he is drunk. Thus he, who in the morning was only saucy, is in the evening turbulent. It makes one sick to hear one of these fellows say, ‘they love a friend and a bottle.’ Noisy and something too rustic in it to be considered as a terror by men of politeness: but while the wine improves in a well-chosen company, from

of spirits which flow from moderate cups, it be acknowledged, that leisure-time cannot be agreeably, or perhaps more usefully employed, at such meetings. There is a certain prudence, and all other circumstances which makes for wrong in the conduct of ordinary life. Sir Jeffrey Wildacre has nothing so much at heart, as his son should know the world betimes. For and he introduces him among the sots of his own where the boy learns to laugh at his father from familiarity with which he sees him treated by his. This the old fellow calls 'living well with air, and teaching him to be too much his friend impatient for his estate.' But, for the more regulation of society in this and other matters, I publish tables of the characters and relations of men, and by them instruct the town in making and companies for a bottle. This humour of Jeffrey shall be taken notice of in the first place; there is, methinks, a sort of incest in drunkenness, sons are not to behold fathers stripped of all decency.

It is shocking in nature for the young to see those, who they should have an awe for, in circumstances of contempt. I shall therefore utterly forget that those whom nature should admonish to avoid too gross familiarities, shall be received into houses of pleasure where there is the least danger of infection. I should run through the whole doctrine of building, but that my thoughts are at present too much employed in the modelling my 'Court of Honour,' and altering the seats, benches, bar, and jury, from that of the court wherein I, last winter, sat upon causes of less moment. By the way, I take an opportunity to examine, what method should be taken to make joiners and other artificers, when out of a house they have once entered; not for-

getting to tie them under proper regulations. for want of such rules that I have, a day or longer than I expected, been tormented and dead with hammers ; insomuch, that I neither can sue this discourse, nor answer the following many other letters of the highest importance.

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF,

‘ We are man and wife, and have a boy and girl ; the lad seventeen, the maiden sixteen. are quarrelling about some parts of their education. I Ralph cannot bear that I must pay for the learning on the spinnet, when I know she has no I Bridget have not patience to have my son whip because he cannot make verses, when I know he is a blockhead. Pray, Sir, inform us, is it absolutely necessary that all who wear breeches must be taught to rhyme ; all in petticoats to touch an instrument. Please to interpose in this and the like cases, to remove much solid distress which arises from trifling causes as it is common in wedlock, and you will very much oblige us and yours,

RALPH }
BRIDGET } YOKEFELLOW

253. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1710.

— Pietate gravem ac meritis si fortè virum quem
conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant.

VIRG. ÆN. i. 155.

If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear.—DAYDEN.

From my own Apartment, November 20.

Extract of the Journal of the Court of Honour, 1710.

Die Lunæ, vicesimo Novembris, horâ nonâ antemeridianâ.

The court being *sat*, an oath prepared by the Censor was administered to the assistants on his right hand, who were all sworn upon their honour. The men on his left hand took the same oath upon their reputation. Twelve gentlemen of the horse-guards were impannelled, having unanimously chosen Mr. Alexander Truncheon, who is their right hand man in the troop, for their foreman in the jury. Mr. Truncheon immediately drew his sword, and, holding it with the point towards his own body, presented it to the Censor. Mr. Bickerstaff received it, and, after having surveyed the breadth of the blade, and sharpness of the point, with more than ordinary attention, returned it to the foreman in a very graceful manner. The rest of the jury, upon delivery of the sword to their foreman, drew all of them together as one man, and saluted the bench with such an air, as signified the most resigned submission to those who commanded them, and the greatest magnanimity to execute what they should command.

Mr. Bickerstaff, after having received the compliments on his right hand, cast his eye upon the left, where the whole female jury paid their respects

by a low courtesy, and by laying their hands upon their mouths. Their forewoman was a professed Platonist, that had spent much of her time in exhorting the sex to set a just value upon their persons, and to make the men know themselves.

There followed a profound silence, when at length after some recollection, the Censor, who continued hitherto uncovered, put on his hat with great dignity; and, after having composed the brims of it in a manner suitable to the gravity of his character, gave the following charge: which was received with silence and attention, that being the only applause which he admits of, or is ever given in his presence.

‘The nature of my office, and the solemnity of this occasion, requiring that I should open my session with a speech, I shall cast what I have to say under two principal heads.

‘Under the first, I shall endeavour to shew the necessity and usefulness of this new-erected court, and, under the second, I shall give a word of advice and instruction to every constituent part of it.

‘As for the first, it is well observed by Phædrus a heathen poet,

Nisi utile est quod facimus, frustra est gloria.

Which is the same, ladies, as if I should say, it would be of no reputation for me to be president of a court which is of no benefit to the public. Nor the advantages that may arise to the *weal-public* from this institution, will more plainly appear, if we consider what it suffers for the want of it. Are our streets daily filled with wild pieces of justice and random penalties? Are not crimes undermined, and reparations disproportioned? How often have we seen the lie punished by death, and a liar himself deciding his own cause! nay, not acting the judge, but the executioner! Have we

own a box on the ear more severely accounted for in man-slaughter? In these extra-judicial proceedings of mankind, an unmannerly jest is frequently as capital as a premeditated murder.

But the most pernicious circumstance in this is, that the man who suffers the injury must lay himself upon the same foot of danger with him that gave it, before he can have his just revenge; that the punishment is altogether accidental, and may fall as well upon the innocent as the guilty.

I shall only mention a case which happens frequently among the more polite nations of the world, and which I the rather mention, because both sexes are concerned in it, and which therefore you gentlemen, and you ladies of the jury, will the rather take notice of; I mean, that great and known case of cuckoldom. Supposing the person who has suffered insults in his dearer and better-half; supposing, I say, this person should resent the injuries done to his tender wife; what is the reparation he may expect? Why, to be used worse than his poor wife, run through the body, and left breathless upon the bed of honour. What then, will you on my right hand say, must the man do that is affronted? Must our sides be elbowed, our shins broken? Must the wall, or perhaps our mistress, be taken from us? May a man knit his forehead into a frown, raise up his arm, or pish at what we say, and must the villain live after it? Is there no redress for injured honour? Yes, gentlemen, that is the design of the judicature we have here established.

A court of conscience, we very well know, was first instituted for the determining of several points of property, that were too little and trivial for the cognizance of higher courts of justice. In the same manner, our court of honour is appointed for the examination of several niceties and punctilios, that

do not pass for wrongs in the eye of our common laws. But notwithstanding no legislators of this nation have taken into consideration these little circumstances, they are such as often lead to crimes big enough for their inspection, though they come before them too late for their redress.

‘ Besides, I appeal to you, ladies (*here Bickerstaff turned to his left hand*), if these are the little stings and thorns in life, that make it more uneasy than its most substantial evils? Continguously, did you never lose a morning’s devotion because you could not offer them up from the highest place of the pew? Have you not been in pain even at a ball, because another has been taken out to dance before you? Do you love any of your friends so much as those that are below you? Have you any favourites that walk on your right hand? You have answered me in your looks; I say no more.

‘ I come now to the second part of my discourse which obliges me to address myself in particular to the respective members of the court, in which I shall be very brief.

‘ As for you, gentlemen and ladies, my assistants and grand juries, I have made choice of you on my right hand, because I know you very jealous of your honour; and you on my left, because I know you very much concerned for the reputation of others for which reason I expect great exactness and partiality in your verdicts and judgments.

‘ I must, in the next place, address myself to the gentlemen of the counsel: you all know that I have not chosen you for your knowledge in the litigious parts of the law; but because you have all of you formerly fought duels, of which I have reason to think you have repented, as being now settled in the peaceable state of benchers. My advice to

only that in your pleadings you will be short and expressive. To which end, you are to banish out of your discourses all synonymous terms, and unnecessary multiplication of verbs and nouns. I do moreover forbid you the use of the words *also* and *besides*; and must farther declare, that if I catch any one among you, upon any pretence whatsoever, using the particle *or*, I shall instantly order him to be stripped of his gown, and thrown over the bar.

This is a true copy:

CHARLES LILLIE.

N. B. The sequel of the proceedings of this day will be published on Tuesday next.

N^o 254. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1710.

Splendidè mendax——

HOR. 2 Od. iii. 35.

Gloriously false——

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, November 22.

THERE are no books which I more delight in than travels, especially those that describe remote countries. and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman Sir John Mandeville, has distinguished himself, by the copiousness of his invention, and the greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits, with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer,

of the Red Cross Knight in Spencer. All is enchanted ground, and fairy land.

I have got into my hands, by great chance, several *manuscripts* of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of the things they have communicated to the public; and, indeed, were they not so well attested, they would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: a caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no farther weight, I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces, at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects.

The present Paper I intended to fill with an extract from Sir John's Journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches, which he made in the territories of *Nova Zembla*. I need not inform my reader, that the author of *Hudibras* alludes to this strange quality in that cold climate, when speaking of abstracted notions clothed in a visible shape, he adds that apt simile,

Like words congeal'd in Northern air.

Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense of the relation, put into modern language, is as follows:—

'We were separated by a storm in the latitude of *seventy-three*, insomuch, that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and French vessel, got safe into a creek of *Nova Zembla*. We landed, in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each

to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination.

We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and too, when we sat very near the fire. After some perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in my conjecture, when, upon the increase of the fire, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf, for every man was sensible, as we afterward found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds of his voice took air than they were condensed and made no impression.

It was now a miserable spectacle to see us all staring and gaping at one another, every man deaf, and no man heard. One might observe a man that could hail a ship at a league's distance, waving with his hand, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat; but all in vain—

— *Nec vox nec verba sequuntur.*—OVID.

Nor voice nor words ensued.

We continued here three weeks in this dismal state.

At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterward found to be the crackling of consonants broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter *s*, which occurs so frequently in the English tongue. We afterward felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ears, for those, being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquified in the warm wind that blew into our cabin. These were soon followed by whole sentences and short words, and at length by entire discourses.

sentences, that melted sooner or later, as the more or less congealed; so that we now heard a thing that had been *spoken* during the whole weeks that we had been *silent*, if I may use the expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet to my surprise, I heard somebody say to John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed." This I knew to be the pilot's voice, and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them until the present time. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and every man opening his mouth. In the midst of this surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of imprecations and curses lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken this opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; he had several times given him the strappado on the foremast, as I did not fail to repeat it for these long soliloquies, when I got him on ship-board.

"I must not omit the names of several of the women in Wapping, which were heard every now and then in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them, as, "Dear Kate!" "Pretty Mrs. Peggy!" "When shall I see my Sue again!" This betrayed the secret of their amours which had been concealed until the present time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth on our return to England.

"When this confusion of voices was passed over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, fearing I should not be heard, I proposed to go to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile from the ship in the country. My crew were extremely glad to find they had again recovered their liberty.

though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done,

—Et timide verba intermissa retentat.

OVID. Met. i. 747.

And try'd his tongue, his silence softly broke.—DRYDEN.

At about half a mile's distance from our cabin we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us; but, upon inquiry, we were informed by some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place, we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls, and barkings of a fox.

We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement; and, upon entering the room found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unsavoury sounds, that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word until about half an hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt, and become audible.

After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the cabin of the French, who, to make amends for their three weeks' silence were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than I ever heard in an assembly, even of that nation. Their language, as I found upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied, that for the freezing of the sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath. but I found my mis-

take when I heard the sound of a kit playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it upon which one of the company told me "that it would play there above a week longer; for," says he, "finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had his musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time we employed in dancing, in order to dissipate our chagrin, *et tuer le temps.*"

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons, why the kit could not be heard during the frost; but, as they are something prolix, I pass them over in silence, and shall only observe, that the honourable author seems, by his quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

N° 255. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1710

— Nec te tua plurima, Pantheo,
Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis insula texit.

VIRG. ÆN. ii. 429.

Comes course the last, the red'ning doctor now
Slides off reluctant, with his meaning bow;
Dress, letters, wit, and merit, plead in vain,
For bear he must, indignity, and pain.

From my own Apartment, November 24.

' To the CENSOR of GREAT BRITAIN.

' SIR,

' I AM at present under very great difficulties, which it is not in the power of any one, besides yourself,

225. Whether or no you shall think it a pro-
prieety to come before your court of honour, I can-
not say; but thus it is. I am a chaplain to an honour-
able family, very regular at the house of devotion,
and full of hope, of an unblamable life; but for not of-
fering to rise at the second course, I found my pa-
tron's lady very sullen and out of humour,
so that at first I did not know the reason of it. At
last when I happened to help myself to a jelly,
of the house, otherwise a devout woman,
said that it did not become a man of my cloth
to sit in such frivolous food; but as I still con-
tinued to sit out the last course, I was yesterday in-
formed by the butler, that his lordship had no far-
ther occasion for my service. All which is humbly
recommended to your consideration by, Sir,

Your most humble servant, &c.'

The case of this gentleman deserves pity: especi-
ally as he loves sweetmeats, to which, if I may guess
by the letter, he is no enemy. In the mean time,
I often wondered at the indecency of discharg-
ing the holiest man from the table as soon as the
delicious parts of the entertainment are served
up. I could never conceive a reason for so absurd
a custom. Is it because a liquorish palate, or a sweet
tooth as they call it, is not consistent with the sanc-
tity of his character? This is but a trifling pretence.
A man, of the most rigid virtue, gives offence by
digressing in plum-pudding or plum-porridge, and
because they are *the first parts of the dinner*.
Is any thing that tends to incitation in sweet-
meats more than in ordinary dishes? Certainly not.
Plums are a very innocent diet, and conserves
of such colder nature than your common pickles.
I sometimes thought that the ceremony of the
gentleman's flying away from the dessert was typical

and figurative, to mark out to the company how they ought to retire from all the luscious baits of temptation, and deny their appetites the gratifications that are most pleasing to them : or, at least, signify, that we ought to stint ourselves in our most lawful satisfactions, and not make our pleasure, by our support, the end of eating. But most certainly if such a lesson of temperance had been necessary at a table, our clergy would have recommended to all the lay-masters of families, and not have disturbed other men's tables with such unseasonable examples of abstinence. The original, therefore, of this barbarous custom, I take to have been merely accidental. The chaplain retired, out of pure complaisance, to make room for the removal of the dishes, or possibly for the ranging of the dessert. This by degrees grew into a duty, until at length as the fashion improved, the good man found himself cut off from the third part of the entertainment; and, if the arrogance of the patron goes on, it is not impossible but, in the next generation, he may see himself reduced to the tithe, or tenth dish of the table ; a sufficient caution not to part with any privilege we are once possessed of. It was usual for the priest in old times to feast upon the sacrifice, nay the honey-cake, while the hungry laity looked upon him with great devotion ; or, as the late Lord Rochester describes it, in a very lively manner,

And while the priest did eat, the people star'd.

At present the custom is inverted ; the laity feast while the priest stands by as a humble spectator. This necessarily puts a good man upon making great ravages on all the dishes that stand near him ; and distinguishing himself by a voraciousness of appetite as knowing that his time is short. I would fain see these stiff-necked patrons, whether they would or

take it ill of a chaplain, that in his grace after meat should return thanks for the whole entertainment, with an exception to the dessert? And yet I cannot but think, that in such a proceeding he would not deal with them as they deserved. What would a Roman Catholic priest think, who is always helped first, and placed next the ladies, should he see a clergyman giving his company the slip at the first appearance of the tarts or sweetmeats? Would not he believe that he had the same antipathy to a candied orange, or a piece of puff-paste, as some have to a Cheshire cheese, or a breast of mutton? Yet, in so ridiculous a height is this foolish custom grown, that even the Christmas-pie, which in its very nature is a kind of consecrated cake, and a badge of distinction, is often forbidden to the Druid of the family. Strange! that a sirloin of beef, whether boiled or roasted, when entire, is exposed to his utmost depredations and incisions; but, if minced into small pieces, and tossed up with plums and sugar, changes its property, and, forsooth, is meat for his master.

In this case I know not which to censure, the patron, or the chaplain, the insolence of power, or the abjectness of dependance. For my own part, I have often blushed to see a gentleman, whom I knew to have much more wit and learning than myself, and who was bred up with me at the university upon the same foot of a liberal education, treated in such an ignominious manner, and sunk beneath those of his own rank, by reason of that character which ought to bring him honour. This deters men of generous minds from placing themselves in such a station of life, and by that means frequently excludes persons of quality from the improving and agreeable conversation of a learned and obsequious friend.

Mr. Oldham* lets us know, that he was affrighted from the thought of such an employment, by a scandalous sort of treatment which often accompanies it :

Some think themselves exalted to the sky,
If they light in some noble family
Diet, a horse, and thirty pounds a year,
Besides th' advantage of his lordship's ear,
The credit of the business, and the state,
Are things that in a youngster's sense sound great.
Little the unexperienc'd wretch does know
What slavery he oft must undergo.
Who, though in silken scarf and cassock dress,
Wears but a gayer livery at best.
When dinner calls the implement must wait
With holy words to consecrate the meat,
But hold it for a favour seldom known,
If he be deign'd the honour to sit down.
Soon as the tarts appear, ' Sir Crape, withdraw,
Those dainties are not for a spiritual maw.
Observe your distance, and be sure to stand
Hard by the cistern with your cap in hand :
There for diversion you may pick your teeth,
Till the kind voider comes for your relief.'
Let others, who such meannesses can brook,
Strike countenance to every great man's look ;
I rate my freedom higher.

This author's raillery is the raillery of a friend, and does not turn the sacred order into ridicule, but is a just censure on such persons as take advantage, from the necessities of a man of merit, to impose on him hardships that are by no means consistent with the dignity of his profession.

* In ' A Satire addressed to a Friend that is about to leave University,' &c.

5. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1710.

— *Nostrum est tantas componere lites.*

VIRG. Ecl. iii. 108.

— *Wors such warm contentious to decide.*—R. WYNN.

Proceedings of the Court of Honour, held in
Lane, on Monday, the twentieth of Novem-
ber 1710, before ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire,
Baron of Great Britain.

PETER PLUMB, of London, merchant, was indicted
against the honourable Mr. Thomas Gules, of Gule-hall
County of Salop, for that the said Peter Plumb
in Lombard-street, London, between the hours
of three in the afternoon, meet the said Mr.
Gules, and, after a short salutation, put on
a value *five-pence*, while the honourable Mr.
stood bare-headed for the space of two se-
conds. It was farther urged against the criminal,
during his discourse with the prosecutor, he
boldly stole the wall of him, having clapped his
hand against it in such a manner, that it was impos-
sible for Mr. Gules to recover it again at his taking
him. The prosecutor alleged, that he was
of a very ancient family; and that, accord-
ing to the principles of all the younger brothers of
the family, he had never sullied himself with
a sword, but had chosen rather to starve, like a man
of honour, than do any thing beneath his quality.
He produced several witnesses, that he had never
been whipped beyond the twisting of a whip, or
the cracking of a pair of nut-crackers, in which he
took for his diversion, in order to make a

present now and then to his friends. The being asked, 'what he could say for himself, several reflections upon the honourable House, 'that he was not worth a groat; that the city would trust him for a halfpenny; that he owed him money which he had promised to pay several times, but never kept his word; and that he was an idle, beggarly fellow, and a disgrace to the public.' This sort of language was severely reprimanded by the Censor, who told the criminal, 'that he spoke in contempt of the House, and that he should be proceeded against for it, if he did not change his style.' The prisoner, therefore, desired to be heard by his counsel, who, in his defence, 'that he put on his hat to keep his face from the wall by accident.' The prisoner produced several witnesses, that he made several motions with his hat in his hand, which were generally understood as an invitation to the Censor to talk with to be covered; and that, though he did not taking the hint, he was forced to put on his hat as being troubled with a cold. There was also an Irishman, who deposed, 'that he had coughed three-and-twenty times that morning, and as for the wall, it was alleged, that he had put on his hat inadvertently, to save himself from a shower which was then falling. The Censor, he consulted the men of honour who sat at his elbow on the bench, found they were all of opinion that the defence made by the prisoner's counsel was rather aggravate than extenuate his crime, and that the motions and intimations of the hat were a mark of superiority in conversation, and therefore used by the criminal to a man of the same quality, who was likewise vested with a right to the wall at the time of their conversation. It was the upper hand, and as it was a sin

lar. The evidence being very full and clear, without going out of the court, declared their unanimously, by the mouth of their foreman, the prosecutor was bound in honour 'to make *him* through the criminal,' or, as they afterwards explained themselves, 'to whip him through

the Censor, knitting his brows into a frown, and very sternly upon the jury, after a little gave them to know, 'that this court was for the finding out of penalties suitable to and to restrain the outrages of private justice; that he expected they should moderate their dict.' The jury therefore retired, and being to comply with the advices of the Censor, after their conversation, delivered their opinion

in consideration this was Peter Plumb's case, and that there did not appear any *malice* in it, as also that he lived in good reputation among his neighbours, and that his taking the *only se defendendo*, the prosecutor should escape with life, and content himself with wounding of his nose, and the cutting off both his ears. Mr. Bickerstaff, smiling upon the court, told that he thought the punishment, even under that mitigation, too severe; and that such might be of ill consequence in a trading

He therefore pronounced sentence against the criminal in the following manner: — 'that his hand was the instrument of offence, should be brought to the court; that the criminal should go to the warehouse from whence he came, and thence, when should require, proceed to the Exchange, to Newway's coffee-house, in what manner he thought fit; but that neither he, nor any of the family Plumbs, should hereafter appear in the streets

of London out of their coaches, that so the footways might be left open and undisturbed for their better use.

Dathan, a pedling Jew, and T. R——, a Welshman, were indicted by the keeper of an alehouse in Westminster, for breaking the peace and two earth-mugs, in a dispute about the antiquity of their families, to the great detriment of the house, and disturbance of the whole neighbourhood. Dathan said for himself, 'that he was provoked to it by the Welshman, who pretended that the Welsh were an *ancienter* people than the Jews; whereas,' says he, 'I can shew by this genealogy in my hand, that I am the son of Mesheck, that was the son of Nabob, that was the son of Shalem, that was the son of ——.' The Welshman here interrupted him, and told him, 'that he could produce *shennalogy* as well as himself;' for 'that he was John ap Rice, a Shenken, ap Shones.' He then turned himself to the Censor, and told him in the same broken accent and with much warmth, 'that the Jew would need uphold, that King Cadwallader was younger than Issachar.' Mr. Bickerstaff seemed very much inclined to give sentence against Dathan, as being a Jew; but finding reasons, by some expressions which the Welshman let fall in asserting the antiquity of his family, to suspect that the said Welshman was *Præ-Adamite*, he suffered the jury to go out, without any previous admonition. After some time they returned, and gave their verdict, 'that it appeared that the persons at the bar did neither of them wear a sword, and that consequently they had no right to quarrel upon a point of honour; to prevent such frivolous appeals for the future, they should both of them be tossed in the same blanket, and they should adjust the superiority as they could agree on it between themselves.' The Censor confirmed the verdict.

Richard Newman was indicted by Major Punt-

having used the words, 'perhaps it may be so,' dispute with the said Major. The Major urged that the word *perhaps* was questioning his veracity, that it was an indirect manner of giving him the

Richard Newman had nothing more to say himself, than that 'he intended no such thing;' threw himself upon the mercy of the court. The brought in their verdict special.

Mr. Bickerstaff stood up, and, after having cast eyes over the whole assembly, hemmed thrice, then acquainted them, 'that he had laid down a rule to himself, which he was resolved never to depart from, and which, as he conceived, would very much conduce to the shortening the business of the court: I mean,' says he, 'never to allow of the lie given by construction, implication, or induction, but by the sole use of the word itself.' He proceeded to shew the great mischief that had arisen to the English nation from that pernicious syllable: that it had bred the most fatal quarrels between the dearest friends; that it had frequently thinned the guards, and made great havock in the army; that it had sometimes weakened the trained bands; and, in a word, had destroyed many of the bravest men in the isle of Great Britain.

For the prevention of which evils for the future he instructed the jury to present the *word itself* as a nuisance in the English tongue; and farther desired them, that he would, upon such their present, publish an edict of the court, for the entire prohibition and exclusion of it out of the discourses and conversation of all civil societies.

This is a true copy. CHARLES LILLIE.
Monday next is set apart for the trial of several of the causes.

A. B. The case of the hassock will come on between the hours of nine and ten.

Nº 257. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1710

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora. Du, cœptis, nam vos mutâstis et illas,
Aspirate meis! OVID. Met. i. 1.

Of bodies chang'd to various forms I sing;
Ye gods, from whom these miracles did spring,
Assist me in this arduous task! —

From my own Apartment, November 29.

EVERY nation is distinguished by productions that are peculiar to it. Great Britain is particularly fruitful in religions, that shoot up and flourish in this climate more than in any other. We are so famous abroad for our great variety of sects and opinions, that an ingenious friend of mine, who is lately returned from his travels, assures me, there is a show at this time carried up and down in Germany, which represents all the religions in Great Britain in wax-work. Notwithstanding that the pliancy of the matter, in which the images are wrought, makes it capable of being moulded into all shapes and figures, my friend tells me, that he did not think it possible for it to be twisted and tortured into so many scragged faces, and wry features, as appeared in several of the figures that composed the show. I was indeed so pleased with the design of the German artist, that I begged my friend to give me an account of it in all its particulars, which he did after the following manner.

'I have often,' says he, 'been present at a show of elephants, camels, dromedaries, and other strange creatures, but I never saw so great an assembly of spectators as were met together at the opening

A great piece of wax-work. We were all placed in a large hall, according to the price that we had paid for our seats. The curtain that hung before the show was made by a master of tapestry, who had woven it in the figure of a monstrous *Hydra*, which had several heads, which brandished out their tongues, and seemed to hiss at each other. Some of these heads were large and entire; and where some of them had been lopped away, there sprouted several in the room of them, insomuch, that for every head cut off, a man might see ten, twenty, or a hundred, of a smaller size, creeping through the rent. In short, the whole picture was nothing but confusion and bloodshed. On a sudden, my friend, 'I was startled with a flourish of many musical instruments that I had never heard before, which was followed by a short tune, if it might be so called, wholly made up of jars and dissonance. Among the rest, there was an organ, a bagpipe, a *groaning-board*, a stentorophonic trumpet, and several wind-instruments of a most disagreeable sound, which I do not so much as know the names of. After a short flourish, the curtain was drawn up, and we were presented with the most extraordinary assembly of figures that ever entered a man's imagination. The design of the work was so well expressed in the dumb show before that it was not hard for an Englishman to comprehend the meaning of it.

The principal figures were placed in a row, consisting of seven persons. The middle figure, which immediately attracted the eyes of the whole company, and was much bigger than the rest, was formed like a matron, dressed in the habit of an elderly woman of quality in Queen Elizabeth's days. The most remarkable parts of her dress were, the beaver and a steeple crown, the scarf that was darker than

sable, and the lawn apron that was whiter than ermine. Her gown was of the richest black velvet, and just upon her heart, studded with large diamonds of an inestimable value, disposed in the form of a cross. She bore an inexpressible cheerfulness and dignity in her aspect; and, though she seemed years, appeared with so much spirit and vivacity, gave her at the same time an air of old age and immortality. I found my heart touched with so much love and reverence at the sight of her, that the tears ran down my face as I looked upon her; and the more I looked upon her, the more my heart was melted with the sentiments of filial tenderness and duty. I discovered every moment something charming in this figure, that I could scarce take my eyes off it. On its right hand there sat the figure of a woman, so covered with ornaments, that her face, her body, and her hands, were almost entirely hid under them. The little you could see of her face was painted: and what I thought very odd, but something in it like artificial wrinkles; but I was the less surprised at it, when I saw upon her forehead an old-fashioned tower of gray hairs. Her head-dress rose very high by three several stories in degrees; her garments had a thousand colours upon them, and were embroidered with crosses in gold, silver, and silk. She had nothing on, so much as a glove or a slipper, which was not marked with the figure; nay, so superstitiously fond did she appear of it, that she sat cross-legged. I was quickly sick of this tawdry composition of ribands, silks, and jewels, and therefore cast my eye on a dame who was just the reverse of it. I need not tell my reader that the lady before described was Popery, or that she I am going to describe is Presbytery. She sat on the left-hand of the venerable matron, and much resembled her in the features of her countenance.

ance, that she seemed her sister; but at the same time that one observed a likeness in her beauty, one could not but take notice, that there was something in it sickly and splenetic. Her face had enough to discover the relation: but it was drawn up into a pensive figure, soured with discontent, and overcast with melancholy. She seemed offended at the matron for the shape of her hat, as too much resembling the triple coronet of the person who sat by her. One might see likewise, that she dissented from the white apron and the cross; for which reason she had made herself a plain homely dowdy, and turned her face towards the sectaries that sat on her left hand, as being afraid of looking upon the matron, lest she should see the harlot by her.

On the right-hand of Popery sat Judaism, represented by an old man embroidered with phylacteries, and distinguished by many typical figures, which I had not skill enough to unriddle. He was placed among the rubbish of a temple; but, instead of peeping over it, which I should have expected from him, he was counting out a bag of money upon the steps of it.

On his right hand was Deism, or Natural Religion. This was a figure of a half-naked, awkward country wench, who, with proper ornaments and education, would have made an agreeable and beautiful appearance; but, for want of those advantages, was such a spectacle as a man would blush to look upon.

‘I have now,’ continued my friend, ‘given you an account of those who were placed on the right hand of the matron, and who according to the order in which they sat, were Deism, Judaism, and Popery. On the left hand, as I told you, appeared Presbytery. The next to her was a figure which somewhat puzzled me: it was that of a man looking,

with horror in his eyes, upon a silver basin with water. Observing something in his countenance that looked like lunacy, I fancied that he was to express that kind of distemper which the physicians call the *hydro-phobia*; but considering what the intention of the show was, I immediately recollected myself, and concluded Anabaptism.

‘The next figure was a man that sat under a profound composure of mind. He wore a hat whose brims were exactly parallel with the horizon; his garment had neither sleeve nor skirt, nor so much as a superfluous button. What they called a *bat*, was a little piece of white linen quilted with great exactness, and hanging below his chin two inches. Seeing a book in his hand, I asked the artist what it was; who told me it was “*The Christian’s Religion*,” upon which I desired a sight. Upon perusal, I found it to be nothing but a new fashioned grammar, or an art of abridging or condensing discourse. The nouns were reduced to a very small number, as *the Light, Friend, Babylon*. The principal of his pronouns was *thou*; and as for *you* and *yours*, I found they were not looked upon as parts of speech in this grammar. All the verbs wanted the second person plural; the participles ended all in *ing* or *ed*, which were marked with a particular accent. There were no adverbs but *yea* and *nay*. The same thrift was observed in the prepositions. The conjunctions were only *hee* and *ha!* and the interjections brought under the heads of *sighing, sobbing, and groaning*.

‘There was at the end of the grammar a little table or menclature, called, “*The Christian Man’s Vocabulary*,” which gave new appellations, or, if you will, new Christian names, to almost every thing in life. I replaced the book in the hand of the figure.

admiring the simplicity of its garb, speech, and behaviour.

Opposite to this row of religions, there was a figure dressed in a fool's-coat, with a cap of bells on his head, laughing and pointing at the figures seated before him. This idiot is supposed to represent what David's fool did some thousand years ago, and was therefore designed as a representative of those among us, who are called Atheists and Infidels by others, and Free-thinkers by themselves.

There were many other groups of figures which I did not know the meaning of; but seeing a collection of both sexes turning their backs upon the company, and laying their heads very close together, I asked them after their religion, and found that they called themselves the Philadelphians, or the family of love.

In the opposite corner there sat another little group of strange figures, opening their mouths as they could gape, and distinguished by the name of the Sweet Singers of Israel.

I must not omit that in this assembly of wax figures were several pieces that moved by clock-work, and gave great satisfaction to the spectators. Beside the Matron there stood one of these figures, which represented Popery another, which as the artist told me, represented the genius of the person they called the Quaker.

That behind Popery represented Persecution, and the other Moderation. The first of these figures was moved by secret springs towards a great heap of bodies, that lay piled upon one another at a considerable distance behind the principal figures. Written on the foreheads of these dead bodies were several hard words, as *Præ-Adamites*, *Sabbatarianism*, *Muggletonians*, *Brownists*, *Indeterminists*, *Comisars*, and the like. At the

approach of Persecution, it was so contrived, that as she held up her bloody flag, the whole assembly of dead men, like those in the *Rehearsal*, started up and drew their swords. This was followed by great clashings and noise, when, in the midst of the tumult, the figure of Moderation moved gently towards this new army, which, upon her holding a paper in her hand, inscribed, "Liberty of Conscience," immediately fell into a heap of carcasses remaining in the same quiet posture in which they lay at first.'

N^o 258. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1710

Occidit miseros crambe repetita— Juv. Sat. vii. 134.

The same stale viands, serv'd up o'er and o'er,
The stomach nauseates - R. WYNN.

From my own Apartment, December 1.

WHEN a man keeps a constant table, he may be allowed sometimes to serve up a cold dish of meat, to toss up the fragments of a feast in a ragoût. I have sometimes, in a scarcity of provisions, been obliged to take the same kind of liberty, and to entertain my reader with the leavings of a former treat. I must this day have recourse to the same method, and beg my guests to sit down to a kind of Saturday's dinner. To let the metaphor rest; I intend to fill up this paper with a bundle of letters, relating to subjects on which I have formerly treated; and have ordered my bookseller to print, at the end of each letter, the minutes with which I indorsed after the first perusal of it.

'TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF. Esq^r:-

'SIR,

November 22. 1711

'Dining yesterday with Mr. South-Britain and Mr. William North-Britain, two gentlemen who were you ordered it otherwise were known by the names of Mr. English, and Mr. William South-Britain. Other things, the maid of the house who at last time I believe may have been a North-Britain waiting-maid, brought us up a dish of North-Britain collops. We liked our entertainment very well; only we observed the tablecloth, being not so fine as we should have wished, was North-Britain cloth. But the worst of it was, we were disturbed all dinner-time by the noise of the children, who were playing in the paved court at North-Britain house; so we paid our North-Briton* sooner than we designed, and took coach to North-Briton Yard†, which is the place most of us live. We had indeed great reason only we were under some apprehensions lest a North-Britain mist should wet a South-Britain man to the skin.

'We think this matter properly expressed according to the accuracy of the new style, sent you in one of your late Papers. You will please to give your opinion upon it to, Sir,

Your most humble servants,

J. S.

M. P.

N. R.

See if this letter be conformable to the directions given in the Tatler above mentioned.

* Scot, i. e. share of the reckoning.

† Scotland-yard.

‡ Jonathan Swift, Matthew Prior, Nicholas Rowe.

‘TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.

‘SIR,

Kent, Nov. 22, 1710

‘A gentleman in my neighbourhood, who happens to be brother to a lord, though neither his father nor grandfather were so, is perpetually making use of this phrase, “a person of my quality.” He has it in his mouth fifty times a-day, to his labourers, his servants, his children, his tenants, and his neighbours. Wet or dry, at home or abroad, drunk or sober, angry or pleased, it is the constant burden of his style. Sir, as you are Censor of Great Britain, as you value the repose of a loyal court, and the reputation of my neighbour, I beg you will take this cruel grievance into your consideration; else, for my own particular, I am resolved to give up my farms, sell my stock, and remove with my wife and seven children next spring to Falmouth or Berwick, if my strength will permit me, being brought into a very weak condition. I am, with great respect, Sir, your most obedient and languishing servant,’ &c.

Let this be referred to the Court of Honour.

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF,

‘I am a young lady of a good fortune, and am presently invested by several lovers, who lay close siege to me, and carry on their attacks with all possible diligence. I know which of them has the greatest place in my own heart, but would freely cross my private inclinations to make choice of the man who loves me best; which it is impossible for me to know, all of them pretending to an equal passion for me. Let me, therefore, beg of you, dear Mr. Bickerstaff, to lend me your Ithuriel’s spear, in order to touch this troop of rivals; after which I will most faithfully return it to you again, with the greatest gratitude. I am, Sir, &c.’

1. What figure doth this lady think her self will appear in? or what symptoms will be of his passion upon being touched? Whether a touch of her fan may not have the efficacy as a touch of Ithuriel's spear?

* Great Lincoln's-Inn Square, Nov. 29.

HONOURED SIR,

Gratitude obliges me to make this public acknowledgment of the eminent service you have done in particular, and the whole body of chaplains, in general. Coming home on Sunday about nine, I found things strangely altered for the time; the porter smiled in my face when he let me in; the footman bowed to me as I passed him, the coachman shook me by the hand, and Mrs. Beatrice made me a courtesy as she went along. I was at all this civility, and knew not to what I ascribe it, except to my bright beaver and my scarf, that were new that day. But I was more astonished to find such an agreeable dinner at the table. My lord helped me to a fat venison with his own hand, and my lady did me the honour to drink to me. I offered to rise at that time; but was desired to sit still, with this expression, "Come, doctor, a jelly or a conserve will do you no harm; do not be afraid of the dessert." So confounded with the favour, that I returned my thanks in a most awkward manner, wondering at the meaning of this total transformation: My lord soon put an end to my admiration, by presenting me a paper that challenged you, Sir, for its contents, and rallied me very agreeably on the subject, saying to me, "Which was best handled, the lord or the chaplain?" I owned myself to think the banter was against ourselves, and that these were trifling matters, not fit for a philosopher to insist on. His

lordship was in so good a humour, that he order'd me to return his thanks with my own: and my lord joins in the same, with this one exception to my Paper, that the chaplain in her family was also allowed minced pies from Allhallows to Candlemas.

I am, Sir, your most obliged, humble servant.

T. W.

Requires no answer.

• MR. CENSOR,

Oxford, Nov.

‘ I have read your account of *Nova Zembla* with great pleasure, and have ordered it to be transcribed in a little hand, and inserted in Mr. Tonson's edition of *Hudibras*. I could wish you would furnish us with more notes upon that author, to the place of those dull annotations with which several editions of that book have been encumber'd. I would particularly desire of you to give the story of Taliacotius, who makes a very entertaining figure in the first canto; not having been able to meet with any account of the said Taliacotius in the writings of any other author. I am, with the profound respect, the most humble of your admirers.

Q.

To be answered next Thursday, if nothing material intervenes.

• MR. CENSOR,

‘ In your survey of the people, you must observe the crowds of single persons that are qualified to increase the subjects of this glorious island; yet neglect that duty to their country. In order to reclaim such persons, I lay before you this proposition.

Your most obedient servant, TH. C.

This to be considered on Saturday next.

• Thomas Clement.

N^o 259. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1710.

— Vexat censura columbas.—Juv. Sat. ii. 63.

Censure acquits the crow, condemns the dove.—ANON.

A Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour, held in Sheer-lane, on Monday the twenty-seventh of November, before ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq. Censor of Great Britain.

ELIZABETH MAKEBATE, of the parish of St. Catherine's, spinster, was indicted for surreptitiously taking away the hassock from under the Lady Grave-Airs, between the hours of four and five, on Sunday the 26th of November. The prosecutor deposed, 'that as she stood up to make a courtesy to a person of quality in a neighbouring pew, the criminal conveyed away the hassock by stealth; inso-much, that the prosecutor was obliged to sit all the while she was at church, or to say her prayers in a posture that did not become a woman of her quality.' The prisoner pleaded inadvertency; and the jury were going to bring it in chance-medley, had not several witnesses been produced against the said Elizabeth Makebate, that she was an old offender, and a woman of a bad reputation. It appeared, in particular, that, on the Sunday before, she had detracted from a new petticoat of Mrs. Mary Doelittle, having said, in the hearing of several credible witnesses, 'that the said petticoat was scoured,' to the great grief and detriment of the said Mary Doelittle. There were likewise many evidences produced against the criminal, that though she never failed to come to church on Sunday, she was a most notorious sabbath-breaker: and that she spent her

whole time, during divine service, in disparaging other people's clothes, and whispering to those who sat next her. Upon the whole she was found guilty of the indictment, and received sentence, 'to ask pardon of the prosecutor upon her bare knees without either cushion or hassock under her, in the face of the court.'

N. B. As soon as the sentence was executed on the criminal, which was done in open court with the utmost severity, the first lady of the bench on Mr. Bickerstaff's right hand stood up, and made a motion to the court, 'that whereas it was impossible for women of fashion to dress themselves before the church was half done; and whereas many confusion and inconveniences did arise thereupon; it might be lawful for them to send a footman in order to keep their places, as was usual in other polite and well-regulated assemblies.' The motion was ordered to be entered in the books, and considered at a more convenient time.

Charles Cambrick, linen-draper, in the city of Westminster, was indicted for speaking obscene to the Lady Penelope Touchwood. It appeared, that the prosecutor and her woman going in a stage-coach from London to Brentford, where they were to be met by the lady's own chariot, the criminal and another of his acquaintance travelled with them in the same coach, at which time the prisoner talked bawdy for the space of three miles and a half. The prosecutor alleged, 'that over-against the Old Fox at Knightsbridge he mentioned the word *luncheon*; that at the farther end of Kensington he made use of the term *smock*; and that, before he came to Hammersmith he talked almost a quarter of an hour upon *wedding shifts*.' The prosecutor's woman confirmed what his lady had said, and added farther, 'that she had never seen her lady in so great a confusion, and in such

taking as she was during the whole discourse of the criminal.' The prisoner had little to say for himself, but that he talked only in his own trade, and meant no hurt by what he said. The jury, however, found him guilty, and represented by their forewoman, that such discourses were apt to sully the imagination; and that by a concatenation of ideas, the word *linen* implied many things, that were not proper to be stirred up in the mind of a woman who was of the prosecutor's quality, and therefore gave it as their verdict, 'that the linen-draper should lose his tongue.' Mr. Bickerstaff said, he thought the prosecutor's ears were as much to blame as the prisoner's tongue, and therefore gave sentence as follows: 'that they should both be placed over-against one another in the midst of the court, there to remain for the space of one quarter of an hour; during which time the linen-draper was to be gagged, and the lady to hold her hands close upon both her ears;' which was executed accordingly.

Edward Callicoat was indicted as an accomplice to Charles Cambrick, for that he the said Edward Callicoat did, by his silence and smiles, seem to approve and abet the said Charles Cambrick in every thing he said. It appeared, that the prisoner was foreman of the shop to the aforesaid Charles Cambrick, and, by this post, obliged to smile at every thing that the other should be pleased to say: upon which he was acquitted.

Josiah Shallow was indicted in the name of Dame Winifred, sole relict of Richard Dainty, Esq. for having said several times in company, and in the hearing of several persons there present, 'that he was extremely obliged to the widow Dainty, and that he should never be able sufficiently to express his gratitude.' The prosecutor urged, that this might blast her reputation, and that it was in effect a

boasting of favours which he had never received. The prisoner seemed to be much astonished at the construction which was put upon his words, and said, 'that he meant nothing by them, but that the widow had befriended him in a lease, and was very kind to his younger sister.' The jury finding him a little weak in his understanding, without going out of the court, brought in their verdict *ignoramus*.

Ursula Goodenough was accused by the Lady Everbloom, for having said, that she, the Lady Everbloom, was painted. The prisoner brought several persons of good credit to witness to her reputation, and proved by undeniable evidences, that she was never at the place where the words were said to have been uttered. The Censor, observing the behaviour of the prosecutor, found reason to believe that he had indicted the prisoner for no other reason, but to make her complexion be taken notice of, which was very fresh and beautiful: he then asked the offender, with a very stern voice, how he could presume to spread so groundless a report. 'whether she saw any colours in the Lady Everbloom's face that could procure credit to such a falsehood?' 'Do you see,' says he, 'any lilies or roses in her cheeks, any bloom, any probability?' The prosecutor not able to bear such language any longer, told 'that he talked like a blind old fool, and that he was ashamed to have entertained any opinion without wisdom:' but she was put to silence, and sent 'to wear *her mask* for five months, and not to presume to shew her face until the town should be empty.

Benjamin Buzzard, Esq. was indicted for having told the Lady Everbloom, at a public ball, that she looked very well for a woman of her years. The prisoner not denying the fact, and persisting before the court that he looked upon it as a compliment, the jury brought him in *non compos mentis*.

'The court then adjourned to Monday the eleventh instant.'

Copia vera.

CHARLES LILLIE.

N° 260. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1710.

Non cuicunque datum est habere nasum.—MARTIAL.

The nose, 'tis said, shews both our scorn and pride;
And yet that feature is to some denied.—R. WYNN.

From my own Apartment, December 6.

WE have a very learned and elaborate dissertation upon thumbs in Montaigne's Essays, and another upon ears in the 'Tale of a Tub.' I am here going to write one upon noses, having chosen for my text the following verses out of Hudibras:

So learned Taliacontius from
The brawny part of porter's bum
Cut supplemental noses, which
Lasted as long as parent breech;
But when the date of nock was out,
Off dropp'd the sympathetic snout.

Notwithstanding that there is nothing obscene in natural knowledge, and that I intend to give as little offence as may be to readers of a well-bred imagination; I must, for my own quiet, desire the critics, who in all things have been famous for good noses, to refrain from the lecture of this curious Tract. These gentlemen were formerly marked out and distinguished by the little rhinocercical nose, which was always looked upon as an instrument of derision; and which they were used to cock, toss, or draw up in a contemptuous manner, upon reading the works

of their ingenious contemporaries. It is not, therefore, for this generation of men that I write the present transaction,

—— Minus aptos acutis
Naribus horum hominum ———

—— Unfit
For the brisk petulance of modern wit.—FRANCIS.

but for the sake of some of my philosophical friends in the *Royal Society*, who peruse discourses of this nature with a becoming gravity, and a desire of improving by them.

Many are the opinions of learned men concerning the rise of that fatal distemper, which has always taken a particular pleasure in venting its spite up the nose. I have seen a little burlesque poem of an Italian, that gives a very pleasant account of the matter. The fable of it runs thus: Mars, the god of war, having served during the siege of Naples the shape of a French colonel, received a visit at night from Venus, the goddess of love, who has been always his professed mistress and admirer. The poem says, she came to him in the disguise of a strolling wench, with a bottle of brandy under her arm. Let that be as it will, he managed matters so well that she went away big-bellied, and was at length brought to bed of a little Cupid. This boy, whether it was by reason of any bad food that his father had eaten during the siege, or of any particular malignity in the stars that reigned at his nativity, came into the world with a very sickly look and crazy constitution. As soon as he was able to handle his bow, he made discoveries of a most perverse disposition. He dipped all his arrows in poison, that rotted everything they touched; and, what was more particularly aimed all his shafts at the nose, quite contrary to the practice of his elder brothers, who had made a human heart their butt in all countries and ages.

of this roguish trick, his parents put him to Mercury, who did all he could to hinder demolishing the noses of mankind; but, in education, the boy continued very unlucky; though his malice was a little softened by good lessons, he would very frequently let fly an envenomed arrow, and wound his votaries oftener in the heart. Thus far the fable.

I do not tell my learned reader, that Correggio is a Cupid taking his lesson from Mercury, applicable to this poem; nor that the poem itself is treated as a burlesque upon Fracastorius.

A little after this fatal siege of Naples, that he began to practise in a town of Germany. The first love-doctor that I meet with in history is a greater man in his age than our celebrated Doctor Wall. He saw his species extremely debased and disfigured by this new distemper that he got into it; and therefore, in pursuance of a reasonable invention, set up a manufacture of noses, having first got a patent that none should make noses besides himself. His first customer was a great man of Portugal, who had done great services to his country, but in the midst of his glory, unfortunately lost his nose. Taliacotus grafted the nose on the remaining part of the gristle or cartilaginous substance, which would sneeze, smell, and, if properly managed, pronounce the letters M or N; and, in the performance of all the functions of a genuine and natural nose there was, however, one misfortune in this operation: the Portuguese's complexion was a deep red, or rather the subfuse, with very black eyes and eyebrows; and the nose being taken from a man that had a white German skin, and cut out of parts that are not exposed to the sun, it was observable that the features of his face were not fellowed. In a word, the Condè resembled one of those

maimed antique statues that has often a modern nose of fresh marble glued to a face of such a yellow ivory complexion, as nothing can give but age. To remedy this particular for the future, the doctor put together a great collection of porters, men of all complexions, black, fair, brown, dark, sallow, pale, and ruddy; so that it was impossible for a patient of the most out-of-the-way colour not to find a nose to match it.

The doctor's house was now very much enlarged and became a kind of college, or rather a hospital, for the fashionable cripples of both sexes, that resorted to him from all parts of Europe. Over his door was fastened a large golden snout, not unlike that which is placed over the great gates at Brazen-nose college in Oxford; and, as it is usual for the learned in foreign Universities to distinguish their houses by a Latin sentence, the doctor writ underneath this great golden *proboscis* two verses out of Ovid:

Militat omnis amans, habet et sua castra Cupido,
Pontice, crede mihi, mutat omnis amans.

OVID. Amor. Et ix. l.

The toils of love require a warrior's art;
And every lover plays the soldier's part.

It is reported that Talacotius had at one time in his house, twelve German counts, nineteen French marquisses, and a hundred Spanish cavaliers, besides one solitary English esquire, of whom more hereafter. Though the doctor had the *monopoly* of noses in his own hands, he is said not to have been unreasonable. Indeed, if a man had occasion for a high Roman nose, he must go to the price of it. A carbuncle nose likewise bore an excessive rate; but for your ordinary short turned-up noses, of which there was the greatest consumption, they cost little or nothing; at least the purchasers thought so, who would buy

been content to have paid much dearer for them rather than to have gone without them.

The sympathy betwixt the nose and its parent was very extraordinary. Hudibras has told us, that when the porter died, the nose dropped of course, in which case it was always usual to return the nose, in order to have it interred with its first owner. The nose was likewise affected by the pain, as well as death, of the original proprietor. An eminent instance of this nature happened to three Spaniards, whose noses were all made out of the same piece of brawn. They found them one day shoot and swell extremely; upon which they sent to know how the porter did: and heard, upon inquiry, that the *parent of the noses* had been severely kicked the day before, and that the porter kept his bed on account of the bruises which he had received. This was highly resented by the Spaniards, who found out the person that had used the porter so unmercifully, and treated him in the same manner, as if the indignity had been done to their own noses. In this and several other cases it might be said, that the porters led the gentlemen by the nose.

On the other hand, if any thing went amiss with the nose, the porter felt the effects of it; insomuch, that it was generally articulated with the patient, that he should not only abstain from all his old coarses, but should, on no pretence whatsoever, smell pepper or eat mustard; on which occasion, the part where the incision had been made, was seized with unspeakable twinges and prickings.

The Englishman I before mentioned was so very regular, and relapsed so frequently into the discomposure which at first brought him to the learned Baharotus, that in the space of two years he wore out five noses; and by that means so tormented the porters, that if he would have given five hundred

pounds for a nose, there was not one of them that would accommodate him. This young gentleman was born of honest parents, and passed his first years in fox-hunting; but accidentally quitting the country and coming up to London, he was so charmed with the beauties of the playhouse, that he had not been in town two days before he got the misfortune of carrying off this part of his face. He used to be called in Germany 'the Englishman of five noses,' as a gentleman that had thrice as many noses as ears.' Such was the raillery of those times.

I shall close this Paper with an admonition to the young men of this town; which I think it is very necessary, because I see several new fresh-comers to the town, that have made their first appearance in winter. I must therefore assure them, that the art of making noses is *entirely lost*; and, in the next place, I beg them not to follow the example of our country town-rakes, who live as if there was a Tailor to be met with at the corner of every street. I must ever young men may think, the nose is a very necessary and coming part of the face; and a man makes but a very silly figure without it. But it is the nature of youth not to know the value of any thing until they have lost it. The general precept, therefore, I shall give them is, to regard every town-woman as a particular kind of syren, that has a design upon their noses; and that, amidst her flatteries and allurements, they will fancy she speaks to them in that homely phrase of old Plautus, *Ego tibi faciem denudabo*, 'Keep your face out of my way, or I will cut off your nose.'

NO. 1. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1710.

From my own Apartment, December 8.

The duty of all who make philosophy the ornament of their lives, to turn their thoughts to real schemes for the good of society, and not to waste their time in fruitless searches, which tend to the ostentation of knowledge, than the service of life. For this reason I cannot forbear reading the common bills that are daily put into our hands as they pass the streets, which give us notice of the present residence, the past travels, and the medicines of doctors useful in their generation, though much below the character of the renowned Taliacotus. But, upon a nice calculation of the successes of such adepts, I find their labours are mostly to the enriching only one sort of men, to say, the society of upholders. From this reflection, and many other which occur to me when I am numbering the good people of Great Britain, I do not but favour any proposal which tends to reduce the losses we sustain by eminent cures. The one I have met with in this kind, has been offered for consideration, and recommended in a letter subscribed Thomas Clement. The title to his print-articles run thus: 'By the profitable society, at the Wheat-sheaf over-against Tom's coffee-house in Pall-mall-street, Covent-garden, new proposals for raising a contribution towards raising two hundred and fifty pounds, to be made on the baptizing of every infant born in Wedlock.' The plan is laid

with such proper regulations. as serve, to such full in with it for the sake of their posterity, the uses. without any of the inconveniences, of elements. By this means, such whose fortunes pend upon their own industry. or personal qualifications, need not be deterred, by fear of poverty, from that state which nature and reason prescribe to as the fountain of the greatest happiness in human life. The Censors of Rome had power vested them to lay taxes on the unmarried: and I think cannot shew my impartiality better than inquire into the extravagant privileges my brother bachelors enjoy, and fine them accordingly. I shall not allow a single life in one sex to be reproached, and held in esteem in the other. It would not, methinks, amiss, if an old bachelor, who lives in contempt matrimony, were obliged to give a portion to an old maid who is willing to enter into it. At the same time I must allow, that those who can plead cousinship, and were unjustly rejected, shall not be liable to the pains and penalties of celibacy. But such pretend an aversion to the whole sex, because they were ill-treated by a particular female, and cover their sense of disappointment in women under a contempt of their favour. shall be proceeded against bachelors convict. I am not without hopes, that from this slight warning all the unmarried men of fortune, taste, and refinement, will, without farther delay, become lovers and humble servants to such *their* acquaintance as are most agreeable to their *er* pain of my censures: and it is to be hoped of the world, who remain single for fear of chances of wedlock, will become subscribers to the present's proposal. By these means will be much more numerous account of births in 1711, than any ever before known in this country, where merely to be born is a distinction.

tion of Providence greater than being born to a fortune in another place.

As I was going on in the consideration of this good office which Mr. Clement proposes to do his country, I received the following letter, which seems to be dictated by a like modest and public spirit, that makes use of me also in its design of obliging mankind.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

In the royal lottery for a million and a half I had the good-fortune of obtaining a prize. From before the drawing I had devoted a fifth of whatever should arise to me to charitable uses. Accordingly I lately troubled you with my request and commission for placing half-a-dozen youths with Mr. More, writing-master in Castle-street, to whom it is said, we owe all the fine devices, flourishes, and the composure of all the plates, for the drawing and paying the tickets. Be pleased, therefore, good Sir, to find or take leisure for complying therewith, for I would not appear concerned in this small matter. I am very much

Your humble servant, &c.'

It is no small pleasure to observe, that in the midst of a very degenerate age, there are still spirits which retain their natural dignity, and pursue the good of their fellow-creatures; some in making themselves useful by professed service, some by secret generosity. Were I at liberty to discover even all the good I know of many men living at this time, there would want nothing but a suitable historian, to make them appear as illustrious as any of the noblest of the ancient Greeks or Romans. The cunning some have used to do handsome and worthy actions, the address to do men services, and escape their notice, has produced so many surprising incidents, which have been laid before me during my

Censorship, as, in the opinion of posterity, was absolve this age of all its crimes and follies. I know no way to deal with such delicate minds as the but by assuring them, that when they cease to good, I shall tell all the good they have done ready. Let, therefore, the benefactors to the youth above mentioned continue such bounties, upon pain of being publicly praised. But there is no probability of his running into that hazard; for a strong habit of virtue can make men suspend the receiving the acknowledgments due to their merit, until they are out of a capacity of receiving them. I am very much charmed with accidents of this kind, that I have made a collection of all the memorable and some things done by private men in my time. As a specimen of my manner of noticing such actions, I take the following fragment out of much more which is written in my year-book, on the remarkable will of a gentleman, whom I shall here call Celamico.

‘This day died that plain and excellent man, and much honoured friend Celamico, who bequeathed his whole estate to a gentleman no way related to him, and to whom he had given no such expectation in his lifetime.’

He was a person of a very enlarged soul, and thought the nearest relation among men to be the resemblance of their minds and sentiments. I was not mistaken in the worth of his successor, who received the news of this unexpected good fortune with an air that shewed him less moved with the benefit than the loss of the benefactor.

ADVERTISEMENT.

* * Notice is hereby given, that on Monday, the eleventh instant, the case of the visit comes on, between the hours of ten and eleven, at the Court

Honour; where both persons are to attend the meeting there not being to be understood as a time and the right of the next visit being then it is wholly settled, according to the prayer of the plaintiff.

N° 262. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12. 1711.

Verba togæ sequeris, junctura calicis acci,
Ore teres modico, pailantes radere mures
Doctus, et ingenio calpam delictis minis.

PLATE 1. 24

Soft elocution does thy style remove
And the sweet accents of the peaceful dove.
Gentle or sharp according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to lash at vice.—D. D. D.

JOURNAL OF THE COURT OF HONOUR, &c.

TIMOTHY TREATALL, gentleman, was indicted in several ladies of his sister's acquaintance for a very rude affront offered to them at an entertainment in which he had invited them on Tuesday the seventh of November last past, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening. The indictment was found 'that the said Mr. Treatall, upon the serving up of the supper, desired the ladies to take their places according to their different age and beauty: for that it was the way always at his table to pass the years.' The indictment added. 'that this produced an unspeakable confusion in the company; for that the ladies, who before had pressed together for a place at the upper end of the table, immediately crowded with the same disorder towards the lower end that was quite opposite: that Mrs. Froward, out of insolence to clap herself down at the very lower place of the table; that the widow Parton, who

herself on the right hand of Mrs. Frontley, alleging for her excuse, that no ceremony was to be used at a round table; that Mrs. Fidget and Mrs. Fiddle disputed above half an hour for the same chair, and that the latter would not give up the cause until it was decided by the parish register, which happened to be kept hard by. The indictment farther stated, 'that the rest of the company who sat down did so with a reserve to their right, which they were at liberty to assert on another occasion; and that Mary Pippe, an old maid, was placed by the unanimous vote of the whole company at the upper end of the table, from whence she had the confusion to behold several mothers of families, among her inferiors.' The criminal alleged in his defence, 'that what he had done was to raise mirth, and avoid ceremony; and that the ladies did not complain of his rudeness until the next morning, having eaten what he had provided for them with great readiness and alacrity.' The Censor frowning upon him, told him, 'that he ought not to discover so much levity in matters of a serious nature; and, upon the jury bringing him in guilty, sentenced him 'to treat the whole assembly of ladies over again, and to take care that he did it with the decorum which was due to persons of their quality.'

Rebecca Shapely, spinster, was indicted by Mrs. Sarah Smack, for speaking many words reflecting upon her reputation, and the heels of her slippers, which the prisoner had maliciously suggested to be *two inches* higher than they really were. The prosecutor urged, as an aggravation of her guilt, that the prisoner was 'herself guilty of the same kind of forgery which she had laid to the prosecutor's charge; for that she, the said Rebecca Shapely, did always wear a pair of steel bodice, and a *rump*.' The Censor ordered the slippers to be

duced in open court, where the heels were adjudged to be of the statutable size. He then ordered the grand jury to search the criminal, who, after some time spent therein, acquitted her of the bodice, but found her guilty of the rump; upon which she received sentence, as is usual in such cases.

William Trippet, Esquire, of the Middle Temple, brought his action against the Lady Elizabeth Prudely, for having refused him her hand as he offered to lead her to her coach from the opera. The plaintiff set forth, that he had entered himself into the list of those volunteers, who officiate every night behind the boxes as gentlemen-ushers of the playhouse; that he had been at a considerable charge in white gloves, periwigs, and snuff-boxes, in order to qualify himself for that employment, and in hopes of making his fortune by it. The counsel for the defendant replied, that the plaintiff had given out that he was within a month of wedding their client, and that she had refused her hand to him in ceremony, lest he should interpret it as a promise that she would give it him in marriage. As soon as the pleadings on both sides were finished, the Censor ordered the plaintiff to be cashiered from his office of gentleman-usher to the playhouse, since it was too plain that he had undertaken it with an ill design; and at the same time ordered the defendant either to marry the said plaintiff, or to pay him half-a-crown for the new pair of gloves and coach-hire that he was at the expense of in her service.

The Lady Townly brought an action of debt against Mrs. Flambeau, for that the said Mrs. Flambeau had not been to see the Lady Townly, and wish her joy, since her marriage with Sir Ralph, notwithstanding she, the said Lady Townly, had paid Mrs. Flambeau a visit upon her first coming to town. It was urged in the behalf of the defendant, that

renew my visit: but, upon asking for him, his servant told me he was just *sat* down to dinner. short, I found that my old-fashioned friend religiously adhered to the example of his forefathers and observed the same hours that had been kept the family ever since the Conquest.

It is very plain, that the night was much longer formerly in this island than it is at present. - By night, I mean that portion of time which nature has thrown into darkness, and which the wisdom of mankind had formerly dedicated to rest and silence. This used to begin at eight o'clock in the evening and conclude at six in the morning. The curfew or eight o'clock bell, was the signal throughout the nation for putting out their candles and going to bed.

Our grandmothers, though they were wont to go up the last in the family, were all of them fast asleep at the same hours that their daughters are busy with crimp and basset. Modern statesmen are conceiving schemes, and engaged in the depth of politics at the time when their forefathers were laid down quietly to rest, and had nothing in their heads but dreams. As we have thus thrown business and pleasure into the hours of rest, and by that means made the natural night but half as long as it should be, we are forced to piece it out with a great part of the morning; so that near two-thirds of the nation lie fast asleep for several hours in broad daylight. This irregularity is grown so very fashionable at present, that there is scarce a lady of quality in Great Britain that ever saw the sun rise. And, as the humour increases in proportion to what it has been done of late years, it is not impossible but our children may hear the bellman going about the streets at nine o'clock in the morning, and the watch making their rounds until eleven. This unaccountable

position in mankind to continue awake in the night, and sleep in the sun-shine, has made me inquire, whether the same change of inclination has been made to any other animals? For this reason, I hired a friend of mine in the country to let me know, whether the lark rises as early as he did formerly; and whether the cock begins to crow at his usual hour? My friend has answered me, 'that his observations are as regular as ever, and that all the birds and beasts of his neighbourhood keep the same course that they have observed in the memory of their ancestors; and the same which, in all probability, they have kept for these five thousand years.'

If you would see the innovations that have been made among us in this particular, you may only go into the hours of colleges, where they still *dine at eleven*, and *sup at six*, which were doubtless the hours of the whole nation at the time when those colleges were founded. But at present, the courts of justice are scarce opened in Westminster-hall at the time when William Rufus used to go to dinner. All business is driven forward. The lands of our fathers, if I may so call them, are reaped, and planted farther up into the day; in so much, that I am afraid our clergy will be obliged, to expect full congregations, not to look any longer upon ten o'clock in the morning as a canonical hour. In my own memory, the dinner has crept several degrees from *twelve* o'clock to *three*, and where it is now, I fix nobody knows.

I have sometimes thought to draw up a memorial on the behalf of Supper against Dinner, setting forth, that the said Dinner has made several encroachments upon the said Supper, and entered very far into his frontiers; that he has banished him out of several families, and in all has driven him from his headquarters, and forced him to make his retreat

into the hours of midnight; and in short, that he is now in danger of being entirely confounded, and lost in a breakfast. Those who have read Lucilius and seen the complaints of the letter *T* against dinner upon account of many injuries and usurpations of the same nature, will not, I believe, think such a memorial forced and unnatural. If dinner has been this postponed, or, if you please, kept back from time to time, you may be sure that it has been in compliance with the other business of the day, and that supper has still observed a proportionable distance. There is a venerable proverb which we have all of us heard in our infancy, of 'putting the children to bed, and laying the goose to the fire.' This was one of the jocular sayings of our forefathers, but may be properly used in the literal sense at present. We would not wonder at this perverted relish of those who are reckoned the most polite part of mankind, that prefer sea-coals and candles to the sun, and exchange so many cheerful morning hours, for the pleasures of midnight revels and debauches? If a man was only to consult his health, he would choose to live his whole time, if possible, in day-light; and to retire out of the world into silence and sleep, while the raw damps and unwholesome vapours are abroad, without a sun to disperse, moderate, or control them. For my own part, I value an hour in the morning as much as common libertines do an hour at midnight. When I find myself awakened into being, and perceive my life renewed within me, and at the same time see the whole face of nature recovered out of the dark uncomfortable state which it lay for several hours, my heart overflows with such secret sentiments of joy and gratitude, as are a kind of implicit praise to the great Author of Nature. The mind, in these early seasons of the day, is so refreshed in all its faculties, as

orne up with such new supplies of animal spirits, that she finds herself in a state of youth, especially when she is entertained with the breath of flowers, the melody of birds, the dews that hang upon the plants, and all those other sweets of nature that are peculiar to the morning.

It is impossible for a man to have this relish of being, this exquisite taste of life, who does not come into the world before it is in all its noise and hurry; who loses the rising of the sun, the still hours of the day, and, immediately upon his first getting up, lunges himself into the ordinary cares or follies of the world.

I shall conclude this paper with Milton's inimitable description of Adam's awakening his Eve in Paradise, which indeed would have been a place as little delightful as a barren heath or desert to those who slept in it. The fondness of the posture in which Adam is represented, and the softness of his whisper, are passages in this divine poem that are above all commendation, and rather to be admired than praised.

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
 When Adam wak'd, so custom'd : for his sleep
 Was airy light from pure digestion bred,
 And temperate vapours bland ; which th' only sound
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
 Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
 Of birds on every bough, so much the more
 His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve,
 With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
 As through unquiet rest. He on his side
 Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love,
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces. Then with voice
 Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus : Awake,

My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight,
 Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
 How nature paints her colours, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweets.

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye
 On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake:

O sole! in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection, glad I see
 Thy face, and morn return'd——

MILTON's Par. Lost, b. v. l. 1, &c.

N° 264. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1710.

Favete linguis——

HOR. 1 Od. iii. 2.

Favour your tongues.

From my own Apartment, December 15.

BOCCALINI, in his 'Parnassus,' indicts a laconic writer for speaking that in three words which he might have said in two, and sentences him for his punishment to read over all the works of Guicciardini. This Guicciardini is so very prolix and circumstantial in his writings, that I remember our countryman, Doctor Donne, speaking of that majestic and concise manner in which Moses has described the creation of the world, adds, 'that if such an author as Guicciardini were to have written on such a subject, the world itself would not have been able to have contained the books that gave the history of its creation.'

I look upon a tedious talker, or what is generally known by the name of a story-teller, to be much more insufferable than even a prolix writer. An author may be tossed out of your hand and thrown

when he grows dull and tiresome; but such ties are so far from being allowed towards your persons in common conversation, that I have known a challenge sent a person for going out of the room abruptly, and leaving a man of honour in the midst of a dissertation. This evil is at present so very common and epidemical, that there is scarce a coffee-house in town that has not some speakers belonging to it, who utter their political essays, and draw passages out of Baker's 'Chronicle' to almost every year of her Majesty's reign. It was said of two ancient authors, who had very different beauties in their style, 'that if you took a word from one of them, you only spoiled his eloquence: but if you took a word from the other, you spoiled his sense.' We often applied the first part of this criticism to several of these coffee house speakers whom I have presented in my thoughts, though the character that I have given to the last of those authors, is what I would commend to the imitation of my loving countrymen.

But it is not only public places of resort, but the clubs and conversations over a bottle, that are infested with this loquacious kind of animal, especially with that species which I comprehend under the name of a story-teller. I would earnestly desire the gentlemen to consider, that no point of wit or that the end of a story can atone for the half that has been lost before they come at it. I would likewise lay it home to their serious consideration, whether they think that every man in the company has not a right to speak as well as themselves? and whether they do not think they are invading another man's property, when they engross time which should be divided equally among the company to their own private use?

What makes this evil the much greater in conversation is, that these humdrum companions seldom

endeavour to wind up their narrations into a point of mirth or instruction, which might make some amends for the tediousness of them ; but think they have a right to tell any thing that has happened within their memory. They look upon matter of fact to be a sufficient foundation for a story, and give us a long account of things, not because they are entertaining or surprising, but because they are true.

My ingenious kinsman, Mr. Humphry Wagstaff, used to say, ' the life of man is too short for a story-teller.'

Methusalem might be half an hour in telling what o'clock it was : but as for us post-diluvians, we ought to do every thing in haste ; and in our speeches, as well as actions, remember that our time is short. A man that talks for a quarter of an hour together in company, if I meet him frequently, takes up a great part of my span. A quarter of an hour may be reckoned the eight-and-fortieth part of a day, a day the three hundred and sixtieth part of a year, and a year the threescore and tenth part of life. By this moral arithmetic, supposing a man to be in the talking world one third part of the day, whoever gives another a quarter of an hour's hearing makes him a sacrifice of more than the four hundred thousandth part of his conversable life.

I would establish but one great general rule to be observed in all conversation, which is this, ' the men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them.' This would make them consider whether what they speak be worth hearing ; whether there be either wit or sense in what they are about to say ; and, whether it be adapted to the time when, the place where, and the person to whom, it is spoken.

For the utter extirpation of these orators and story-tellers, which I look upon as very great pests

of society, I have invented a watch which divides the minute into twelve parts, after the same manner that the ordinary watches are divided into hours: and will endeavour to get a patent, which shall oblige every club or company to provide themselves with one of these watches, that shall lie upon the table, as an hour-glass is often placed *near the pulpit*, to measure out the length of a discourse.

I shall be willing to allow a man one round of my watch, that is, a whole minute, to speak in; but if he exceeds that time, it shall be lawful for any of the company to look upon the watch, or to call him down to order.

Provided, however, that if any one can make it appear he is turned of threescore, he may take two, or, if he pleases, three rounds of the watch, without giving offence. Provided also, that this rule be not construed to extend to the fair sex, who shall still be at liberty to talk by the ordinary watch that is now in use. I would likewise earnestly recommend this little automaton, which may be easily carried in the pocket without any encumbrance, to all such as are troubled with this infirmity of speech, that upon calling out their watches, they may have frequent occasion to consider what they are doing, and by that means cut the thread of the story short, and hurry to a conclusion. I shall only add, that this watch, with a paper of directions how to use it, is sold at Charles Lillie's.

I am afraid a Tatler will be thought a very improper paper to censure this humour of being talkative; but I would have my readers know, that there is a great difference between *tattle* and *loquacity*, as I shall shew at large in a following Lucubration; it being my design to throw away a candle upon that subject, in order to explain the whole art of *tattling* in all its branches and subdivisions.

N° 265. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1710.

Arbiter hic igitur factus de lite jocosa.

OVID. Met. iii. 331.

————— Him therefore they create
The sov'reign umpire of their droll debate.

CONTINUATION OF THE JOURNAL OF THE COURT
OF HONOUR, &c.

As soon as the court was *sat*, the ladies of the bench presented, according to order, a table of all the laws now in force relating to visits and visiting days, methodically digested under their respective heads, which the Censor ordered to be laid upon the table, and afterward proceeded upon the business of the day.

Henry Heedless, Esquire, was indicted by Colonel Touchy, of her majesty's trained-bands, upon an action of assault and battery; for that he, the said Mr. Heedless, having espied a feather upon the shoulder of the said colonel, struck it off gently with the end of a walking-staff, value three-pence. It appeared, that the prosecutor did not think himself injured until a few days after the aforesaid blow was given him; but that having ruminated with himself for several days, and conferred upon it with other officers of the militia, he concluded, that he had in effect been cudgelled by Mr. Heedless, and that he ought to resent it accordingly. The counsel for the prosecutor alleged, that the shoulder was the tenderest part in a man of honour; that it had a natural antipathy to a stick; and that every touch of it, with any thing made in the fashion of a cane, was to be interpreted as a wound in that part, and

tion of the person's honour who received it. Heedless replied, 'that what he had done was of kindness to the Prosecutor, as not thinking it proper for him to appear at the head of the trained-bands with a feather upon his shoulder;' and farther added, 'that the stick he had made use of on occasion was so very small, that the prosecutor did not have felt it had he broken it on his shoulder.' The Censor hereupon directed the jury to enquire into the nature of the staff, for that a great deal would depend upon that particular. Upon which he explained to them the different degrees of force that might be given by the touch of crab-stick, from that of a cane, and by the touch of cane from that of a plain hazle-stick. The jury, after a perusal of the staff, declared their opinion by the mouth of their foreman, 'that the substance of the staff was British oak.' The Censor then observing that there was some dust on the skirts of the criminal's coat, ordered the prosecutor to beat the criminal with the aforesaid oaken plant; 'and thus,' said the Censor, 'I shall decide this cause by the law of retaliation. If Mr. Heedless did the Colonel wrong, the Colonel will by this means return the kind; but if Mr. Heedless should at any time say that he had cudgelled the Colonel, or laid his hands over his shoulders, the Colonel might boast, in return, that he has brushed Mr. Heedless's jacket, to use the phrase of an ingenious author, that he rubbed him down with an oaken towel.'

Benjamin Busy, of London, merchant, was indicted by Jasper Tattle, Esquire, for having pulled out his watch, and looked upon it thrice, while the Esquire Tattle was giving him an account of the trial of the said Esquire Tattle's first wife. The prisoner alleged in his defence, that he was going to the stocks at the time when he met the prosecutor;

N^o 266. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1711

Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius ætas.

HOR. 2 Epis. ii. ult.

Let youth, more decent in their follies, scuff
The nauseous scene, and hiss thee reeling off.—FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, December 20.

It would be a good appendix to 'The Art of Living and Dying,' if any one would write 'The Art of growing Old,' and teach men to resign their pretensions to the pleasures and gallantries of youth in proportion to the alteration they find in themselves by the approach of age and infirmities. The infirmities of this stage of life would be much fewer if we did not affect those which attend the more vigorous and active part of our days; but instead of studying to be wiser, or being contented with our present follies, the ambition of many of us is also to be the same sort of fools we formerly have been. I have often argued, as I am a professed lover of women, that our sex grows old with a much more grace than the other does; and have ever been of opinion, that there are more well-pleased old women than old men. I thought it a good reason for this, that the ambition of the fair sex being confined to advantageous marriages, or shining in the eyes of men, their parts were over sooner, and consequently the errors in the performance of them. The conversation of this evening has not convinced me of the contrary; for one or two top-women shall not make a balance for the crowd of coxcombs among ourselves, diversified according to the different pursuits of pleasure and business.

Returning home this evening, a little before my usual hour, I scarce had seated myself in my easy chair, stirred the fire, and stroked my cat, but I heard somebody come rumbling up stairs. I saw my door opened, and a human figure advancing towards me, so fantastically put together, that it was some minutes before I discovered it to be my old and intimate friend Sam Trusty. Immediately I rose up, and placed him in my own seat; a compliment I pay to few. The first thing he uttered was, 'Isaac, fetch me a cup of your cherry-brandy before you offer to ask any question.' He drank a lusty draught, sat silent for some time, and at last broke out; 'I am come,' quoth he, 'to insult thee for an old fantastic dotard, as thou art, in ever defending the women. I have this evening visited two widows, who are now in that state I have often heard you call an *after-life*; I suppose you mean by it, an existence which grows out of past entertainments, and is an untimely delight in the satisfactions which they once set their hearts upon too much to be ever able to relinquish. Have but patience,' continued he, 'until I give you a succinct account of my ladies, and of this night's adventure. They are much of an age, but very different in their characters. The one of them, with all the advances which years have made upon her, goes on in a certain romantic road of love and friendship which she fell into in her teens; the other has transferred the amorous passions of her first years to the love of cronies, pets, and favourites, with which she is always surrounded; but the genius of each of them will best appear by the account of what happened to me at their houses. About five this afternoon, being tired with study, the weather inviting, and time lying a little upon my hands. I resolved, at the instigation of my evil genius, to visit them; their husbands having been

our contemporaries. Thus I thought I could do without much more trouble; for both live in the very next street. I went first to my lady Camomile; and the butler, who had lived long in the family, and seen me often in his master's time, ushered me very civilly into the parlour, and told me, though my lady had given strict orders to be denied, he was sure I might be admitted, and bid the black boy acquaint his lady, that I was to come to wait upon her. In the window lay two letters, one broke open the other fresh sealed with a wafer: the first directed to the divine Cosmelia, the second to the charming Lucinda; but both, by the indented characters, appeared to have been writ* by very unsteady hands. Such uncommon addresses increased my curiosity, and put me upon asking my old friend the butler, if he knew who those persons were? "Very well," says he; "this is from Mrs. Furbish to my lady, an old school-fellow and a great crony of her ladyship's, and this the answer." I inquired in what county she lived. "Oh dear!" says he, "but just by, in the neighbourhood. Why, she was here all this morning, and that letter came and was answered within these two hours. They have taken an odd fancy, you must know, to call one another hard names, but, for all that, they love one another hugely." At this time the boy returned with his lady's humble service to me, desiring I would excuse her; for she could not possibly see me, nor any body else, for it was opera-night.

'Methinks,' says I, 'such innocent folly as two old women's courtship to each other, should rather make you merry than put you out of humour.' 'Peace, good Isaac,' says he, 'no interruption, I beseech you. I got soon to Mrs. Feeble's, she the

* For written. Instances of this kind are frequent in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*.

was formerly Betty Frisk; you must needs remember her; Tom Feeble, of Brazen Nose, fell in love with her for her fine dancing. Well, Mrs. Ursula, without farther ceremony, carries me directly up to her mistress's chamber, where I found her environed by four of the most mischievous animals that can ever infest a family; an old shock dog with one eye, a monkey chained to one side of the chimney, a great gray squirrel to the other, and a parrot waddling in the middle of the room. However, for a while, all was in a profound tranquillity. Upon the *mantle-piece*, for I am a pretty curious observer, stood a pot of lambetive electuary, with a stick of liquorice, and near it a phial of rose-water, and *powder of tummy*. Upon the table lay a pipe filled with betony and colt's-foot, a roll of wax candle, a silver spitting-pot, and a Seville orange. The lady was placed in a large wicker chair, and her feet wrapped up in flannel, supported by cushions; and in this attitude, would you believe it, Isaac, was she reading a romance with spectacles on. The first compliments over, as she was industriously endeavouring to enter upon conversation, a violent fit of coughing seized her. This awaked Shock, and in a trice the whole room was in an uproar; for the dog barked, the squirrel squealed, the monkey chattered, the parrot screamed, and Ursula, to appease them, was more clamorous than all the rest. You, Isaac, who know how any harsh noise affects my head, may guess what I suffered from the hideous din of these discordant sounds. At length all was appeased, and quiet restored: a chair was drawn for me; where I was no sooner seated, but the parrot fixed his horny beak, as sharp as a pair of shears, in one of my heels, just above the shoe. I sprung from the place with an unusual agility, and so, being within the monkey's reach, he snatches off my new *bob-wig*,

and throws it upon two apples that were roasting by a sullen sea-coal fire. I was nimble enough to save it from any farther damage than singeing the fore-top. I put it on; and composing myself as well as I could, I drew my chair towards the other side of the chimney. The good lady, as soon as she had recovered breath, employed it in making a thousand apologies, and, with great eloquence, and a numerous train of words, lamented my misfortune. In the middle of her harangue, I felt something scratching near my knee, and feeling what it should be, found the squirrel had got into my coat-pocket. As I endeavoured to remove him from his burrow, he made his teeth meet through the fleshy part of my forefinger. This gave me an inexpressible pain. The Hungary water was immediately brought to bathe it, and gold-beater's skin applied to stop the blood. The lady renewed her excuses; but, being now out of all patience, I abruptly took my leave, and hobbling down stairs with heedless haste, I set my foot full in a pail of water, and down we came to the bottom together.' Here my friend concluded his narrative, and, with a composed countenance, I began to make him compliments of condolence; but he started from his chair, and said, 'Isaac, you may spare your speeches, I expect no reply. When I told you this, I knew you would laugh at me; but the next woman that makes me ridiculous, shall be a young one.'

267. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1710.

Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes
Restinxit stellas, exortus uti aerius Sol.—*Lucret. lib. iii. 1056.*

His genius quite obscur'd the brightest ray
Of human thought, as Sol's effulgent beams
At morn's approach, extinguish all the stars.—*R. WYNN.*

From my own Apartment, December 22.

I HAVE heard that it is a rule among the convents of several orders in the Romish church to shut themselves up at a certain time of the year, not only in the world in general, but from the members of their own fraternity; and to pass away several days of themselves in settling accounts between their bodies and their own souls, in cancelling unrepented sins, and renewing their contracts of obedience for the future. Such stated times for particular acts of devotion, or the exercise of certain religious duties, have been enjoined in all civil governments, whatever deity they worshipped, or whatever religion they professed. That which may be done at stated times, is often totally neglected and forgotten, less fixed and determined to some time more than another: and therefore, though several duties may be suitable to every day of our lives, they are most likely to be performed, if some days are more particularly set apart for the practice of them. Our church has accordingly instituted several seasons of devotion, when time, custom, prescription, and if I may so say, the fashion itself, call upon a man to be serious, and attentive to the great end of his being.

I have hinted in some former Papers, that the

greatest and wisest of men in all ages and countries, particularly in Rome and Greece, were renowned for their piety and virtue. It is now my intention to shew, how those in our own nation, that have been unquestionably the most eminent for learning and knowledge, were likewise the most eminent for their adherence to the religion of their country.

I might produce very shining examples from among the clergy; but because priestcraft is the common cry of every cavilling, empty, scribbler, I shall shew that all the laymen who have exerted a more than ordinary genius in their writings, and were the glory of their times, were men whose hopes were filled with immortality, and the prospect of future rewards, and men who lived in a dutiful submission to all the doctrines of revealed religion.

I shall, in this Paper, only instance Sir Francis Bacon, a man who, for greatness of genius, and compass of knowledge, did honour to his age and country; I could almost say to human nature itself. He possessed at once all those extraordinary talents which were divided amongst the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces, and embellishments, of Cicero. One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of reason, force of style, or brightness of imagination.

This author has remarked in several parts of his works, that a thorough insight into philosophy makes a good believer, and that a smattering in it naturally produces such a race of despicable infidels as the little profligate writers of the present age, whom, I must confess, I have always accused to myself, not so much for their want of faith as their want of learning.

I was infinitely pleased to find, among the works

this extraordinary man, a prayer of his own composing, which, for the elevation of thought, and greatness of expression, seems rather the devotion of an angel than a man. His principal fault seems to have been the excess of that virtue which covers a multitude of faults. This betrayed him to so great an indulgence towards his servants, who made a corrupt use of it, that it stripped him of all those riches and honours which a long series of merits had heaped upon him. But in this prayer, at the same time that we find him prostrating himself before the great mercy-seat, and humbled under afflictions, which at that time lay heavy upon him, we see him supported by the sense of his integrity, his zeal, his devotion, and his love to mankind; which give him a much higher figure in the minds of thinking men, than that greatness had done from which he was fallen. I will beg leave to write down the prayer itself, with a title to it, as it was found amongst his Lordship's papers, written in his own hand; not being able to furnish my readers with an entertainment more suitable to this solemn time*.

A Prayer, or Psalm, made by my Lord BACON,
Chancellor of England.

Most gracious Lord God, my merciful Father; I am my youth up my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, soundest and searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts; thou acknowledgest the upright of heart; thou judgest the hypocrite; thou ponderest men's thoughts and doings in a balance; thou measurest their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from thee.

Remember, O Lord! how thy servant hath talked before thee; remember what I have first

* The approach of Christmas.

sought, and what hath been principal in
 tions. I have loved thy assemblies. I have
 for the divisions of thy church, I have
 the brightness of thy sanctuary. This
 thy right hand hath planted in this and
 ever prayed unto thee that it might have
 the latter rain, and that it might stretch
 to the seas and to the floods. The state
 of the poor and oppressed have been
 mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and
 heart; I have, though in a despised way
 the good of all men. If any have been
 I thought not of them, neither hath the
 set upon my displeasure; but I have been
 free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy
 have been my books, but thy Scriptures;
 I have sought thee in the courts, fields, and
 but I have found thee in thy temples.

‘Thousands have been my sins, and ten
 my transgressions, but thy sanctification
 mained with me, and my heart, through
 hath been an unquenched coal upon thee.

‘O Lord, my strength’ I have since met
 with thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly care
 by thy comfortable chastisements, and thy
 visible providence. As thy favours have
 upon me, so have thy corrections, so as
 been always near me, O Lord! and as
 worldly blessings were exalted, so secret
 thee have pierced me; and when I have
 before men, I have descended in humility
 thee. And now, when I thought most of
 honour, thy hand is heavy upon me, and
 bled me according to thy former loving
 keeping me still in thy fatherly school
 bastard, but as a child. Just are thy
 upon me for my sins, which are more in number

the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to thy mercies; for what are the sands of the sea? Earth, heavens, and all these, are nothing to thy mercies. Besides my unnumerable sins, I confess, before thee, that I am debtor to thee for the gracious talent of thy gifts and graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it, as I ought, to exchangers, where it might have made best profit, but mispent it in things for which I was least fit; so I may truly say, my soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's sake, and receive me unto thy bosom, or guide me in thy ways.'

N° 268. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1710.

————— O te, Bolane, cerebr
Felicem anebam tacitus, cum quidlibet ille
Garriret. HOR. 1 Sat. ix. 11.

I thus in muttering silence fretted;
'Bolanns, happy in a scull
Of proof, impenetrably dull,
O for a portion of thy brains!'—FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, December 25.

At my coming home last night, I found upon my table the following petition or project, sent me from Lloyd's coffee-house in the city, with a present of Port-wine, which had been bought at a late auction held in that place.

'To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire, Censor of
GREAT BRITAIN.

'Lloyd's Coffee-house, Lombard-street, Dec. 25.

'We, the customers of this coffee-house, observ-

ing that you have taken into your consideration the great mischiefs daily done in this city by coffee-house orators, do humbly beg leave to represent to you that this coffee-house being provided with a pulpit for the benefit of such auctions that are frequently made in this place, it is our custom, upon the first coming in of the news, to order a youth, who officiates as the *Kidney* of the coffee-house, to get into the pulpit, and read every paper with a loud and distinct voice, while the whole audience are sipping their respective liquors. We do therefore, Sir, humbly propose, that there be a pulpit erected within every coffee-house of this city and the adjacent parts; that one of the waiters of the coffee-house be nominated as reader to the said pulpit: that after the news of the day has been published by the said lecturer, some politician of good note do ascend into the said pulpit; and after having chosen for his text any article of the said news, that he do establish the authority of such article, clear the doubts that may arise thereupon, compare it with parallel texts in other papers, advance upon it wholesome points of doctrine and draw from it salutary conclusions for the benefit and edification of all that hear him. We do likewise humbly propose, that, upon any such politician's quitting the pulpit, he shall be succeeded by any other orator that finds himself moved by the same public spirit, who shall be at full liberty either to enforce or overthrow what the other has said before him, and may, in the same manner, be succeeded by any other politician, who shall, with the same liberty, confirm or impugn his reasons, strengthen or invalidate his conjectures, enlarge upon his schemes, or erect new ones of his own. We do likewise farther propose that if any person, of what age or rank soever, presume to cavil at any Paper that has been read, to hold forth upon it longer than the space of a

minute, that he be immediately ordered up into the pulpit, there to make good any thing that he has suggested upon the floor. We do likewise farther propose, that if any one plays the orator in the ordinary coffee-house conversation, whether it be upon peace or war, on plays or sermons, business or poetry, that he be forthwith desired to take his place in the pulpit. This, Sir, we humbly presume, may in a great measure put a stop to those superficial statesmen, who would not dare to stand up in this manner before a whole congregation of politicians, notwithstanding the long and tedious harangues and dissertations which they daily utter in private circles, to the breaking of many honest tradesmen, the seducing of several eminent citizens, the making of numberless malcontents, and to the great detriment and disquiet of her majesty's subjects.'

I do heartily concur with my ingenious friends of the above-mentioned coffee-house in these their proposals; and because I apprehend there may be reasons to put an immediate stop to the grievance complained of, it is my intention, that, until such time as the aforesaid pulpits can be erected, every orator do place himself within the bar, and from thence dictate whatsoever he shall think necessary for the public good.

And farther, because I am very desirous that proper ways and means should be found out for the suppressing of *story-tellers* and *fine talkers* in all ordinary conversations whatsoever, I do insist, that in every private club, company, or meeting over a bottle, there be always an elbow-chair placed at the table; and that as soon as any one begins a *long story*, or extends his discourse beyond the space of one minute, he be forthwith thrust into the said elbow-chair, unless upon any of the company's calling out, 'To the chair,' he breaks off abruptly, and holds his tongue.

There are two species of men, notwithstanding anything that has been here said, whom I would exempt from the disgrace of the elbow-chair. The first are those buffoons that have a talent of mimicking the speech and behaviour of other persons, and turning all their patrons, friends, and acquaintance, into ridicule. I look upon your Pantomime as a legion in a man, or at least to be, like Virgil's monster, 'with a hundred mouths, and as many tongues.'

— *Linguae centum sunt, oraquæ centum;*

and, therefore, would give him as much time to talk in, as would be allowed to the whole body of persons he represents, were they actually in the company which they divert by proxy. Provided, however, that the said Pantomime do not, upon any pretence whatsoever, utter any thing in his own particular opinion, language, or character.

I would likewise, in the second place, grant an exemption from the elbow-chair to any person who treats the company, and by that means may be supposed to pay for his audience. A guest cannot talk it ill, if he be not allowed to talk in his turn by a person who puts his mouth to a better employment, and stops it with good beef and mutton. In the case the guest is very agreeably silenced, and seems to hold his tongue under that kind of bribery which the ancients called *bos in lingua**.

If I can once extirpate the race of solid and substantial humdrums, I hope, by my wholesome and repeated advices, quickly to reduce the insignificant tittle-tattles, and *matter-of-fact-men* that abound every quarter of this great city.

Epictetus, in his little system of morality, prescribes

* An allusion to the image of a bull, ox, or cow, stamped upon the money then and there in current use, whence the coin was then called *bos*.

following rule, with that beautiful simplicity shines through all his precepts : ' Beware that ever tell thy dreams in company ; for, notwithstanding thou mayest take a pleasure in telling thy company will take no pleasure in hearing them.'

This rule is conformable to a maxim which I have seen in a late Paper, and must always inculcate in me of my readers who find in themselves an inclination to be very talkative and unpertinent, ' that should not speak to please themselves, but those who hear them.'

It has been often observed by witty essay-writers, that in the deepest waters are always the most silent ; that empty vessels make the greatest sound ; and that cymbals the worst music. The Marquis of Halifax, in his admirable ' Advice to a Daughter,' says, ' that good sense has always something in it : ' but as sullenness does not imply a good sense, but an ill-natured silence, I wish his lordship had given a softer name to it. Since I am endeavouring in quotations, I must not omit the one which Horace has written against this imperious talkative companion ; and which, I think, is with more humour than any other satire he has written. His great author, who had the nicest taste of conversation, and was himself a most agreeable companion, had so strong an antipathy to a great talker, that he was afraid, some time or other, it would be mortal to him ; as he has very humourously described it in his conversation with an imperious fellow, who had like to have been the death of

*pellendi locus hic erat ' Est tibi mater,
pater, quis te salvo est opus ? Haud mihi quisquam
composui. Felices ' nunc ego resto ;
namque instat fatum mihi triste, Sabella*

Quod puero cecinit divina motâ anus urnâ.
 Hunc neque dira venena, nec hosticus auferet ensis,
 Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra.
 Garrulus hunc quando consumet cunque ; loquaces
 Si sapiat, vitet, simul atque adoleverit ætas.

HOR. 1 Sat. ix. 26.

Have you no mother, sister, friends,
 Whose welfare on your health depends ?
 ' Not one ; I saw them all by turns
 Securely settled in their urns.'
 Thrice happy they, secure from pain !
 And I the victim now remain ;
 Dispatch me ; for my goody nurse
 Early presag'd this heavy curse.
 She conn'd it by the *sieve and shears*,
 And now it falls upon my ears——
 ' Nor poison fell, with ruin stor'd,
 Nor horrid point of hostile sword,
 Nor pleurisy, nor asthma-cough,
 Nor cripple-gout shall cut him off ;
 A noisy tongue and babbling breath
 Shall tease, and talk my child to death.
 Let him avoid, as he would hanging,
 Your folks long-winded in haranguing.'—FRANCIS.

N° 269. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1710.

———— Hæ nugæ seria ducunt

In mala——

HOR. Ars Poet. 4.

———— Trifles such as these

To serious mischiefs lead——

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, December 27.

I FIND my correspondents are universally offended at me for taking notice so seldom of their letters and I fear people have taken the advantage of my silence to go on in their errors ; for which reason

shall hereafter be more careful to answer all lawful questions and just complaints, as soon as they come to my hands. The two following epistles relate to very great mischiefs in the most important articles of life, love and friendship.

‘ Dorsetshire, Dec. 20.

‘ MR. BICKERSTAFF,

It is my misfortune to be enamoured of a lady that is neither very beautiful, very witty, nor at all well-natured; but has the vanity to think she excels in all these qualifications, and therefore is cruel, insolent, and scornful. When I study to please her, she treats me with the utmost rudeness and ill-manners: if I approach her person, she fights, she scratches me: if I offer a civil salute, she bites me; insomuch, that very lately, before a whole assembly of ladies and gentlemen, she ripped out a considerable part of my left cheek. This is no sooner done, but she begs my pardon in the most handsome and becoming terms imaginable, gives herself worse language than I could find in my heart to do, lets me embrace her to pacify her while she is railing at herself, protests she deserves the esteem of no one living, says I am too good to contradict her when she thus accuses herself. This atones for all; tempts me to renew my addresses, which are ever returned in the same obliging manner. Thus, without some speedy relief, I am in danger of losing my whole face. Notwithstanding all this, I doat upon her, and am satisfied she loves me, because she takes me for a man of sense, which I have been generally thought, except in this one instance. Your reflections upon this strange amour would be very useful in these parts, where we are overrun with wild beauties and romps. I earnestly beg your assistance, either to deliver me from the power of this unac-

countable enchantment, or, by some proper animadversions, to civilize the behaviour of this agreeable rustic.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

EBENEZER.

* MR. BICKERSTAFF,

* I now take leave to address you in your character of Censor, and complain to you, that among the various errors in conversation which you have corrected, there is one which, though it has not escaped a general reproof, yet seems to deserve a more particular severity. It is a humour of jesting on disagreeable subjects, and insisting on the jest, the more it creates uneasiness; and thus some men think they have a title to do as friends. Is the design of jesting to provoke? or does friendship give a privilege to say things with a design to shock? How can that be called a jest which has nothing in it but bitterness? It is generally allowed necessary, for the peace of company, that men should a little study the tempers of each other; but certainly that must be in order to shun what is offensive, not to make a constant entertainment. The frequent repetition of what appears harsh, will unavoidably leave a recour that is fatal to friendship; and I doubt much whether it would be an argument of a man's good humour, if he should be roused by perpetual teasing to treat those who do it as his enemies. In a word, whereas it is a common practice to let a story die merely because it does not touch, I think such a mention one they find does, are as troublesome to society, and as unfit for it, as *wags*, *men of figure*, *good talkers*, or any other apes in conversation; and therefore, for the public benefit, I hope you will cause them to be branded with such a name as they deserve.

I am, Sir, yours,

PATIENT FRIENDLY.

The case of Ebenezer is a very common one, and always cured by neglect. These fantastical reasons of affection proceed from a certain vanity in the other sex, supported by a perverted taste in ours. I must publish it as a rule, that no faults which proceed from the will, either in a mistress or a friend, are to be tolerated: but we should be so complaisant to ladies, as to let them displease when they are at doing it. Pluck up a spirit, Ebenezer; reverse the use of your judgment, and her faults will disappear, or her beauties vanish. 'Her faults begin to please me as well as my own,' is a sentence very prettily put into the mouth of a lover by the comic poet*: but he never designed it for a maxim of life, or the picture of an imperfection. If Ebenezer takes my advice, the same temper which made her violent to his love, will make her submissive to his difference.

I cannot wholly ascribe the faults mentioned in the second letter, to the same vanity or pride in companions who secretly triumph over their friends, being sharp upon them in things where they are not tender. But when this sort of behaviour does proceed from that source, it does from barrenness of invention, and an inability to support a conversation in a way less offensive. It is the same poverty which makes men speak or write smuttily, and forces them to talk vexingly. As obscene language is an address to the lewd for applause, so are sharp allusions an appeal to the ill-natured. But mean and illiterate is that conversation, where one man exercises his wit to make another exercise his patience.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Plagius has been told again and again, both in public and in private, that he preaches

* Congreve; see 'The Way of the World,' act i. sc. 3.

excellently well, and still goes on to preach as well as ever, and all this to a polite and learned audience. This is to desire, that he would not hereafter be so eloquent, except to a country congregation; the proprietors of Tillotson's Works having consulted the learned in the law, whether preaching a sermon they have published, is not to be construed publishing their copy?

Mr. Dogood is desired to consider, that his style is severe upon a weakness, and not a folly.

N^o 270. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1710

Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia et spes.

HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 33

In gay attire when the vain coxcomb's drest,
Strange hopes and projects fill his labouring breast.

From my own Apartment, December 29.

ACCORDING to my late resolution, I take the holidays to be no improper season to entertain the town with the addresses of my correspondents. In walks every day there appear all round me very great offenders in the point of dress. An arrogant tailor had the impudence yesterday in the Park to smile in my face, and pull off a laced hat to me, as if it were in contempt of my authority and censures. However, it is a very great satisfaction that other people, as well as myself, are offended with the improprieties. The following notices, from persons of different sexes and qualities, are a sufficient instance how useful my Lucubrations are to the public.

Jack's Coffee-house, near Guildhall, Dec. 27.

COUSIN BICKERSTAFF,

'It has been the peculiar blessing of our family to be always above the smiles or frowns of fortune, and, by a certain greatness of mind, to restrain all irregular fondnesses or passions. From hence it is, that though a long decay, and a numerous descent, have obliged many of our house to fall into the arts of trade and business, no one person of us has ever made an appearance that betrayed our being unsatisfied with our own station of life, or has ever affected a mien or gesture unsuitable to it.

'You have, up and down in your writings, very justly remarked, that it is not this or the other profession or quality among men that gives us honour or esteem, but the well or ill behaving ourselves in those characters. It is, therefore, with no small concern, that I behold in coffee-houses and public places my brethren, the tradesmen of this city, put off the smooth, even, and ancient decorum of thriving citizens for a fantastical dress and figure improper for their persons and characters, to the utter destruction of that order and distinction, which of right ought to be between St. James's and Milk-street, the Camp and Cheapside.

'I have given myself some time to find out how distinguishing the frays in a lot of muslins, or drawing up a regiment of thread laces, or making a paegeyric on pieces of sagathy or Scotch plaid, should entitle a man to a laced hat or sword, a wig tied up with ribands, or an embroidered coat. The college say, this enormity proceeds from a sort of derangement in the brain, which makes it break out first about the head, and, for want of timely remedies, fall upon the left thigh, and from thence, in little mazes and windings, run over the whole body, as

appears by pretty ornaments on the buttons, button-holes, garterings, sides of the breeches, and the like. I beg the favour of you to give us a discourse wholly upon the subject of habits, which will contribute to the better government of conversation among us, and in particular oblige, Sir,

Your affectionate cousin,

FELIX TRANQUILLUS.'

'To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire, Censor of
GREAT BRITAIN.

'The humble Petition of RALPH NAB, Haberdasher
of Hats, and many other poor Sufferers of the
same Trade,

'Sheweth,

'That for some years last past the use of gold
and silver galloon upon hats has been almost uni-
versal; being undistinguishably worn by soldiers,
esquires, lords, footmen, beaux, sportsmen, traders,
clerks, prigs, smarta, cullies, pretty fellows, and
sharpers.

'That the said use and custom has been two ways
very prejudicial to your petitioners. First, in that
it has induced men, to the great damage of your
petitioners, to wear their hats upon their heads; by
which means the said hats last much longer whole,
than they would do if worn under their arms. Se-
condly, in that very often a new dressing and a new
lace supply the place of a new hat, which grievance
we are chiefly sensible of in the spring-time, when
the company is leaving the town; it so happening
commonly, that a hat shall frequent, all winter, the
finest and best assemblies without any ornament at
all, and in May shall be tricked up with gold or
silver, to keep company with rustics, and ride in
the rain. All which premises your petitioners hum-

bly pray you to take into your consideration, and either to appoint a day in your Court of Honour, when all pretenders to the galloon may enter their claims, and have them approved or rejected, or to give us such other relief as to your great wisdom shall seem meet. And your petitioners, &c.'

Order my friend near Temple-bar, the author of the hunting-cock, to assist the court when the petition is read, of which Mr. Lillie to give him notice.

'To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire, Censor of GREAT BRITAIN.

'The humble Petition of ELIZABETH SLENDER, Spinster,

'Sheweth,

'That on the twentieth of this instant December, her friend, Rebecca Hive, and your petitioner, walking in the Strand, saw a gentleman before us in a gown, whose periwig was so long, and so much powdered, that your petitioner took notice of it, and said, "she wondered that lawyer would so spoil a new gown with powder." To which it was answered, that he was no lawyer, but a clergyman. Upon a wager of a pot of coffee we overtook him, and your petitioner was soon convinced she had lost.

'Your petitioner, therefore, desires your worship to cite the clergyman before you, and to settle and adjust the length of canonical periwigs, and the quantity of powder to be made use of in them, and to give such other directions as you shall think fit.

'And your petitioner, &c.'

Query. Whether this gentleman be not chaplain to a regiment, and, in such case, allow powder accordingly?

After all that can be thought on these subjects, I must confess that the men who dress with a certain ambition to appear more than they are, are much more excusable than those who betray, in the adorning their persons, a secret vanity and inclination to shine in things, wherein, if they did succeed, it would rather lessen than advance their character. For this reason I am more provoked at the allegation relating to the clergyman than any other hinted at in these complaints. I have indeed a long time, with much concern, observed abundance of *pretty fellows* in sacred orders, and shall in due time let them know, that I pretend to give ecclesiastical as well as civil censures. A man well-bred and well-dressed in that habit, adds to the sacredness of his function an agreeableness not to be met with among the laity. I own I have spent some evenings among the men of wit of that profession with an inexpressible delight. Their habitual care of their character gives such a chastisement to their fancy, that all which they utter in company is as much above what you meet with in other conversation, as the charms of a modest, are superior to those of a light, woman. I therefore earnestly desire our young missionaries from the universities to consider where they are, and not dress, and look, and move, like young officers. It is no disadvantage to have a very handsome white hand: but, were I to preach repentance to a gallery of ladies, I would, methinks, keep my gloves on. I have an unfeigned affection to the class of mankind appointed to serve at the altar, therefore am in danger of running out of my way, and growing too serious on this occasion; for which reason I shall end with the following epistle, which, by my interest in Tom Trot, the penny-post, I procured a copy of.

to the Rev. Mr. RALPH INCENSE, Chaplain to
the Countess Dowager of BRUMPTON.

SIR,

I heard and saw you preach last Sunday. I am
ignorant young woman, and understood not half
you said: but ah! your manner, when you held up
your hands towards our pew! Did you design
to win me to Heaven or yourself?

Your humble servant,

PENITENCE GENTLE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Procterstaff, of Clare-hall, in Cambridge, is
perceived as a kinsman, according to his request,
bearing date the 20th instant.

The distressed son of Æsculapius is desired to be
more particular.

271. TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1710-11.

A printer having informed me, that there are as
many of these Papers printed as will make *four*
volumes, I am now come to the end of my ambition
in this matter, and have nothing farther to say to
the world under the character of Isaac Bickerstaff.
His work has, indeed, for some time, been dis-
agreeable to me, and the purpose of it wholly lost,
my being so long understood as the author. I
never designed in it to give any man any secret
and by my concealment, but spoke in the cha-
racter of an old man, a philosopher, a humorist,
an astrologer, and a Censor, to allure my reader
to the variety of my subjects, and insinuate, if I

could, the weight of reason with the agreeableness of wit. The general purpose of the whole has been to recommend truth, innocence, honour, and virtue, as the chief ornaments of life; but I considered, that severity of manners was absolutely necessary to him who would censure others, and for *that reason, and that only*, chose to talk in a mask. I shall not carry my humility so far as to call myself a vicious man, but at the same time must confess my life is at best but pardonable. And, with no greater character than this, a man would make but an indifferent progress in attacking prevailing and fashionable vices, which Mr. Bickerstaff has done with a freedom of spirit, that would have lost both its beauty and efficacy, had it been pretended to by Mr. Steele.

As to the work itself, the acceptance it has met with is the best proof of its value; but I should err against that candour, which an honest man should always carry about him, if I did not own, that the most approved pieces in it were written by others, and those which have been most excepted against, by myself. The hand that has assisted me in those noble discourses upon the immortality of the soul, the glorious prospects of another life, and the most sublime ideas of religion and virtue, is a person who is too fondly my friend ever to own them; but I should little deserve to be his, if I usurped the glory of them*. I must acknowledge at the same time, that I think the finest strokes of wit and humour in all Mr. Bickerstaff's Lucubrations, are those for which he also is beholden to him.

As for the satirical part of these writings, those against the gentlemen who profess gaming are the most licentious; but the main of them I take to come from losing gamesters, as invectives against the fortunate: for in very many of them I was very

* Addison was the assistant here alluded to

able else but *the transcriber*. If any have been more particularly marked at, such persons may impute it to their own behaviour, before they were touched upon, in publicly speaking their resentment against the author, and professing they would support any man who should insult him. When I mention this subject, I hope Major-general Davenport, Brigadier Asshet, and my Lord Forbes, will accept of my thanks for their frequent good offices, in professing their readiness to partake any danger that should attend me in so just an undertaking, as the endeavour to banish fraud and cozenage from the presence and conversation of gentlemen.

But what I find as the least excusable part of all this work is, that I have, in some places in it, touched upon matters which concern both Church and State. All I shall say for this is, that the points alluded to, are such as concerned every Christian and freeholder in England; and I could not be cold enough to conceal my opinion on subjects which related to either of those characters. But politics part.

I must confess it has been a most exquisite pleasure to me to frame characters of domestic life, and in those parts of it which are least observed into an agreeable view; to inquire into the seeds of enmity and affection, to lay before the readers the captiviness of ambition: in a word, to trace human life through all its mazes and recesses, and shew such shorter methods than men ordinarily practise, to be happy, agreeable, and great.

But to inquire into men's faults and weaknesses was something in it so unwelcome, that I have often seen people in pain to act before me, whose modesty only makes them think themselves liable to censure. This, and a thousand other nameless things, have made it an irksome task to me to personate Mr.

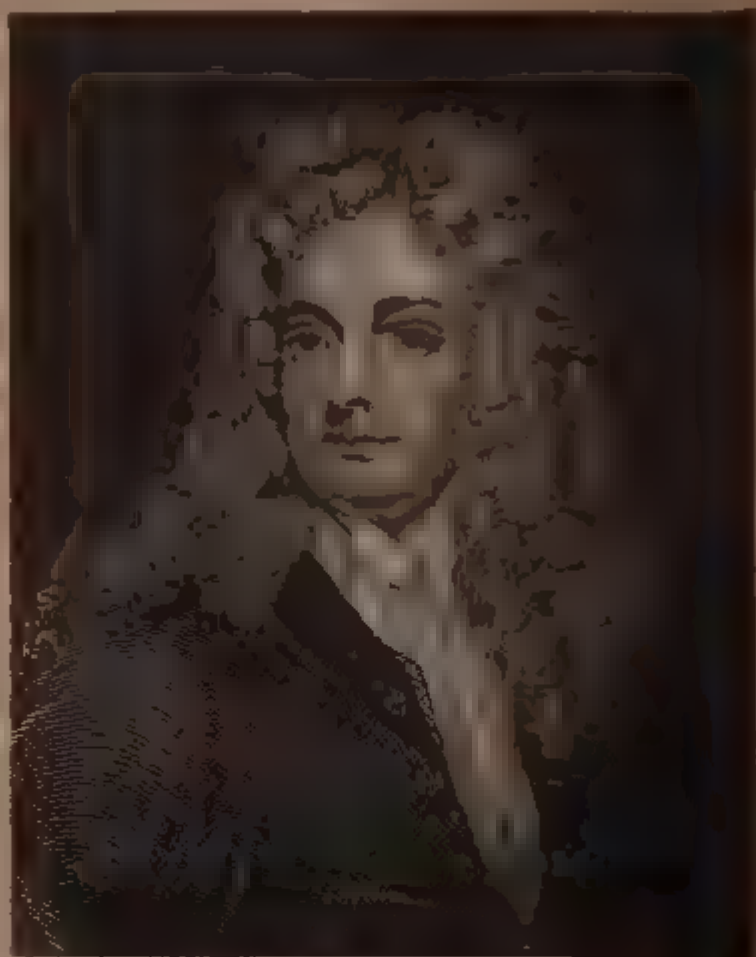
Bickerstaff any longer; and I believe it does not often happen that the reader is delighted where the author is displeased.

All I can now do for the farther gratification of the town, is to give them a faithful explication of passages and allusions, and sometimes of persons intended in the several scattered parts of the work. At the same time, I shall discover which of the whole have been written by me, and which by others, and by whom, as far as I am *able*, or permitted.

Thus I have voluntarily done, what I think all authors should do when called upon. I have published my name to my writings, and given myself up to the mercy of the town, as Shakspeare expresses it, 'with all my imperfections on my head.' The indulgent reader's most obliged, most obedient, humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

END OF VOL. V.



2 ——— 1 ——— 1 ———

RT HON. J. ADDISON.

WILLIAM DODD, 10, 11 & 12, ST. MARTIN'S LANE. LONDON. W. 1.

1775

THE
BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES

BIOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL,
AND CRITICAL,

BY THE

REV. LIONEL THOMAS BERGUER,

OF ST. MARY HALL, OXON FELLOW EXTRAORDINARY OF THE
ROYAL MEDICAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.

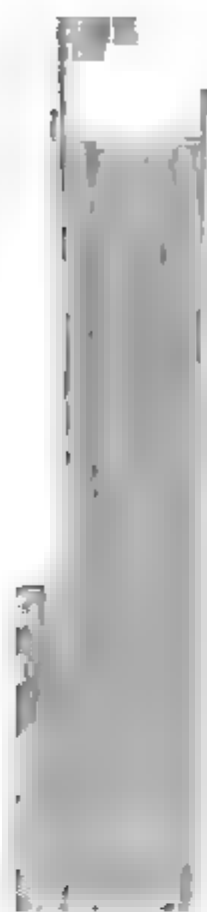
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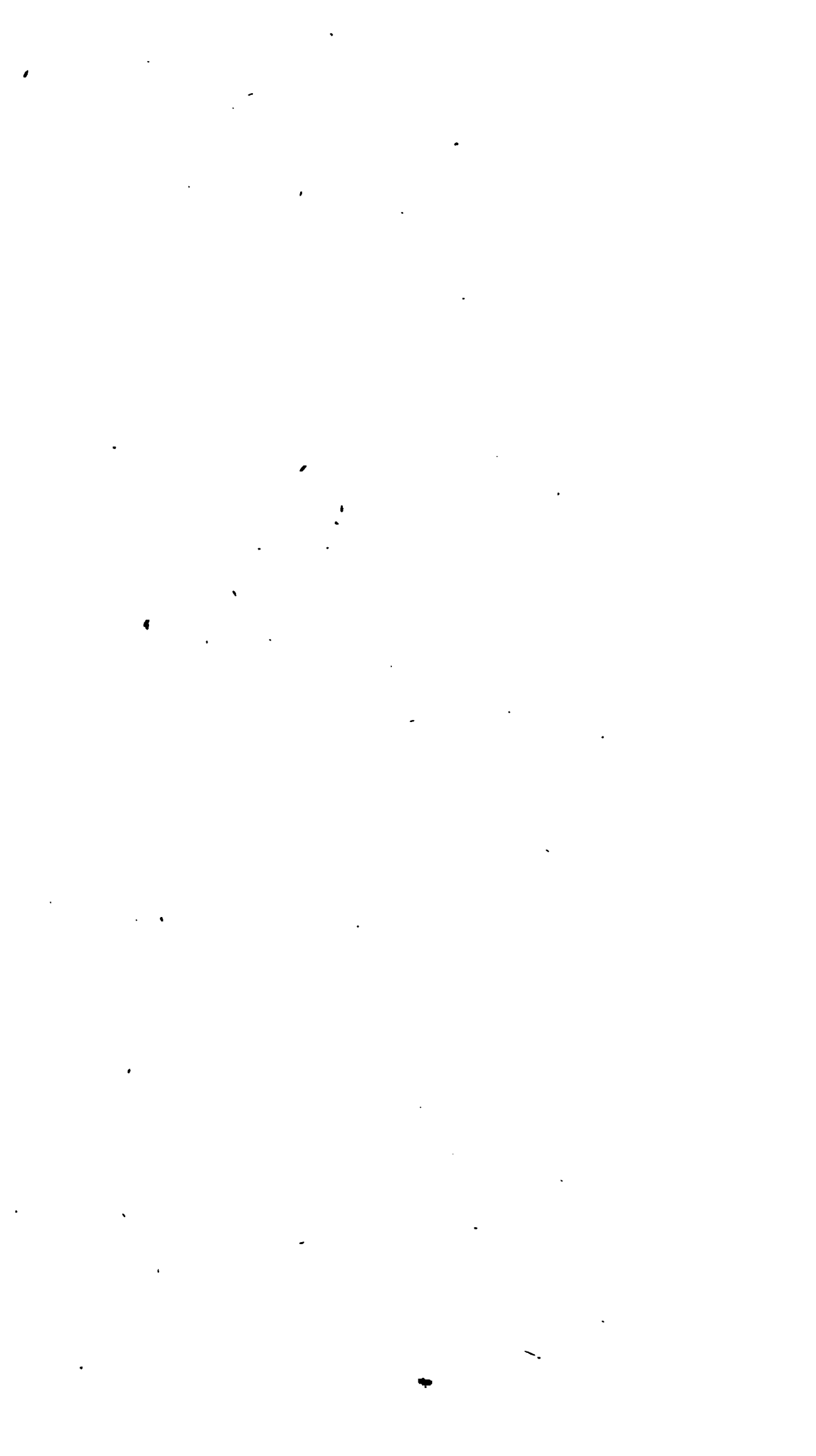
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SPECTATOR.



No. 1—61.



PREFACE

TO

THE SPECTATOR.

WE have shewn in a former notice from what a simple beginning arose that beautiful fabric in our national literature, denominated the PERIODICAL ESSAY. The foundation-stone of this impishable monument was laid by STEELE, and the TATLER, therefore, may be considered as preeminently *his*; but the SPECTATOR, the question of origination alone excepted, claims to be transcendently ADDISON'S. This observation, however, is not to go the length of excluding STEELE from a share in the *planning* of the SPECTATOR, at once considerable and important; for we shall perceive how interestingly these great men divided the honour. But ADDISON'S contributions to the SPECTATOR, besides that they exceed his friend's in quantity, have necessarily left upon these volumes his own characteristic impress, as the TATLER bears the stamp of STEELE: and it is for this reason principally, but not at all from any fancied inferiority which it has been so fashionable to find in STEELE, that we decree to ADDISON the chief honour of the SPECTATOR.

PREFACE TO

Two months after the cessation of the *TATLER*, this second-born of our Essayists was ushered into the world. but under auspices greatly superior to its predecessor's. Large materials had been collected in that short interval, both by *STEELE* and *ADDISON*: their plan, hitherto undefined and desultory, was now opened and methodized; and they appeared in the ring for this new race of glory with many advantages that experience had superadded, and with that confidence in their own resources, which is always the surest herald of success. The first paper is by *ADDISON*, and very finely conceived. It introduces the *SPECTATOR* to his readers as a silent and speculative personage—sort of mute Argus in society, whom nothing is likely to escape—and who has formed a resolution in his unconquerable antipathy to speech, 'to print himself out, if possible, before he die.' The account of the *SPECTATOR'S CLUB*, in the second paper, is by *STEELE*; and it contains the outline of a portrait which *ADDISON* afterwards adopted to himself, and filled up with incomparable felicity. Of this portrait, we shall take occasion presently to speak more at large. In the mean time, let it be remarked, that no two persons were ever more formed to co-operate in a literary undertaking, than were *STEELE* and *ADDISON*. It is true, their great talents in some respects were totally dissimilar; but from this dissimilitude only resulted a greater diversity of beauties, that make the whole of the *SPECTATOR*, which to this day, as a model for periodical writing, remain unvalled. Hence, whatever the one sketched, the other could always finish; and as both were alike

ed with high powers of origination and invention, their direction into different channels succeeded variegation to the wealth of their pages, and were thus preserved always unmonotonous, as new.

In the contemplation, then, of STEELE and ADDISON, we are disposed to acknowledge not the palm of superiority has been arrogated undividedly for ADDISON, but we utter disallow the assumption. In whatever light STEELE is to be regarded, whether as the promoter of a new species of writing, or the co-oper of its perfection when invented, with the force of *one operative partner*—his claims to equal participation are established beyond all controversy and cavil. It is an injustice to both, to consider either separately; they are the twins of the popular Essay, the GEMINI SOLES, whose united blaze the whole periodical in revolves, beaming with a borrowed lustre, animate with derived vitality.

From these remarks, due in candour to both parties, and not the most distantly intended to derogate from the excellence of ADDISON, while they attest the equality of STEELE, we pass forward to the directer business of this Essay.

Of the Right Honourable JOSEPH ADDISON, whose life we can only sketch hastily and superficially, was born on the 1st of May, 1672, at Wotton, near Ambresbury, in Wiltshire; and was the eldest son of the Rev. LAUNCELOT ADDISON, at that time rector of Ambresbury, and afterwards of Lichfield. He was baptized on the same day, in consequence of his extreme debility,

and survived contrary to the expectations of attendants; by whom, it is reported on the authority of Mr. TYERS, that he was actually *laid for dead*. At an early age, he was placed under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. NASH, who kept school of his native village; but his father succeeding to the deanery of Lichfield, he removed to the grammar-school in that city, his twelfth year. At that seminary, he was distinguished more for his enterprise and conduct than for his assiduity and application; and the personal prowess which he is related to have displayed in *barring out* his master*—a disorderly privilege which the boys at Lichfield held by an immemorial tenure—proves at least that his infirm sickliness had not impaired the energies of mind. From Lichfield he was removed to Charterhouse, where he made great proficiency under the direction of Dr. ELLIS, a man of respectable attainments, both as a scholar and preceptor. It was here that ADDISON formed that intimacy with STEELE, which we have traced in another place; and that one of those ‘*little chances*,’ which, according to THOMSON,

————— Oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided *him*.

And, emphatically may we add, posterity’s:—to the *accident* which thus blended their juvenile destinies, are we indebted for those rich legacies which have descended to our inheritance. At the age of fifteen, ADDISON was entered of Queen’s

* See JOHNSON.

Hege, Oxford, and pursued his classical studies with equal passion and success. He was elected a member of Magdalen in July, 1689, and in that year he took the degree of master of arts, on the 14th of February, 1693. He greatly distinguished himself at the university by the cultivation of Latin poetry, and eight of his pieces were deemed worthy to embellish the *Musæ Anglicanæ*. According to the opinion of DRAKE, he did not make the most of these subjects, and they could only be remembered as *juvenilia*. 'That composition was, however, of essential service towards improving his own taste, by rendering him perfectly familiar with the style and manner of the best poets of Rome, and that his success in this department contributed not a little to excite in the public mind a just relish for classical simplicity and correctness, cannot be denied.'—In his twenty-third year, he ventured before the public as an English poet, and addressed a copy of verses to JOHN DEN, which procured him the notice and applause of that mighty master. Soon afterwards, he translated the greater part of the fourth *Georgic*, on Bees; and was again complimented by JOHN DEN, who declared that, after ADDISON'S, his own hive was hardly worth the swarming. He now successively published several English poems, and in 1697, some Latin verses on the death of Ryswick. They were pronounced by JOHN DEN, who seems to have outdone even DRYDEN in compliment, 'the best Latin poem since the *Eneid*.' On this, JOHNSON has archly replied, that *praise must not be too rigorously*

examined: but he accredits the composition with considerable vigour and elegance.

In 1699, ADDISON visited the continent with a pension of three hundred a year, which had been granted to him by government for his travelling expenses: a favour, which he owed to the patronage of Lord SOMERS, whom he had flattered in the introduction of his poem to King WILLIAM some years before. After spending a year at Blois to perfect himself in the French language, he hastened through Geneva, over the Mont Cenis into Italy. It was here that he composed his celebrated poetical epistle to Lord HALIFAX, which at that time was considered as a model of elegant versification. On his return to England in 1700 he published his travels, with a dedication to the same nobleman. The book was at first neglected, but grew by degrees into so great a reputation that before it was reprinted it sold for five times the original price. In 1704, through the friendship of Lord HALIFAX, he was employed by the Lord Treasurer GODOLPHIN to commemorate the exploits of MARLBOROUGH, and produced his poem of 'The Campaign.' This *bidden* panegyric, the offspring of the minister's commands, at least did not go unrewarded; for while it was yet unfinished, ADDISON was made a commissioner of appeals. In 1705, he accompanied Lord HALIFAX to Hanover; and in the following year he was made under-secretary of state, first to Sir CHARLES HEDGES, and afterwards to the Earl of SUNDERLAND.

During this period, though necessarily much

interrupted by his political avocations, ADDISON was not inattentive to more elegant pursuits. The Italian opera, then little else than a farrago of modulated absurdities, had so fascinated all ranks, that the national theatre was in danger of total desertion; and with a view to recall the popular taste to its own language, he produced his opera of '*Rosamond*.' The effort was more laudable than successful, for it did not supersede the stranger. At that time 'no Metastasio had arisen' to combine sentiment with music, and melt the heart with pathos while he ravished the ear with melody; and it was a desideratum to effect a counter-revolution in favour of our own languishing drama. But it was not to be effected by *Rosamond*, though covered with the shield of patronage; for the piece experienced an utter failure, which may be attributed partly to the composer, and partly to the poet: though, according to DRAKE, it was its recreable music alone which 'rendered the beauties of the poem unavailing.'

In 1709, the Marquis of WHARTON was appointed to the government of Ireland, and took with him ADDISON as his secretary, who about the same time was nominated keeper of the records in Birmingham's Tower, with a salary of 300*l.* a year: this latter office was a sinecure. Dr. JOHNSON, in his life of ADDISON, has curiously confounded this viceroy WHARTON with the profligate Duke of that name, and wonders how two such opposite characters as he and ADDISON could amalgamate. But the 'wicked' WHARTON was the son of his lieutenant, and therefore never even poli-

tically, connected with ADDISON. They were, indeed, each other's antipodes.

We have already remarked how ADDISON, during his residence in Dublin Castle, discovered STEELE to be the author of the *TATLER*, and immediately afterwards became an important contributor to his friend's paper. The accidental insertion of that Addisonian scrap by STEELE, was one of those fortunate—but blind—hits, which are sometimes productive of the most valuable consequences to the world: for to *that* we are without question indebted, not only for the exquisite *TATLERS* of ADDISON, but for all those rich and inexhaustible treasures, which he subsequently poured out upon us in the *SPECTATOR* and the *GUARDIAN*.

In 1713, ADDISON's reputation had reached its climax. Seven volumes of the *SPECTATOR* had established his fame upon such a basis, as neither chance nor change might shake, and placed him beyond all mischief from the revolutions of taste, and the ravages of time. At such a juncture, for ADDISON to fail, would have been more difficult than to succeed. Accordingly, when he put forth his *Cato*, which from any other pen would have rolled like an apple of discord between the contending factions, he was voted by acclamation into the chair of his country's literature. He had written four acts of this tragedy during the time of his travels, and had thrown it aside, either from a want of leisure, or that feeling of disinclination and disgust at recurring to an unfinished task, which so often supervenes in authors. So powerfully did this feeling operate, that he turned

the manuscript to his friend HUGHES, and trusted him to complete what he had left done: but when HUGHES, a week afterwards, brought him the skeleton of a final act for his ap-
tation, ADDISON—who had repented in the
val, and was probably ashamed of his own re-
—produced the conclusion of his tragedy,
as it now stands, which he had elaborated
ing the period of his absence.

On the death of the Queen, in 1714, ADDISON
appointed secretary to the regency. On this
ion, he was required to announce the vacancy
the throne to the court of Hanover; but it is
ed, that he was so overpowered with the mag-
e of his commission, and so long studying his
eology and rounding his periods, that the
Justices—impatient at the delay—ordered
erior clerk to state that event, which ADDISON
not find words to communicate. The offi-
baltern did it in the usual language of busi-
and frequently boasted afterwards, 'because
d expressed the fact with facility, that he had
above the level of ADDISON.' This curious
dotesufficiently illustrates ADDISON's inap-
as a public functionary: his turn was too
templative, and his disposition too mild, to fit
for such turbulent collisions; and it was in
shades of private life, and literary seclusion,
he was best calculated to serve his country.
essed with this conviction, we find him re-
ly declining to be made secretary of state
On arrival of GEORGE I., though the govern-
pressed the office upon him: but at the same
A, he willingly resumed his situation under the

Earl of SUNDERLAND, then viceroy of Ireland. On the removal of SUNDERLAND shortly after, he was nominated a lord of trade; and in 1715, during the civil conflicts in the north, he published his celebrated *political paper*, entitled 'THE FREEHOLDER'—a work remarkable for its great elegance and sweetness of style, notwithstanding that it was written principally to put down the hydra of rebellion. The Freeholder includes fifty-five numbers, and was terminated on the 29th of June, 1716. Its literary merit is great, but its political tone was too gentle to be of any effective service. 'In argument, it had many equals,' says JOHNSON; 'but its humour was singular and matchless. Bigotry itself must be delighted with the Tory Fox-hunter.' STEELE happily remarked of the Freeholder, that the ministers made use of a lute, when their exigencies required a trumpet.

In 1716, ADDISON married the Countess Dowager of WARWICK*; an alliance from which he derived no happiness then, and no consequence now. He had long solicited this haughty woman, and his perseverance was fatally rewarded; for no persons were ever less formed to domesticate together, and it is even asserted that connubial infelicity cut short the life of ADDISON. Of the Countess of WARWICK, not a single amiable trait has descended to posterity. Without capacity and without heart, she could neither appreciate her husband's talents, nor return his love; but full of

* CHARLOTTE, Countess of Warwick. She was the only daughter of Sir THOMAS MIDDLETON, Baronet, of Chirk-castle in the county of Denbigh.

her own consequence, and unduly valuing herself upon a coronet that she disgraced, she fretted the virtues that she could not emulate, and domineered where others would have adored. Her superciliousness and pride were only paralleled by her despicable ignorance, and total want of the commonest feelings of humanity: for she educated the only child that she had by ADDISON* in a hatred of her father's writings, and a contempt for his memory. In speaking of this marriage, Dr. JOHNSON'S remarks are singular, and require to be noticed. 'It neither found them,' says that biographer, 'nor made them equal; and it is certain that ADDISON has left behind him no encouragement for ambitious love.'

None, certainly, for an alliance where heart and mind, and talent and education, shall be so utterly disproportioned, as in his case: but the term 'ambitious love,' is not applicable to his connexion with Lady WARWICK. ADDISON'S position in the great world was quite as honourable, and far more splendid than hers; and independently of his admitted superiority in every quality that can adorn and captivate, he had rejected the *premier's portefeuille* upon the accession of the new family—not hypocritically, as CÆSAR did the diadem, but with a manly modesty, which became his unpretending virtue. And shall the man, who declined to be one of the first functionaries of the state, and waived an office

* CHARLOTTE, born in the year 1718. She died, unmarried, at Bliton, near Rugby, in Warwickshire, her patrimonial seat, so lately as March, 1797, bequeathing all her property and estates to the third son of Lord BRADFORD, whom she had adopted.

whose dignity outdazzles all hereditary lustre—who by accepting the power that solicited him, might not only have arrived at the peerage himself, but dispensed its splendours to others—shall such a personage be termed presumptuous for affecting the hand of a *Dowager Countess*, whose very prænominial epithet bespeaks the ‘shorn beam’ of vanity which has passed away—a posthumous and a dwindled honour? On the contrary, it was Lady WARWICK who gained an accession of consequence by this connexion at the time; and whose name would now be rotting, but for her illustrious husband, in that cold oblivion to which we cannot altogether consign her heartlessness, when contrasted with the worth she blighted.

JOHNSON, following SPENCE, reports that ADDISON first knew Lady WARWICK by becoming tutor to her son; but this is a groundless assumption, and it is now well known that ADDISON never held such an employment at all. Another assertion of JOHNSON’S, made on the authority of SWIFT, that, his pension being suddenly discontinued during his travels in consequence of the King’s death, he was compelled through indigence to accept the post of tutor to a travelling squire, is equally unsupported by evidence, and unworthy of credit.

We have seen ADDISON, before his marriage pertinaciously rejecting the highest honours of the state; but he was to be a minister against his will. ‘The year succeeding this ill-starred connexion carried ADDISON to the zenith of his political power. He was appointed by the King, in April 1717, one of his principal secretaries of state, and

which he had formerly refused, and which he accepted, stimulated perhaps by the wishes and demands of his Countess, with no confidence in his abilities for the employment. In fact, though well acquainted with the laws and constitution of his country, nature had not formed him a statesman. Of promptitude and self-reliance he had no portion; his timidity was unconquerable, and he could neither speak in the House of Commons, nor give the necessary support of administration, nor could he in his official department execute an office without wasting time in the fastidious selection and arrangement of his words. The consciousness of these defects, ever accompanied by sensations of inquietude, together with a very delicate constitution and health, soon induced him to decline all public business. He solicited, therefore, and obtained permission to retire; and with a pension of five hundred pounds a year, he left the fatigues of public life for the more congenial pursuits of literature.

On the 11th of March, 1718, that he was finally freed from those duties to which his habits, and even his genius, were alike attached. 'Such a post as that, and such a wife as my Countess,' both together, must have been a great blessing for ADDISON. In the shades of privacy, which was always a rich consolation—to him a far sweeter companion than his public partner; and his thoughts, over-clouded by his domestic position, assumed a new and sudden bias towards religion and morality, which, under different circumstances, they had manifested so soon. So naturally does

hope rise upon the ruins of happiness; and what we have ceased to enjoy, we only live to anticipate. ADDISON'S life, however, was finished before his 'Treatise on the Evidences of Christian Religion;' and though the imperfect work, which appeared posthumously, belie not the characteristic elegance of its author, it has been eclipsed by others who have treated the subject more systematically and had the good fortune to live through their labours. We have seen, in a former essay, how ADDISON relapsed in the evening of his life to a political dispute: but there is good reason to hope we suppose, with DRAKE, that the breach between these illustrious friends was healed before their final separation. The dying scene of ADDISON has been traced by far abler pens than ours: we give it in the words of DRAKE:—

'The asthmatic disorder, to which he had been a long subject, now terminated in a dropsy; and became evident to himself, and to all around him, that the hour of his dissolution could not be distant. The death-bed of ADDISON was the triumph of religion and virtue. Reposing on the merits of his Redeemer, and conscious of a life well spent in the service of his fellow-creatures, he waited with tranquillity and resignation the moment of departure. The dying accents of the virtuous man have frequently, when other means have failed, produced the happiest effect; and ADDISON, anxious that a scene so awful might make its deep impression, demanded the attendance of his son-in-law, Lord WARWICK. This young nobleman was amiable, but dissipated; and ADDISON, for whom he still retained a high respect, had often

gain, endeavoured to correct his principles to curb the impetuosity of his passions. He required his attendance to behold the remains of a friend who had obeyed his God. "He came," YOUNG, who first related this affecting scene; "but life now glimmering in the dying friend was silent; after a decent pause, the youth said, 'Dear Sir! you see: I believe, I hope that you have some secrets; I shall hold them most sacred.' May you not only hear, but feel, the reply! grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, 'WHAT PEACE A CHRISTIAN CAN expect with difficulty and soon expired.'" A truly great and good man died on June 19, at Holland-house, near Kensington: on the 26th of the same month, he lay in state in Westminster-chamber, and was afterwards buried in Westminster-abbey.

JOHNSON'S fame rests on his periodical writings: as a poet, he can boast but few laurels, and these are withering. Had he joined STEELE'S talents to his own facilities of composition, it is probable that he would have rivalled POPE: but he wanted the spirit and the fire of poetry. The style of his verses is polished and classical, but cold and inanimate: exhibiting often the chill of a Parian statue, but seldom glowing with solar motion or living beauty. The *Letter to Lady* is *beneath* modern mediocrity; and the *Tragedy of Cato* is as far *above* it, it is not sufficient to place its author on the gloriole—a station neither to be so won, nor so held. When JOHNSON pronounced his

Epistle to Halifax, 'the most elegant of his cal productions,' perhaps the great biographer not reflect that this was but a slender eulogy. Letter, like all the rest of ADDISON'S poetry, been followed with an undue celebrity and veneration which attached to the man his shield over his writings, and made examination faneness: but posterity draws near undazzled, reverses the excess of sentence. The accolade of contemporaries may circle the brow with a sent halo, but as the bestowal is recent, its nature is precarious; and it is only by the test of another century that we can be ranked among the constellations of our own. Immortality, however, was not the less destined for ADDISON, and his solid glory to be remembered more by his poets. He not only employed wit on the subjects of religion and virtue, but caused others to do the same, and taught how great abilities might be subservient to truth and justice. "He has done away the prejudice that had long connected gaiety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. The elevation of literary character, 'above all that above all Roman fame.' No greater felicity of genius attain, than that of having purified intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness; of having the succession of writers to bring elegance and to the aid of goodness; and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having 'turned the darkness into righteousness.'

In his private character, ADDISON was

right exemplar; and if he sometimes fell below his own standard of moral purity, angels were the same. He was undoubtedly jealous of Steele, which is a signal proof how the finest of us may be blinded by egotism; for he was far below him in that walk which was his jealousy. When STEELE was not busy in redeeming his engagements, ADDISON recovered by execution upon his friend's purse; and on one occasion, having sold more of his debt, turned over the surplus to STEELE—dealing more like a man of business, than a man of feeling. On these occasions, STEELE's coldness of temper and amiable disposition never alienated him, and he continued attached where almost every one else would have been alienated for. But ADDISON felt deeply the inconvenience and immorality of not being punctual in his matters, and was more anxious probably to recover his money, than to recover his friend. He had fewer faults, so also had he fewer friends than STEELE. His manner with strangers was so timid and reserved, that it often gave the appearance of a painful awkwardness; yet, aided by his own familiar circle, he was the great entertainment of all. It is said that he drank freely in wine, but he knew where to stop, and was always improved by the exhilaration:

*Narratur et priaci CATONIS
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.**

This Horatian couplet has been beautifully applied by Mr. Addison. While, however, we could not resist its introduction, we are anxious not to run away with the merit

His mind, like his writings, exhibited rather the beauty of blamelessness, than the grandeur of enthusiasm; never losing its luminousness nor equilibrium, and rarely swerving into the splendour of impulsive action. But he did good upon immutable principles, and what his benevolence lost in momentary *éclat*, was made up in universal utility. The actions of other men were seen, but the actions of ADDISON were felt. Supremely excelling in virtue, and successful in all kinds of literature, it is no wonder that he was over-estimated as a poet. 'He who, if he had claimed it,' says JOHNSON, 'might have obtained the diadem, was not likely to be denied the laurel.'

The SPECTATOR consists of six hundred and thirty-five papers, of which two hundred and seventy-four are the work of ADDISON, and two hundred and forty are from the pen of STEELE. The rest were furnished by occasional contributors, among whom, scarcely less for the value than for the quantity of his communications, EUSTACE BUDGELL claims to be first distinguished.

He was the son of GILBERT BUDGELL, D. D. of St. Thomas, near Exeter, and was born in 1686. He was ADDISON's first cousin; his mother, the daughter of Dr. WILLIAM GULSTON, bishop of Bristol, being the sister of Mrs. Dean ADDISON. He studied with some success at Christ-Church Oxford, and afterwards was entered of the Inner Temple. But such a destination as the law was by no means suitable to the wishes or views of

of a first application. It is a pity that Mr. CHALMERS does not distinguish his own borrowings, as there are whole pages in his prefaces that call for inverted commas.

BUDGELL, who had acquired a passion for elegant literature, and an ambition to figure among the popular writers of his day. Early in life, he gained the esteem and patronage of ADDISON; and when his distinguished relative accompanied Lord HARTON to Ireland, BUDGELL attended ADDISON as his clerk. In this situation his conduct was so exemplary, that he secured the complete attachment and friendship of his patron; and during the whole period of ADDISON's residence in Ireland, they constantly lived and lodged together. Having adopted the Whig principles of his friend, he was made chief secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland, on the accession of GEORGE I.; and in 1714, he was chosen a member of the Irish Parliament, and an honorary bencher of the Inns of Court in Dublin. He superintended the embarkation of the troops from Ireland to Scotland, during the rebellion of 1715, with singular ability and disinterestedness; and his services on that occasion endeared him to distinguished praise. In 1717 he was appointed by ADDISON, who was then secretary of state, to the situation of accomptant and comptroller-general; and having at that time succeeded to a patrimonial property of 950*l.* per annum, he had scarcely any thing to desire from fortune, whatever might be the aims of his ambition.

But BUDGELL had been rapidly exalted, only to fall as rapidly. In 1718, the Duke of BOLTON was nominated to the lieutenancy of Ireland; and BUDGELL, having drawn upon himself the displeasure of this new viceroy by a series of the most imprudent personalities, immediately felt its effects

in his dismissal from all employment under the crown. BUDGEELL hastened to England, contrary to the advice of ADDISON,—whom the first time consulted, only to disobey—put a most inflammatory statement of his case, made such a noise, that eleven hundred were disposed of on the day of publication, though they were bought up thus greedily only increased the number and virulence of his enemies. ADDISON, though he disapproved BUDGEELL's violence, yet exerted himself assiduously to serve him; and even obtained a promise from the Earl of SUNDERLAND, that he would patronise and bring him forward, so soon as the clamour, which he had raised, should have subsided.

But in 1719, BUDGEELL entirely alienated the Earl himself, by a masterly but fierce attack on the Peerage Bill, which at the same moment was uniting STEELE and ADDISON. The death of ADDISON, which almost immediately followed, achieved BUDGEELL's complete political loneliness and isolation. To dissipate his cares he made the tour of Flanders, and visited Holland; but travel could not restore the serenity of his mind.

—————patris quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

He returned in a few months, and entering into the South-sea scheme, was presently the first for it by 20,000*l.*! It was almost all his fortune. But this blow did not deprive BUDGEELL of his wonted energy; and he entered with so much activity and eloquence into the business and

company, that he won the admiration and
favour of the Duke of PORTLAND, who like
him had lost nearly the whole of his property
in the South Sea bubble. The Duke, who had just been
appointed governor of Jamaica, now generously
offered to take Mr. BUDGELL with him as his se-
cretary, to treat him as his friend and brother, and
to make his interest his own. But this private ar-
rangement had no sooner transpired, than a secre-
tary waited upon the Duke of PORTLAND,
and said to his grace, 'that he might take any man
but not as his secretary, except Mr. BUDGELL;
he must not take *him*.' This was an atrocious
slandering, and irreparably destructive to BUDGELL.
He sunk the little remnant of his property,
above five thousand pounds, in fruitless attempts
to obtain a seat in parliament; and failing in this,
became a most virulent pamphleteer, abusing in-
mately all the measures of administration. In
the year 1732, the Dowager Duchess of MARLBOROUGH
rewarded his last endeavours to obtain a seat in the
House of Commons, by a present of a thousand pounds. But
these were again successful, and he resorted to
her for subsistence.

In the year 1732, BUDGELL, who had hitherto
been only a persecuted man, became a disgraced
man. On the death of Dr. MATTHEW TINDAL,
a legacy of two thousand one hundred pounds to
BUDGELL appeared in his will, but connected
with circumstances so unfavourable to the integrity
of the legatee, that the document was contested by
NICHOLAS TINDAL, the nephew and heir-
at-law of the deceased, and a decision obtained
in favour of BUDGELL. POPE, sarcastically alluding

to this transaction, has thus added immortality to infamy :

Let BUDGELL charge low Grub-street on my quill,
And write whate'er he please—except my will.

On the 4th of May, 1737, having lost all that could render life desirable, BUDGELL jumped into the Thames, from a boat under London-bridge and put a period to his sorrows and his shame. A will, written a few days before his death, in favour of his natural daughter, ANNE BUDGELL, was found in his escrutoire; and, on a slip of paper, the following sentence,—

What CATO did, and ADDISON approved,
Cannot be wrong !

intended evidently to vindicate what must ever be indefensible. We ought to observe here, that we do not think the charge of testamentary forgery at all made out against BUDGELL. A will may be set aside from *inferred lunacy* on the part of the testator, and there is no proof that Dr. TINDAL'S will was not so set aside. BUDGELL was a man of great abilities, but violent passions. From the day of his rupture with the Duke of BOLTON, he was marked for persecution by the government, and all his subsequent calamities and disgrace may be referred to ministerial oppression. A darker case of cabinet vindictiveness than BUDGELL'S is not upon record: power was never exerted more pertinaciously, nor more malignantly, to crush and destroy an individual.

As a public functionary BUDGELL was eminently useful, and conscientious in a high degree.

With singular disinterestedness, he rejected the offer of all extraordinary service-money; and when the Lords Justices in 1715 desired to report his distinguished zeal to the government, that it might be pecuniarily rewarded, he 'generously and firmly refused' to draw up the necessary warrant on that occasion.

The style of BUDGELL makes a near approach to Addisonian elegance; but JOHNSON, we are told, has declared that 'ADDISON wrote BUDGELL's papers, or at least mended them so much, that he made them almost his own.' For the *dictum* of JOHNSON's, however, we have only the authority of tradition; and whether he said so or not, there is little verisimilitude in the charge. ADDISON would scarcely have borne the drudgery, or BUDGELL the degradation. One of the greatest merits of BUDGELL is, 'to have entered with perfect accuracy into the conception and keeping of a character so original as that of Sir Roger de Coverley.' In his share of that humorous delineation, Dr. DRAKE even prefers him to STEELE.

Whatever may have been his errors and his vices, the pen of BUDGELL—in the SPECTATOR—was always uniformly to support morality and virtue. He contributed thirty-seven entire papers, which do not lose by *any* comparison; and if he fell from his own high and honourable principles through a series of unparalleled persecutions, let our pity and forgiveness for what is past, be not unmingled with gratitude for what survives.

Mr. JOHN HUGHES, the next in importance to BUDGELL among the occasional contributors to the SPECTATOR, furnished eleven entire papers, and

portions of thirteen others. He was the citizen of London, and born at Marlborough 29th of January, 1677. His education was committed to Mr. THOMAS ROWE, a dissenting minister, who had then under his care the celebrated WATTS, and Mr. SAMUEL SAY, both men of singular piety and learning. It does not follow, however, that HUGHES, though throughout his life he was exemplarily moral, and a pattern of domestic virtues and affections, had imitations of that peculiar and characteristic genius which afterwards so much distinguished his companions. He was an excellent classical scholar, and well versed in the literature of his own country, and he cultivated painting and poetry with sufficient success, to be still remembered in his country from the delicate state of his health, beset with a consumptive tendency, his studies were interrupted, and his application never increased, that he arrived at accomplishment, but stopped short of excellence in these arts, not so much from inaptitude of his mental energies, as from the obstacles of physical disqualification. Pope ranked him among the *mediocristes* in poetry and prose; but there are evidences of poetical compositions particularly, of a genius yet perfected, and a genius depressed by a mortal influence. His ‘Siege of Damascus’ is something above this pronounced mediocrity, yet holds its rank as an acting tragedy at the theatres. In the latter part of his life, he enjoyed a situation of considerable profit as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, under Chancellors COWPER and MACCLESFIELD, but he did not enjoy it long. He expired on

February, 1720, of a pulmonary complaint, in the forty-fourth year of his age, and on the very day that his 'Siege of Damascus' was first brought before the public.

All the periodical essays of HUGHES are written in a style which is generally easy, correct, and elegant; they occasionally exhibit wit and humour; and they uniformly tend to inculcate the best precepts, moral, prudential, and religious*.

Mr. JOHN BYROM, who furnished the SPECTATOR with two elegant and ingenious Essays on Dreaming, Nos. 586, and 598, was the son of Mr. EDWARD BYROM, a linen-draper, but a man of property, and was born upon a paternal estate, which he afterwards inherited, at Marsall near Manchester, in 1691. Mr. BYROM commenced his education at Merchant Taylors' School, and completed it at Cambridge, where he took his degrees in Arts at Trinity College, and became a Fellow of that Society in 1714. Mr. BYROM attained to a high degree of classical elegance, and enjoyed the friendship and intimacy of the celebrated Dr. RICHARD BENTLEY, who was at that time Master of Trinity. Besides the papers above mentioned, he contributed the moral, entitled 'Colin to Phœbe,' in No. 5, which possesses no inconsiderable merit. In the 'Phœbe' of this poem, we are taught to recognise Miss JOANNA BENTLEY, the doc-

It is the best eulogy of HUGHES, that he enjoyed the intimacy of ADDISON, and how that great man thought of his abilities and his taste, may be sufficiently inferred from the fact of his obliging him to finish 'Cato.'

tor's youngest daughter; but it is said to have been written rather with a view to the patronage of the Master, than the love of the lady. Mr. BYROM married his cousin, Miss ELIZABETH BYROM, against the will of her father, who gave them no fortune: but BYROM supported himself independently by his own abilities, until he succeeded to the estate at Kersall*. Mr. BYROM lived happily and respectably, 'in the bosom of domestic peace and comfort,' till the seventy-second year of his age; when he expired, on the 28th of September, 1763, leaving behind him a character of great innocence, integrity, and virtue.

Mr. HENRY GROVE, a nonconformist divine of great learning and piety, who was born at Taunton, on the 4th of January, 1688, is the author of four papers, all in the eighth volume of the SPECTATOR. They are Numbers 588, 590, 601, on self-love and benevolence; No. 626, on the force of novelty, and No. 635, the concluding paper. Dr. JOHNSON has pronounced No. 588 'one of the finest pieces in the English language; and of the concluding number, it has been remarked by the elegant commentator on the TATLER, SPECTATOR, and GUARDIAN, that 'more sublime, a more interesting and impressive paper cannot be found in the series to which it belongs.'

Mr. HENRY MARTYN is the author of No. 180, in the SPECTATOR, and also probably wrote No. 200. It is asserted of him, in WARR

* By teaching short-hand in London, where he met with the greatest encouragement, and numbered among his pupils the celebrated Earl of CHESTERFIELD, with many others of the first rank.

yes of the Gresham Professors, that he counted 'many of those ingenious papers, which, the years 1711 and 1712, were published weekly in the SPECTATOR:' but for this we have only WARD'S assertion, and not one clue to guide us. We can, therefore, never know the extent of our obligations to this gentleman. He was the eldest son of EDWARD MARTYN, of Alborn in Wiltshire, Esq. a gentleman of considerable fortune and was born about the time of the Restoration*. Mr. MARTYN was both a good scholar, and a good lawyer. He had a large share in the conduct of 'The British Merchant;' a paper of such consequence and authority, that it operated powerfully to influence the decision of Parliament against the commerce-clause in the treaty of Utrecht, so over-favourable to the interests of France. For his intelligence and zeal on this occasion, Mr. MARTYN was nominated inspector-general of the imports and exports of the Customs. He died at Blackheath on the 25th of March, 1721.

* It is probable from the assertion of WARD, and from the intimacy which subsisted between Sir RICHARD STEELE and Mr. MARTYN, that the latter was the author of many papers in the SPECTATOR. Of these, however, only one, No. 180, has hitherto been ascribed to him on certain grounds. This is occupied with some ingenious and convincing calculations, which are intended to prove the vanity and destructive tendency of all conquests, and especially of those which were achieved by the king of Louis XIV. of France. As No. 200, is on a subject very similar, and has a reference to No. 180, the annotators of themselves warranted in attributing it to the same writer; a description which is supported by the circumstance of Mr. MARTYN being celebrated for his skill in political arithmetic.—WARD'S Essays, vol. iii. p. 288.

Mr. CAREY, of New College, Oxford, TICKELL, and Mr. EUSDEN, are all the conjectured contributors to the *Spectator*; but nothing can be ascribed with any certainty to CAREY or EUSDEN, and only a poem claiming, 'The Royal Progress,' in N. TICKELL.

The letter in No. 527, containing a translation from OVID, is by POPE. Also are ascribed Nos. 404, 408, and 412. The first, On the improper distribution of the gifts of nature; and the second, On the management of the passions, present a chain of reasoning so traceable enough in POPE's own works, as the *Vision of the Seasons*, in No. 425, to be a strong evidence against the propriety of its being ascribed to POPE.

An elegant and entertaining letter on the language of eyes, in No. 250, is from the pen of Mr. GOLDING, of whom nothing now remains but his name and that essay.

The character of *Emilia*, in No. 302, is by Dr. BROME. It was claimed by Mr. DODD for his friend HUGHES, and the portrait was supposed to be that of ANNE, Countess of COVENTRY. But Dr. BROME is now the admitted writer of the paper; and the *real* EMILIA, says the *Spectator*, 'was the mother of JOHN ASCHAM, of Conington in Cambridge; and grandmother of the present Lady HATFIELD.'

The letter, signed *James Easy*, in No. 12, is the production of Mr. JAMES HEYWOOD, a linen-draper, who died at his house in Abchurch-lane, so lately as the 23d of July, 1776, aged 70.

years. He was chosen Alderman for the Ward of Aldgate, and paid the customary fine of 5*l.* to be excused from serving.

Mr. PHILIP YORKE, afterwards Lord Chancellor HARDWICKE, communicated the letter in No. 364, signed *Philip Hometred*, written to ridicule the absurdity of sending young men to travel, before they have finished their education at home.

For Nos. 460, and 501, both Visions, we are indebted to the pen of PARNELL. Dr. PARNELL, who was descended from an ancient family of Congleton in Cheshire, was born at Dublin in the year 1679. He graduated at that University in 1700, entered shortly after into holy orders, and in 1705 was collated by Dr. ASHE, then bishop of Clogher, to the archdeaconry of that diocese. He married Miss ANNE MINCHIN, a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, by whom he had two sons, who died young, and a daughter who long survived him. He was intimate with all the wits of his time, but particularly with POPE and SWIFT. Towards the close of ANNE's reign, he rose in London to considerable popularity as a pulpit orator, and figured with no mean reputation as a poet, even in that *Augustan Age*. His life has been written by GOLDSMITH, and abridged by JOHNSON.

A letter in No. 396, on Punning, signed *Peter de Quir*, and another in No. 518, on Physiognomy, signed *Tom Tweer*, were communicated by JOHN HENLEY, *alias* the Orator, a turbulent spirit of those times, not without claims to consideration, but latterly more notorious than respectable. He

was the son of the Rev. SIMON HENLEY, of Melton Mowbray in Leicestershire, and born there on the 3d of August, 1692. HENLEY graduated at Cambridge, and entered into the church; but he obtained a momentary professional celebrity, only to disgrace it, he threw off his gown, and set up an Oratory in Clare-market, where he lectured to the bubble and *id genus omne*, in language worthier of a mountebank at Bartholomew Fair, than a minister of the established church*. He drew a considerable income from the lowest orders of society, alternately practising extortion and expedient living upon the fruits of blasphemy, buffoonery, and libel. His literary abilities in after life did not realize the promise of his youth.

The letter in No. 288, recommending the work to public notice, bears the *real* signature of a French tradesman—PETER ANTHONY MATEUX, a native of Rouen in Normandy, who transferred his fortunes to this country, on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. He spoke and wrote English like a native, and acquired great celebrity by his translations of Rabelais and Don Quixote, the last of which has been pronounced by

* ‘These discourses soon degenerated into ribaldry and buffoonery, and at length into downright blasphemy and buffoonery. The auditors paid a shilling each; and as they chiefly consisted of ignorant mechanics, and sometimes of the very refuse of the city, he had occasionally recourse to expedients of a very singular kind in order to replenish his finances. He once, it is said, engaged an amazing number of shoemakers, by promising to teach them the art of making a pair of excellent shoes in a few minutes. When behold! this wonderful abridgment of labour was effected by cutting off the tops of ready-made boots!’—DRAKE says, vol. iii. p. 304.

TYTLER, 'one of the most perfect specimens of the art of translation.' MOTTEUX wrote, besides, various prologues and epilogues, and several of his translated plays were acted with no small popularity. He married a beautiful and amiable woman, by whom he had a large family, and lived in the world respectable and respected: but on his fifty-eighth birthday a licentious habit, which he had hitherto successfully concealed, suddenly cost him his character and his life. He was found dead in a brothel near Temple-bar, on the 19th of February, 1718, under circumstances which induce a strong suspicion that he was murdered: but a reward of fifty pounds, which was offered in the next gazette, did not lead to any discovery.

For a letter signed *Parthenia*, in No. 140, and another subscribed *Leonora*, in No. 163, we are indebted to Miss SHEPHEARD; and to her sister, Mrs. PERRY, for the short letter in No. 92, on the subject of a select library for ladies. Of these fair correspondents, we merely know that they descended collaterally from Sir FLEETWOOD SHEPHEARD.

Mr. ROBERT HARPER, an eminent conveyancer of Lincoln's Inn, is the reputed author of a letter signed *M. D.* in No. 480: but, short as it is, it is said to have been almost entirely remodelled by STEELE.

No. 572, a keen satire on quacks and quackery, and No. 633, on the advantages to be derived to elocution from Christianity, are the productions of Dr. ZACHARY PEARCE, late bishop of Rochester. He was the son of a rich distiller

in Holborn, and was born in 1690. While he was studying at Cambridge, he dedicated an edition of 'Cicero de Oratore' to the Lord Chief Justice PARKER, afterwards Earl of MACCLESFIELD, to whom he was a perfect stranger, and as dedicatory compliment was more valuable than it has become since, it obtained for PEARCE the lasting protection, patronage, and friendship of the Judge. Under such auspices, having embraced holy orders in 1717, he passed rapidly through the different outposts of ecclesiastical preferment, and in six years beheld himself a wealthy pluralist,—rector of Stapleford Abbots, in Essex,—rector of St. Bartholomew behind the Royal Exchange,—and rector of St. Martin's in the Fields. Nevertheless, he completed his fifty-eighth year before he became bishop. He was made dean of Winchester in 1739, bishop of Bangor in 1748, and translated to the see of Rochester in 1756, changing at the same time from the deanery of Winchester, that of Westminster. He died at Little Ealing on the 29th of June, 1774, leaving behind him a reputation of singular purity, innocence, and virtue. Eleven years previous to his death, when the infirmities of age first began to interfere with his duties, he petitioned the king to allow him to resign both his see and deanery; alleging, that he could not bear to make a sinecure of his preferments. His majesty would not suffer him to vacate the see, but five years afterwards acquiesced in the lesser resignation.

No. 250, a paper of exquisite sweetness and sensibility, was written by Mr. FRANCHAM

which, on the death of his own wife. It is re-
plete with the most touching tenderness, and can-
not be read without regret that it is an only spe-
cimen.

The Dream, in No. 524, is the joint produc-
tion of Mr. DUNLOP, Greek Professor at the
University of Glasgow, and Mr. MONTGOMERY,
Merchant. It is related of the latter, that he fell
in love with Queen CHRISTINA, and was com-
pelled to quit Sweden very abruptly. The Dream
has been erroneously ascribed to Professor SIMP-
SON of Glasgow, but the name of SIMPSON is
among our contributors.

A letter complimenting the editor on the cha-
racteristic morality of his paper, and a metrical
version of the 114th Psalm, will be found in No.

They are by the celebrated Dr. ISAAC
WATTS, not better known as a divine, than as a
philosopher and a poet. He was born at South-
ampton on the 17th of July, 1674, and brought
up at the Free-School of that town under the
tutorship of the Rev. Dr. PINHORN. He mani-
fested an early partiality for the Hebrew, which,
as well as the classics, he rapidly acquired; but
being at sixteen the ranks of the Dissenters, he
finished his education under the care of the Rev.
THOMAS ROWE, of London, a minister of the
so-called Independents. He died a painless
man under the roof of Lady ABNEY, on the
4th of November, 1748, aged seventy-four. His
life was entirely spent in learning, philosophy,
and religious teaching. In 1728, the Universities
of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, voluntarily and
without his knowledge, conferred upon him the

degree of Doctor in Divinity, as a tribute to his exalted personal character and great acquirements. His *Logic* is a standard book at the Universities, and his *Improvement of the Mind* has received the highest eulogia from the pen of Addison. As a writer of Hymns and Sacred Poems, he has left behind him no competitor.

Mr. RICHARD INCE of Gray's Inn, is mentioned, with a handsome compliment, by Steele in No. 555, as having enriched the *SPECTATOR* with 'several excellent sentiments and agreeable pieces;' but no inquiry has enabled us to trace his communications. Mr. WESTERN, of Rivenhall in Essex, and the Rev. JOHN LUTHER, M. A. who wrote a poem entitled 'Gods Answer,' have been named among the unknown contributors. But the names of many correspondents, who furnished the work with detached hints, and entire single papers, are now irretrievably lost. Not less than fifty-three Numbers of the *SPECTATOR* are in this predicament, as the annexed table shew.

The papers by ADDISON in the *SPECTATOR* are distinguished by some one of the letters of the word CLIO, of which various interpretations have been given, but all more ingenious than vulgar. There is no referential meaning in the word *of the muse*, which has no doubt been accidentally anagrammatized. STEELE's detestable letters, used to all appearance capriciously, are T. and R.; but a late conjecture, that the Number to have been merely subscribed, savours of great probability. These also, best explain the unscrupulousness

STEEL availed himself of all occasional
 bution.—We have noticed, in our account
 STEEL, the unprecedented sale of the SPEC-
 TATOR. Dr. JOHNSON, estimating by its week-
 turns at the Stamp-office, averages it so
 at sixteen hundred and eighty daily. Dr.
 FLEETWOOD, in his letter to the Bishop of Salis-
 bury at fourteen thousand*. The immense dif-
 ference can only be accounted for by some gross
 speculation on the part of JOHNSON; while,

WILLIAM FLEETWOOD, who was born in the year 1656, was
 educated at Eton and Cambridge. He graduated at King's
 College, and took orders about the period of the Revolution.
 He afterwards became a Fellow of Eton, and rector of St.
 Dunstan's, in London. Here he acquired great popularity as a
 preacher, and was soon after chosen lecturer of St. Dunstan's,
 Fleetstreet. Just before the decease of King WILLIAM he was
 promoted to a canonry at Windsor. In 1705, resigning his
 canonry and his lectureship, he retired to a small preferment which
 he held in the vicinage of Eton, and would have abandoned
 for a life of literary leisure; but he was raised unex-
 pectedly by Queen ANNE, to fill the vacant see of St. Asaph.
 His own zeal for liberty and the Protestant succession was yet
 rewarded, on the arrival of GEORGE I., with the valuable
 see of Ely, and on this he died incumbent in 1723, at
 Ely in Middlesex, aged sixty-seven.

His literary labours, though he never intermitted in his eccle-
 siastical duties, were prodigious. 'Forty-two of his publica-
 tions,' says DRAKE, 'are noticed in the Biographia Britannica,
 as pertinent to the best and most useful of purposes.' In po-
 litics he was an uncompromising Whig, and his powerful advo-
 cate of civil and religious freedom, rendered him particularly ob-
 noxious to the Tories. Bishop FLEETWOOD did not think a blind
 necessary to Salvation, and he had the manliness to avow
 in a celebrated preface to the 'Four Funeral Sermons' is
 in No. 384 of the SPECTATOR. The intemperate party in
 who were exasperated with the Bishop for his politics, not
 contented, moved in the House of Commons, and carried the
 resolution that it should be burnt at Smithfield by the hands of the
 hangman. It is introduced with some excellent ob-
 servations by STEEL.

with respect to FLEETWOOD, he has possibly given us a maximum for an average. They might also, be the calculations of different periods; for, on the imposition of the stamp-duty, the SPECTATOR experienced a momentary check in its circulation, which was reduced one half: but it soon recovered. The greatest number of the SPECTATORS, however, were published anterior to the tax, and could not be retrospectively affected: JOHNSON'S calculation was probably made in this moment of depression.

ADDISON informs us that the SPECTATOR, at its commencement, sold three thousand daily; and we know that the increase was rapid. It is likely, however, that the sale often fluctuated.

When the SPECTATOR was first bound in volumes, an edition of nine thousand copies was disposed of immediately. An *octavo* edition, like the TATLER, was afterwards printed, at one guinea per volume; and inferior editions were multiplied at lower prices.

A spurious continuation of the SPECTATOR was begun on the 3d of January, 1715, and closed on the 3d of August following. It reached to fifty-nine numbers, and was republished in duodecimo, as 'the SPECTATOR, volume ninth, and last. Printed for W. MEARS, at the Lamb, without Temple-bar, 1726.' It is a miserable farrago, and cannot dare any comparison with the sham TATLER.

The character of Sir Roger de Coverley, alluded to in the outset of this essay, is one of the most exquisite pieces of comic painting which English literature possesses. It has continued without a rival

eds of one hundred years ; and it is not circumstance in its praise, that it can now to rank unflinchingly with those delineations of life and manners, which, SHAKESPEARE, only the Author of *WAS* has been able to achieve. For the first or skeleton of this character, we are indebted to STEELE ; but ADDISON, bringing himself of this elementary suggestion materially from the original draft, as he put his picture into relief. This has led many critics to charge the character with inconsistency ; and without question the Sir Roger de Coverley of STEELE is a very different personage in the hands of ADDISON. However, always be remembered, that we are really indebted to STEELE for Sir Roger de Coverley, even as we have him : ADDISON has only put STEELE *invented* him. This important fact is unaccountably overlooked by JOHN GALT, in the following critique upon this imaginary

character recorded by BUDGELL, that of the character as described or exhibited in the *SPECTATOR*, the character of ADDISON was Sir Roger de Coverley, who had formed a very delicate and delicate idea, which he would not suffer to be altered ; and therefore, when STEELE had shewn him the character of Sir Roger de Coverley, he was contently picking up a girl in the Temple, and then he drew upon himself the indignation of his friend's indignation, that he was obliged to appease him by a promise of forbearing for the time to come.

Reason which induced CERVANTES to

pardon, but cannot love with that fondness with which every heart is attached to Sir Roger.

‘How could our author be deterred from prosecuting his design with respect to this personage? What could deter him? It could only be the consciousness of his own inability; and that this was not the case he had given sufficient proof, by exemplifying the character so fully, that every reader finds himself intimately acquainted with it. Considering what is done, one cannot doubt the author’s ability to have supported the character through a much greater variety of conversation and adventures. But the SPECTATOR, according to the first plan of it, was now drawing to a conclusion; the seventh volume being finished about six weeks after the Knight’s death; and perhaps the tradition may be true, that ADDISON, dissatisfied with STEELE’s idle story of Sir Roger at a tavern, swore (which he is said never to have done but on this one occasion) that he would himself kill Sir Roger, lest somebody else should murder him.’

This is alike lucid and satisfactory. It is only remarkable that all writers upon this subject, among whom is Lord ORFORD, appear to have equally neglected the fact, that *without STEELE* we could never have been delighted with Sir Roger. - Such a general reticence is altogether inexplicable, since at no period it has been dis-

* Dr. Aikin excepted, who in the 55th number of the Monthly Magazine, has nicely discriminated the respective shares of STEELE and ADDISON, and has admirably harmonized the whole. But see, most particularly, DRAKE, vol. ii. on the Comic Painting of ADDISON.

STEELE wrote the second paper in the *SPECTATOR*. It is true, TICKELL printed it in ADDISON'S Works, because of its inseparable connexion with his matter; but he accompanied it with an explanation and an apology, addressed expressly to STEELE. BEATTIE has printed the apology and explanation, yet without this unaccountable error*.

THE *SPECTATOR'S CLUB* consisted of six members, with the exception of Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Honeycomb, were left mainly to the management and fancy of STEELE. Will Honeycomb is, after Sir Roger de Coverley, the character of most frequent recurrence. The character is amusingly sustained, and evidently meant to represent upon dissipated old bachelors.

I will conclude this Preface to the *SPECTATOR* with one more of those admirable passages from Dr. DRAKE, which points out, with great eloquence and truth of criticism, the claims of ADDISON to the gratitude and affection of his country.

The literary character of ADDISON, the *SPECTATOR* essays have attempted to delineate the features, and will, it is probable, impress upon the mind of the reader a very high idea of its merit and utility. It may be necessary, how-

ever, to mention that ALMERS has published a paper, at the end of his notice to the *SPECTATOR*, on the originality of Sir Roger de Coverley's 'perverse widow.' It was communicated by DUKE YONGE, of Plympton, to Mr. Archdeacon TILLOTSON. It is a plausible and ingenious essay, written to identify Sir Roger's widow with Mrs. CATHERINE BOVEY, of Bovey in Gloucestershire, an ancestor of Sir THOMAS BOVEY. . . but it leaves us where we were.

ever, ere we conclude this portion of our labor to enumerate, in a more compressed form, the various obligations which learning, wisdom, and virtue, have to acknowledge in the writings of a great and good man.

‘ To ADDISON, in the first place, may be ascribed the formation of a style truly classical and pure, whose simplicity and grace have not been surpassed, and which, presenting a model of unprecedented elegance, laid the foundation for general and increasing attention to the beauty and harmony of composition.

‘ His critical powers were admirably adapted to awaken and inform the public mind; to teach the general principles by which excellence may be attained, and, above all, to infuse a relish for the noblest productions of taste and genius.

‘ In humour, no man in this country, save SHAKESPEARE, has excelled him; he possessed the faculty of an almost intuitive discrimination of what was ludicrous and characteristic in each individual, and, at the same time, the most happy facility in so tinting and grouping his paintings, that, while he never overstepped the modesty of nature, the result was alike rich in comic effect, in warmth of colouring, and in originality of design.

‘ Though his poetry, it must be confessed, is not remarkable for the energies of fancy, the tale, the visions, and allegories, dispersed through his periodical writings, make abundant recompense for the defect, and very amply prove, that in the conception and execution of these exquisite pieces, the talent of the genuine bard, except that of versification, lay dormant or unemployed.

‘It is, however, the appropriate, the transcendent praise of ADDISON, that he steadily and uniformly, and in a manner peculiarly his own, exerted these great qualities in teaching and disseminating a love for morality and religion. He it was, who, following the example of the divine Socrates, first stripped philosophy in this island of her scholastic garb, and bade her, clothed in the robes of elegant simplicity, allure and charm the multitude. He saw his countrymen become better as they became wiser; he saw them, through his instructions, feel and own the beauty of holiness and virtue; and for this, we may affirm, posterity, however distant or refined, shall revere and bless his memory.’

A Table of the Contributors to the SPECTATOR. 635 Papers.

<i>Contributors.</i>	<i>Entire Papers.</i>	<i>Letters and Parts of Papers.</i>
Addison	274	
Steele	240	
Budgell	37	
Hughes	11	13
Grove	4	
Pope	2	1
Parnell	2	
Pearce	2	
Martyn	2	
Byrom	2	
Swift	1	1
Brome	1	
Francham	1	
Dunlop	1	
Hardwicke	1	
Fleetwood	1	
Tickell		2
Philips		2
Eusden		2
Henley, John		2
Shepherd, Miss		2
Perry, Mrs.		1
Heywood		1
Watts		1
Weaver		1
Parker		1
Golding		1
Harper		1
Motteux		1
Budgell, Gilbert		1
Bland		1
Ince		
Carey		
Anonymous	53	
<i>Total</i> 53	635	35

ORIGINAL DEDICATIONS.

VOL. I.

TO

JOHN LORD SOMERS,

BARON OF EVESHAM.

MY LORD,

SHOULD not act the part of an impartial Spectator, if I dedicated the following papers to one who is not of the most consummate and most acknowledged merit.

None but a person of a finished character can be a proper patron of a work which endeavours to cultivate and polish human life, by promoting virtue and knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever may be either useful or ornamental to society.

I know that the homage I now pay you, is offering a kind of violence to one who is as solicitous to avoid applause, as he is assiduous to deserve it. But, my Lord, this is perhaps the only particular in which your prudence will be always disappointed.

While justice, candour, equanimity, a zeal for the good of your country, and the most persuasive eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable qualifications: you are not to expect that the public will so far comply with your inclinations, as to forbear celebrating such extraordinary qualities. It is only in that you have endeavoured to conceal your

share of merit in the many national services which you have effected. Do what you will, the present age will be talking of your virtues, though posterity alone will do them justice.

Other men pass through oppositions and contending interests in the ways of ambition; but your great abilities have been invited to power, and impetioned to accept of advancement. Nor is it strange that this should happen to your Lordship, who could bring into the service of your sovereign the arts and policies of ancient Greece and Rome; as well as the most exact knowledge of our own constitution in particular, and of the interests of Europe in general; to which I must also add, a certain dignity in yourself, that (to say the least of it) has been always equal to those great honours which have been conferred upon you.

It is very well known how much the church owes to you, in the most dangerous day it ever saw, the day of the arraignment of its prelates; and how far the civil power, in the late and present reign, has been indebted to your counsels and wisdom.

But to enumerate the great advantages which the public has received from your administration, would be a more proper work for a history, than for an address of this nature.

Your Lordship appears as great in your private life, as in the most important offices which you have borne. I would, therefore, rather choose to speak of the pleasure you afford all who are admitted to your conversation, of your elegant taste in all the polite arts of learning, of your great humanity and complacency of manners, and of the surprising influence which is peculiar to you, in making every one who converses with your Lordship prefer you to himself, without thinking the less meanly of his own talents. But if I should take notice of all the

be observed in your Lordship, I should have
new to say upon any other character of
him. I am,

My Lord, your Lordship's most devoted,

Most obedient humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. II.

TO

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

MY LORD,

STUDY of manners and studies is usually men-
as one of the strongest motives to affection
seem; but the passionate veneration I have
for your Lordship, I think flows from an admiration
of his qualities in you, of which, in the whole course of
my papers, I have acknowledged myself incapable.
I busy myself as a stranger upon earth, and
attend to no other than being a looker-on, you
so conspicuous in the busy and polite world, both
in the world of men, and that of letters. While I
am silent and unobserved in public meetings, you
are surrounded by all that approach you, as the life
and soul of the conversation. What a happy
union of different talents meets in him whose
discourse is at once animated by the strength
of reason, and adorned with all the graces
and embellishments of wit! When learning irra-
tionally common life, it is then in its highest use and
display; and it is to such as your Lordship, that
others owe the esteem which they have with

the active part of mankind. Knowledge in recluse men, is like that sort of lantern which hides him who carries it, and serves only through secret and gloomy paths of his own in the possession of a man of business, it is a torch in the hand of one who is willing and able to shew those who were bewildered the way to their prosperity and welfare. A passion for your country, and a passion for a thing which is truly great and noble, are to regulate all your life and actions; and I hope to forgive me when I have an ambition this book be placed in the library of so good a judge is valuable—in that library where the choice is that it will not be a disparagement to be the best author in it. Forgive me, my Lord, for this occasion of telling all the world how much I love and honour you; and that I am, with most gratitude for all your favours,

My Lord, your Lordship's most obliged,
Most obedient, and most humble servant,
THE SPECTATOR

VOL. III.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY BOYLE

SIR,

As the professed design of this work is to instruct its readers in general, without giving offence to any particular person, it would be difficult to find

* Youngest son of Charles, Lord Clifford, and Lord Carleton.

proper a patron for it as yourself, there being none whose merit is more universally acknowledged by all parties, and who has made himself more friends, and fewer enemies. Your great abilities and unquestioned integrity in those high employments which you have passed through, would not have been able to have raised you this general approbation, had they not been accompanied with that moderation in a high fortune, and that affability of manners, which are so conspicuous through all parts of your life. Your aversion to any ostentatious arts of setting to shew those great services which you have done the public, has not likewise a little contributed to that universal acknowledgment which is paid you by your country.

The consideration of this part of your character, is that which hinders me from enlarging on those extraordinary talents, which have given you so great a figure in the British senate, as well as in that elegance and politeness which appear in your more retired conversation. I should be unpardonable if, after what I have said, I should longer detain you with an address of this nature: I cannot, however, conclude it, without acknowledging those great obligations which you have laid upon,

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. IV.

TO

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

1712.

As it is natural to have a fondness for what has cost us much time and attention to produce, I hope your Grace will forgive my endeavour to preserve this work from oblivion, by affixing to it your memorable name.

I shall not here presume to mention the illustrious passages of your life, which are celebrated by the whole age, and have been the subject of the most sublime pens; but if I could convey you to posterity in your private character, and describe the stature, the behaviour, and aspect, of the Duke of Marlborough, I question not but it would fill the reader with more agreeable images, and give him more delightful entertainment than what can be found in the following, or any other book.

One cannot indeed without offence to yourself observe, that you excel the rest of mankind in the least, as well as the greatest endowments. Nor were it a circumstance to be mentioned, if the graces and attractions of your person were not the only pre-eminence you have above others, which is left almost unobserved by greater writers.

Yet how pleasing would it be to those who should read the surprising revolutions in your story, to be made acquainted with your ordinary life and department! How pleasing would it be to hear that the same man, who carried fire and sword into the countries of all that had opposed the cause of liberty and struck a terror into the armies of France, had

in the midst of his high station, a behaviour as gentle as usual in the first steps towards greatness! And were possible to express that easy grandeur, he did at once persuade and command; it would be as clearly to those to come, as it does to his contemporaries, that all the great events which were about to pass under the conduct of so well-governed a spirit, were the blessings of Heaven upon wisdom and valour; and all which seem adverse fell out by divine permission, which we are not to search into. We have passed that year of life wherein the most brave and fortunate captain, before your time, died as if he had lived long enough both to nature and glory; and your Grace may make that reflection much more justice. He spoke it after he had lost an empire by a usurpation upon those whom he had enslaved; but the Prince of Mindelheim may be said to be in a sovereignty which was the gift of him whose dominions he had preserved.

Very established upon the uninterrupted success of his honourable designs and actions, is not subject to variation; nor can any attempt prevail against him in the proportion which the narrow circuit of his power bears to the unlimited extent of fame.

We may congratulate your Grace not only upon his high achievements, but likewise upon the happy issue of your command, by which your glory is independent of the power of fortune: and when your person shall be so too, that the Author and Disposer of all things may place you in that higher mansion of glory and immortality which is prepared for good kings, lawgivers, and heroes, when he in his due time removes them from the envy of mankind, is the prayer of,

My Lord, your Grace's most obedient,
Most devoted, humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. V.

TO

THE EARL OF WHARTON.

MY LORD,

1711

THE author of the Spectator, having prefixed each of his volumes the name of some great man to whom he has particular obligations, lays his to your Lordship's patronage upon the same man. I must confess, my Lord, had not I already seen great instances of your favour, I should have been afraid of submitting a work of this nature to your perusal. You are so thoroughly acquainted with the characters of men, and all the parts of human life, that it is impossible for the least misrepresentation of them to escape your notice. It is your Lordship's particular distinction that you are master of the whole compass of business, and have seen yourself in all the different scenes of it. You admire some for the dignity, others for the politeness of their behaviour; some for their clearness of judgment, others for their happiness of expression; some for the laying of schemes, and others for the execution of them in execution. It is your Lordship's great perfection as others possess them singly, that your enemies acknowledge this great extent in your Lordship's character, at the same time that they exert their utmost industry and invention to derogate from it. But it is for your honour that those who are your enemies were always so. You have acted in perfect consistency with yourself, and promoted the good of your country in so uniform a manner, that

who would misrepresent your generous designs
 the public good, cannot but approve the steady-
 and intrepidity with which you pursue them.
 a most sensible pleasure to me that I have this
 opportunity of professing myself one of your great
 admirers, and, in a very particular manner,

My Lord, your Lordship's most obliged,

And most obedient, humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. VI.

TO

THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

MY LORD,

1712-13.

For many favours and civilities (received from
 in a private capacity) which I have no other
 to acknowledge, will, I hope, excuse this pre-
 sentation; but the justice I, as a Spectator, owe
 your character, places me above the want of an ex-

Candour and openness of heart, which shine
 in your words and actions, exact the highest es-
 teem from all who have the honour to know you;
 your winning condescension to all subordinate to
 your business a pleasure to those who executed
 under you, at the same time that it heightened her
 Majesty's favour to all those who had the happiness
 of seeing it conveyed through your hands. A secre-
 tary of state, in the interest of mankind, joined with
 his fellow-subjects, accomplished with a great
 simplicity and elegance in all the modern as well as
 ancient languages, was a happy and proper member
 of your ministry, by whose services your sovereign is in

so high and flourishing a condition, as makes other princes and potentates powerful or inconsiderable in Europe, as they are friends or enemies of Great Britain. The importance of those great events which happened during that administration in which your Lordship bore so important a charge, will be acknowledged as long as time shall endure. I shall not therefore attempt to rehearse those illustrious passages, but give this application a more private and particular turn, in desiring your Lordship would continue your favour and patronage to me, as you are a gentleman of the most polite literature, and perfectly accomplished in the knowledge of books and men, which makes it necessary to beseech your indulgence to the following leaves, and the author of them; who is, with the greatest truth and respect,

My Lord, your Lordship's obliged,

Obedient, and humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. VII.

TO

MR. METHUEN†.

SIR,

It is with great pleasure I take an opportunity of publishing the gratitude I owe you for the pleasure

* His lordship was the founder of the splendid and most valuable library at Althorp.

† Afterward Sir Paul Methuen, Knight of the Bath. This very ingenious gentleman, whilst ambassador at the court of Portugal, concluded the famous commercial treaty which bears his name; and in the same capacity, at the court of Savoy, exerted himself nobly as a military hero.

me in your friendship and familiarity. I acknowledge to you that I have often had my thoughts, when I have endeavoured to write some parts of these discourses, the character of a natured, honest, and accomplished gentleman such representations give my reader an impression of a person blameless only, or only laudable in his perfections as extend no farther than to his private advantage and reputation.

When I speak of you, I celebrate one who has the happiness of possessing also those qualities which make a man useful to society, and of having the opportunity of exerting them in the most commendable manner.

A great part you had, as British ambassador, in forming and cultivating the advantageous commerce between the courts of England and Portugal, and gained you the lasting esteem of all who understood the business of either nation.

Personal excellences which are overrated in the ordinary world, and too much neglected by you, you have applied with the justest skill and judgment.

The most graceful address in horsemanship, the use of the sword, and in dancing, has been enjoyed by you as lower arts; and as they occasionally served to cover or introduce the more important skill of a minister.

Your abilities have not appeared only in one instance. When it was your province to act as hereditary minister at the court of Savoy, at that critical period, you accompanied that gallant prince through the vicissitudes of his fortune, and shared in the dangers of that glorious day in which he lost his capital. As far as it regards personal qualities, you attained, in that one hour, the highest military reputation. The behaviour of our country in the action, and the good offices done the

vanquished in the name of the Queen of England, gave both the conqueror and the captive the most lively examples of the courage and generosity of the nation he represented.

Your friends and companions in your absence frequently talk these things of you; and you cannot hide from us (by the most discreet silence in any thing which regards yourself) that the frank entertainment we have at your table, your easy condescension in little incidents of mirth and diversion, and general complacency of manners, are far from being the greatest obligations we have to you. I do assure you, there is not one of your friends has a greater sense of your merit in general, and of the favours you every day do us, than, Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

VOL. VIII.

TO

WILLIAM HONEYCOMB, ESQ*.

THE seven former volumes of the Spectator having been dedicated to some of the most celebrated persons of the age, I take leave to inscribe† this eighth and last to you, as to a gentleman who hath ever been ambitious of appearing in the best company.

You are now wholly retired from the busy part of mankind, and at leisure to reflect upon your past

* Generally supposed to be Colonel Cleland.

† This dedication is suspected to have been written by Eustace Budgell, who might have better dedicated it to Will Wimple.

movements; for which reason I look upon you as a person very well qualified for a dedication.

I may possibly disappoint my readers, and you too, if I do not endeavour on this occasion to make the world acquainted with your virtues. And so, Sir, I shall not compliment you upon your rank, person, or fortune; nor on any other the like selections which you possess, whether you will or no, but shall only touch upon those which are of your own acquiring, and in which every one must allow you have a real merit.

Your janty air and easy motion, the volubility of your discourse, the suddenness of your laugh, the management of your snuff-box, with the whiteness of your hands and teeth (which have justly gained the envy of the most polite part of the male world, and the love of the greatest beauties in the male) are entirely to be ascribed to your own personal genius and application.

You are formed for these accomplishments by a happy turn of nature, and have finished yourself in them by the utmost improvements of art. A man that is defective in either of these qualifications (whatever may be the secret ambition of his heart) can never hope to make the figure you have done, among the fashionable part of his species. It is therefore no wonder we see such multitudes of aspiring young men fall short of you in all these beauties of your character, notwithstanding the study and practice of them is the whole business of their lives. But need not tell you that the free and disengaged behaviour of a fine gentleman makes as many awkward snuff-boxes, as the easiness of your favourite hath made stupid poets.

At present you are content to aim all your charms at your own spouse, without farther thought of misapplying them to any others of the sex. I know you had for-

merly a very great contempt for that pedantic race of mortals who call themselves philosophers; and yet, to your honour be it spoken, there is not a son of them all could have better acted up to their precepts in one of the most important points of life: mean, in that generous disregard of popular opinion which you shewed some years ago, when you chose for your wife an obscure young woman, who does not indeed pretend to an ancient family, but has certainly as many forefathers as any lady in the land, if she could but reckon up their names.

I must own I conceived very extraordinary hopes of you from the moment that you confessed your age, and from eight-and-forty (where you had stuck many years) very ingeniously stepped into your grand climacteric. Your deportment has since been very venerable and becoming. If I am rightly informed you make a regular appearance every quarter-session among your brothers of the quorum; and if things go on as they do, stand fair for being a colonel of the militia. I am told that your time passes away as agreeably in the amusements of a country life as it ever did in the gallantries of the town; and that you now take as much pleasure in the planting of young trees, as you did formerly in the cutting down of your old ones. In short, we hear from all hands that you are thoroughly reconciled to your dirty acres, and have not too much wit to look in your own estate.

After having spoken thus much of my patron, I must take the privilege of an author in saying something of myself. I shall therefore beg leave to add that I have purposely omitted setting those marks at the end of every paper, which appeared in my former volumes, that you may have an opportunity of shewing Mrs. Honeycomb the shrewdness of your conjectures, by ascribing every speculation to me.

author; though you know how often many critics in style and sentiments have very much erred in this particular, before they were aware of the secret. I am, Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,
THE SPECTATOR.

THE
BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

As the hundred and thirty-second Spectator will find an account of the rise of this last volume.

Not being able to prevail upon the several persons who were concerned in this work to let the world with their names.

It will be unnecessary to inform the reader, of other papers which have appeared under the Spectator, since the closing of this eighth volume were written by any of those gentlemen who were employed in this or the former volumes.

THE
SPECTATOR.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1710-11.

*fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
stat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.*

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 143

with a flash begins, and ends in smoke ;
after out of smoke brings glorious light,
(without raising expectation high)
surprises us with dazzling miracles.—*ROSCOMMON.*

WE observed, that a reader seldom peruses a
with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer
is a black or a fair man, of a mild or cho-
leric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other
qualifications of the like nature, that conduce very
much to the right understanding of an author. To
satisfy this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader,
in this paper and my next, as prefatory dis-
cussions to my following writings, and shall give some
account in them of the several persons that are en-
gaged in this work. As the chief trouble of com-
posing, and correcting, will fall to my share,
I do myself the justice to open the work with
a short history.

I am born to a small hereditary estate, which,
according to the tradition of the village where it lies,
is surrounded by the same hedges and ditches in

William the Conqueror's time that it is at present and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family that when my mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamed that she was brought to bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending in the family or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my first appearance in the world, and at the time that I sucked, seemed to favour my mother's dream; for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favourite of my schoolmaster, who used to say, 'that my parts were solid, and would wear well.' I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of a hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to

to foreign countries, and therefore left the
 by with the character of an odd unaccounta-
 w, that had a great deal of learning, if I
 not shew it. An insatiable thirst after know-
 ried me into all the countries of Europe, in
 ere was any thing new or strange to be seen;
 uch a degree was my curiosity raised, that
 and the controversies of some great men con-
 the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage
 d Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of
 id; and as soon as I had set myself right
 particular, returned to my native country
 at satisfaction*.

I passed my latter years in this city, where
 quently seen in most public places, though
 is not above half a dozen of my select friends
 w me; of whom my next paper shall give a
 rticular account. There is no place of gene-
 et wherein I do not often make my appear-
 Sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into
 of politicians at Will's, and listening with
 attention to the narratives that are made in
 the circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke
 Child's†, and while I seem attentive to no-
 the Postman, overhear the conversation of
 ble in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at
 es's coffee-house, and sometimes join the lit-
 ettee of politics in the inner-room, as one who
 ere to hear and improve. My face is like-
 y well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-tree,
 the theatres both of Drury-lane and the Hay-
 I have been taken for a merchant upon the
 eism on Mr. Greaves, and his book entitled Pyramido-

the coffee-house was in St. Paul's church-yard, and the
 the clergy, St. James's stood then where it does now;
 was in Change-alley, and the Rose tavern was on
 of Temple-bar.

exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a Spectator of mankind than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband, or a father, and can detect the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espouse any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason therefore, I shall publish a sheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries.

and if I can any way contribute to the improvement of the country in which I live, leave it when I am summoned out of it, with great satisfaction of thinking that I have not been in vain.

There are three very material points which I have spoken to in this paper; and which, for important reasons, I must keep to myself, at some time: I mean an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would not say any thing in any thing that is reasonable; for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishing of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public to several salutes and civilities, which have always been very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being talked at. It is for this reason, likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; but it is not impossible but I may make discovery of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; and I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid concerted (as all other matters of importance are) by a club. However, as my friends have encouraged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to the Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's, in Little Britain. I must farther acquaint the reader, that though the Spectator meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night for

the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.—C.

N^o 2. FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1710-11.

————— Ast alii sex
Et plures, uno conclamant ore—Juv. Sat. vii. 167
Six more, at least, join their consenting voice.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of an ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, make him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho-square*. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often sapped with my Lord Rochester, and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson† in a public coffee-house for calling him young

* At that time the genteeldest part of the town.

† This fellow was a noted sharper, swaggerer, and debauchee about town, at the time here pointed out, he was well known in Blackfriars, and its then infamous pursues.

at being ill-used by the above-mentioned he was very serious for a year and a half; though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last over it, he grew careless of himself, and passed afterward. He continues to wear a doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humour, tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. It is said Sir Roger grew more in his desires after he had forgot his cruel repulse, so much that it is reported he has frequently fallen in point of chastity with beggars and gipsies; this is looked upon, by his friends, rather as a piece of raillery than truth. He is now in his sixty year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a house both in town and country; a great benefactor to mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than es-

teemed. His servants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, young women profess love to him, and the old are glad of his company. When he goes to a house he calls the servants by their names and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the peace, that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained great applause, by explaining a passage in the

constitution of gentlemen next in esteem and authority to him is another bachelor, who is a member of the House of Commons, a man of great probity, wit, and industry; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humour than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He is placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those

of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases and tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste for books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New-Inn, crosses through Russel-court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London. A person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man)

calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be gained by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if his part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, 'A penny saved is a penny got.' A general trader of good sense is a better company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the simplicity of his discourse gives the same pleasure of wit would in another man. He has made his name himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a ship in the compass, but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Try*, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward in putting their talents within the observation of those as should take notice of them. He was some time a captain, and behaved himself with great bravery in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way

It has been said, that the real person alluded to under this name was C. Kempeuselt, father of the Admiral Kempenfelt, who deplorably lost his life, when the Royal George of 100 guns ran aground at Spithead, Aug. 29, 1782.

of life in which no man can rise without merit, who is not something of a courtier as a soldier. I have heard him often boast in a profession, where merit is placed in such a view, impudence should get the mastery of modesty. When he has talked to this effect, I never heard him make a sour expression, but he confesses that he left the world, because he did not fit for it. A strict honesty, and an easy behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to success. He must press through crowds, who endeavour to reach the same end with himself, the favour of a courtier. He will however in his way of talk excuse himself for not disposing according to men's desires, by enquiring into it; for, says he, that great man has a mind to help me, has as many people through to come at me, as I have to come at him; therefore he will conclude, that the man who cannot make a figure, especially in a military way, must overcome all false modesty, and assist his party against the importunity of other pretenders, by his assurance in his own vindication. He has no civil cowardice to be backward in assisting you ought to expect, as it is a military maxim to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. In candour does the gentleman speak of his own merits to others. The same frankness runs through his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in some of which he is very agreeable to the command. He is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him, and ever too obsequious, from a habit of obedience, which is highly above him.

But that our society may not appear to be composed of humorists, unacquainted with the gallant pleasures of the age, we have amongst us

Wycomb*, a gentleman who, according to
should be in the decline of his life, but
er been very careful of his person, and
a very easy fortune, time has made but
impression, either by wrinkles on his fore-
traces on his brain. His person is well
of a good height. He is very ready at
of discourse with which men usually enter-
in. He has all his life dressed very well,
habits as others do men. He can
one speaks to him, and laughs easily.
the history of every mode, and can in-
from which of the French king's wenches
and daughters had this manner of curling
that way of placing their hoods; whose
covered by such a sort of petticoat, and
to shew her foot made that part of the
short in such a year. In a word, all his
on and knowledge has been in the female
other men of his age will take notice to
such a minister said upon such and such
a, he will tell you, when the Duke of
danced at court, such a woman was then
mother was taken with him at the head of
the Park. In all these important rela-
as ever about the same time received a
e, or a blow of a fan from some celebrated
ther of the present Lord Such-a-one. If
of a young commoner that said a lively
house, he starts up, 'He has good blood
as, Tom Mirable begot him; the rogue
in that affair; that young fellow's mo-
me more like a dog than any woman I
advances to.' This way of talking of his
enlivens the conversation among us of a
an said that a Colonel Cleland was supposed to
real person alluded to under this character.

more sedate turn ; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speak of him as of that sort of man, who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him, who I am next to speak of, as one of our company ; for he visits us but seldom ; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most excellent good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently, cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments ; his function would oblige him to ; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon ; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, a earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.—R.

N° 3. SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1710-11.

Et quò quisque frè studio devinctus adhæret,
Aut quibus in rebus multùm sumus ante morati,
Atque in quâ ratione fuit contenta magis mens,
In somnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.

Luca. l. iv. 959.

—————What studies please, what most delight,
And fill men's thoughts, they dream them o'er at night.

CREECH.

As one of my rambles, or rather speculations, I walked into the great hall, where the bank is kept, and was not a little pleased to see the directors, secretaries, and clerks, with all the other members of that wealthy corporation, ranged in their several stations, according to the parts they act, in that just and regular economy. This revived in my memory the many discourses which I had both read and heard concerning the decay of public credit, with the methods of restoring it, and which, in my opinion, have always been defective, because they have always been made with an eye to separate interests, and party principles.

The thoughts of the day gave my mind employment for a whole night, so that I fell insensibly into a kind of methodical dream, which disposed all my contemplations into a vision or allegory, or what the reader shall please to call it.

I thought I returned to the great hall, where I had been the morning before; but to my surprise, instead of the company that I left there, I saw towards the upper end of the hall a beautiful virgin, seated on a throne of gold. Her name (as they told me) was Public Credit. The walls, instead of being

adorned with pictures and maps, were hung with many acts of parliament written in golden letters. At the upper end of the hall was the magna charta, with the act of uniformity on the right hand, and the act of toleration on the left. At the lower end of the hall was the act of settlement, which was placed full in the eye of the virgin that sat upon the throne. Both the sides of the hall were covered with such acts of parliament as had been made for the establishment of public funds. The lady seemed to set an unspeakable value upon these several pieces of furniture, insomuch that she often refreshed her eye with them, and often smiled with a secret pleasure, as she looked upon them; but, at the same time, shewed a very particular uneasiness, if she saw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared, indeed, infinitely timorous in all her behaviour: and whether it was from the delicacy of her constitution, or that she was troubled with vapours, as I was afterward told by one, who I found was none of her well-wishers, she changed colour, and startled at every thing she heard. She was likewise (as I afterward found) a greater valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own sex, and subject to such momentary consumptions, that, in the twinkling of an eye, she should fall away from the most florid complexion, and most healthful state of body, and wither into a skeleton. Her recoveries were often as sudden as her decays, insomuch that she would revive in a moment out of a wasting distemper, into a habit of the highest health and vigour.

I had very soon an opportunity of observing these quick turns and changes in her constitution. There sat at her feet a couple of secretaries, who received every hour letters from all parts of the world, which the one or the other of them was perpetually reading to her; and according to the news she heard, to

which she was exceedingly attentive, she changed colour, and discovered many symptoms of health or sickness.

Behind the throne was a prodigious heap of bags of money, which were piled upon one another so high that they touched the ceiling. The floor on her right hand, and on her left, was covered with vast sums of gold that rose up in pyramids on either side of her. But this I did not so much wonder at, when I heard, upon inquiry, that she had the same virtue in her touch, which the poets tell us a Lydian king was formerly possessed of: and that she could convert whatever she pleased into that precious metal.

After a little dizziness, and confused hurry of thought, which a man often meets with in a dream, methought the hall was alarmed, the doors flew open, and there entered half a dozen of the most hideous phantoms that I had ever seen (even in a dream) before that time. They came in two by two, though hatched in the most dissociable manner, and mingled together in a kind of dance. It would be tedious to describe their habits and persons, for which reason I shall only inform my reader, that the first couple were Tyranny and Anarchy, the second were Bistroy and Atheism, the third the Genius of a commonwealth, and a young man of about twenty-two years of age*, whose name I could not learn. He had a sword in his right hand, which in the dance he often brandished at the act of settlement; and a citizen, who stood by me, whispered in my ear, that he saw a sponge in his left hand†. The dance of so many jarring natures put me in mind of the sun, moon, and earth, in the Rehearsal, that danced together for no other end but to eclipse one another.

* James Stuart, the pretended Prince of Wales, born June 10, 1719. See Tat. No. 187.

† To wipe out the national debt.

The reader will easily suppose, by what has been before said, that the lady on the throne would have been almost frightened to distraction, had she seen but any one of these spectres; what then must have been her condition when she saw them all in a body? She fainted and died away at the sight.

*Et neque jam color est misto candore rubori;
Nec vigor, et vires, et quæ modò visa placebant,
Nec corpus remanet———* OVID. MET. iii. 491.

——— Her spirits faint,

Her blooming cheeks assume a pallid teint,
And scarce her form remains.

There was as great a change in the hill of money-bags, and the heaps of money, the former shrinking and falling into so many empty bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with money.

The rest that took up the same space, and made the same figure, as the bags that were really filled with money, had been blown up with air, and called into my memory the bags full of wind, which Homer tells us his hero received as a present from Æolus. The great heaps of gold on either side the throne now appeared to be only heaps of paper, or little piles of notched sticks, bound up together in bundles, like Bath fagots.

Whilst I was lamenting this sudden desolation that had been made before me, the whole scene vanished. In the room of the frightful spectres, there now entered a second dance of apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable phantoms. The first pair was Liberty, with Monarchy at her right hand. The second was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third a person whom I had never seen*, with the Genius of Great Britain. At the first entrance the lady revived, the bags

* The Elector of Hanover, afterward George I.

to their former bulk, the pile of fagots and paper changed into pyramids of guineas : my own part I was so transported with joy I awoke, though I must confess I would fain have been asleep again to have closed my vision, if I had done it.—C.

4. MONDAY, MARCH 5, 1710-11.

—Egregii mortalem altique silentii ?

Hon. 2 Sat. vi. 58.

of uncommon silence and reserve.

For, when he first appears in the world, is very much disposed to believe it has nothing to think of but his person. With a good share of this vanity in my mind I made it my business these three days to consider my own fame ; and as I have sometimes been in circumstances which did not displease me, I have been encountered by others, which gave me mortification. It is incredible to think how I have in this time observed some part of the world to be, what mere blanks they are when they are abroad in the morning, how utterly they stand until they are set a-going by some paper in a newspaper.

These persons are very acceptable to a young author, they desire no more in any thing but to be agreeable. If I found consolation among them I was as much disquieted by the incapacity of them. These are mortals who have a certain curiosity without power of reflection, and perused my paper as spectators rather than readers. But there is a pleasure in inquiries that so nearly concern us (it being the worst way in the world to

fame, to be too anxious about it) that upon the whole I resolved for the future to go on in my ordinary way, and without too much fear or hope about the business of reputation, to be very careful of the design of my actions, but very negligent of the consequences of them.

It is an endless and frivolous pursuit to act by any other rule, than the care of satisfying our own mind in what we do. One would think a silent man, who concerned himself with no one breathing, should be very little liable to misrepresentations; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a Jesuit, for no other reason but my profound taciturnity. It is from this misfortune, that, to be out of harm's way, I have ever since affected crowds. He who comes into assemblies only to gratify his curiosity, and not to make a figure, enjoys the pleasures of retirement in a more exquisite degree, than he possibly could in his closet. The lover, the ambitious, and the miser, are followed thither by a worse crowd than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the passions with which others are tormented, is the only pleasing solitude. I can very justly say with the ancient sage, 'I am never less alone than when alone.'

As I am insignificant to the company in public places, and as it is visible I do not come thither to most do, to shew myself, I gratify the vanity of those who pretend to make an appearance, and have often as kind looks from well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, as a poet would bestow upon one of his audience. There are so many gratifications attend the public sort of obscurity, that some little distastes daily receive have lost their anguish; and I did the other day, without the least displeasure, overhear one say of me, 'that strange fellow;' and another answer, 'I have known the fellow's face these twelve years, and so must you; but I believe you are the

at ever asked who he was.' There are, I must confess, many to whom my person is as well known as that of their nearest relations, who give themselves no farther trouble about calling me by my name or quality, but speak of me very currently by the appellation of Mr. What-d'ye-call-him.

To make up for these trivial disadvantages, I have the highest satisfaction of beholding all nature with an unprejudiced eye; and having nothing to do with man's passions or interests, I can, with the greater facility, consider their talents, manners, failings, and merits.

It is remarkable, that those who want any one sense, possess the others with greater force and facility. Thus my want of, or rather resignation of speech, gives me all the advantages of a dumb man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary penetration in seeing; and flatter myself that I have looked into the highest and lowest of mankind, and made shrewd guesses, without being admitted to their conversation, at the inmost thoughts and reflections of all whom I behold. It is from hence that good or ill fortune has no manner of force towards affecting my judgment. I see men flourishing in courts, and languishing in jails, without being prejudiced, from their circumstances, to their favour or disadvantage; but from their inward manner of bearing their condition, I pity the prosperous, and admire the unhappy.

Those who converse with the dumb, know from a turn of their eyes, and the changes of their countenance, their sentiments of the objects before them. I have indulged my silence to such an extravagance, that the few who are intimate with me, answer my silences with concurrent sentences, and argue to the very point I shook my head at, without my speaking.

Will Honeycomb was very entertaining the other night at a play, to a gentleman who sat on his

right hand, while I was at his left. The gentleman believed Will was talking to himself, when upon my looking with great approbation at a young thing in a box before us, he said, 'I am quite of another opinion. She has, I will allow, a very pleasing aspect but, methinks, that simplicity in her countenance is rather childish than innocent.' When I observed her a second time he said, 'I grant her dress is very becoming, but perhaps the merit of that choice is owing to her mother; for though,' continued he, 'I allow a beauty to be as much to be commended for the elegance of her dress, as a wit for that of his language, yet if she has stolen the colour of her ribands from another, or had advice about her trimmings, I shall not allow her the praise of dress, any more than I would call a plagiarist an author.' When I threw my eye towards the next woman to her, Will spoke what looked, according to his romantic imagination, in the following manner:

'Behold you who dare, that charming virgin; behold the beauty of her person chastised by the innocence of her thoughts. Chastity, good-nature, and affability, are the graces that play in her countenance; she knows she is handsome, but she knows she is good. Conscious beauty adorned with conscious virtue! What a spirit is there in those eyes! What a bloom in that person! How is the whole woman expressed in her appearance! Her air is the beauty of motion, and her look the force of language.'

It was prudence to turn away my eyes from the object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtless creatures who make up the lump of that sex, and move a knowing eye no more than the portraits of insignificant people by ordinary painters, which are but pictures of pictures.

Thus the working of my own mind is the general

entertainment of my life : I never enter into the commerce of discourse with any but my particular friends, not in public even with them. Such a habit perhaps raised in me uncommon reflections ; but effect I cannot communicate but by my writings. My pleasures are almost wholly confined to those in sight, I take it for a peculiar happiness that I always had an easy and familiar admittance to fair sex. If I never praised or flattered, I never led or contradicted them. As these compose half the world, and are, by the just complaisance and candour of our nation, the more powerful part of the people, I shall dedicate a considerable share of my speculations to their service, and shall lead young through all the becoming duties of virginity, marriage, and widowhood. When it is a woman's part in my works, I shall endeavour at a style and manner suitable to their understanding. When I say this, must be understood to mean, that I shall not lower or exalt the subjects I treat upon. Discourse for entertainment is not to be debased, but refined. A man may appear learned without talking sentences, and his ordinary gesture he discovers he can dance, though he does not cut capers. In a word, I shall make it for the greatest glory of my work, if among reasonable women this paper may furnish tea-table

In order to it, I shall treat on matters which relate to females, as they are concerned to approach from the other sex, or as they are tied to them by blood, interest, or affection. Upon this occasion think it but reasonable to declare, that whatever I may have in speculation, I shall never betray to the eyes of lovers say to each other in my presence. At the same time I shall not think myself tied by this promise to conceal any false protestations which I observe made by glances in public assemblies ; but endeavour to make both sexes ap-

appear in their conduct what they are in their hearts. By this means, love, during the time of my speculations, shall be carried on with the same sincerity as any other affair of less consideration. As this is the greatest concern, men shall be from henceforth liable to the greatest reproach for misbehaviour in it. Falsehood in love shall hereafter bear a blacker aspect than infidelity in friendship, or villany in business. For this great and good end, all breaches against that noble passion, the cement of society, shall be severely examined. But this, and all other matters loosely hinted at now, and in my former papers, shall have their proper place in my following discourses. The present writing is only to admonish the world, that they shall not find me an idle but a busy Spectator.—R.

N° 5. TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1710-11.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatia?—*Hon. Ars Poet. ver. 1.*

Admitted to the sight, would you not laugh?

AN opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its decorations, as its only design is to gratify the senses, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience. Common sense however requires, that there should be nothing in the scenes and machines which may appear childish and absurd. How would the wits of King Charles's time have laughed to have seen Nicolini exposed to a tempest in robes of ermine, and sailing in an open boat upon a sea of pasteboard? What a field of raillery would they have been led into, had they been entertained with

ated dragons spitting wildfire, enchanted chariots drawn by Flanders' mares, and real cascades in ar-
tificial landscapes? A little skill in criticism would inform us, that shadows and realities ought not to be mixed together in the same piece; and that the scenes which are designed as the representations of nature should be filled with resemblances, and not with the things themselves. If one would represent a wide champaign country filled with herds and flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the country by upon the scenes, and to crowd several parts of the stage with sheep and oxen. This is joining together inconsistencies, and making the decoration partly real, and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have here said to the directors, as well as to the admirers, of our modern opera.

As I was walking in the streets about a fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary fellow carrying a cage full of little birds upon his shoulder; and, as I was wondering with myself what use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an acquaintance, who had the same curiosity. Upon his asking what he had upon his shoulder, he told him that he had been buying sparrows for the opera. 'Sparrows for the opera,' says his friend, licking his lips; 'what, are they to be roasted?'—'No, no,' says the other, 'they are to enter towards the end of the first act, and to fly about the stage.'

This strange dialogue awakened my curiosity so much that I immediately bought the opera, by which means I perceived the sparrows were to act the part of singing birds in a delightful grove; though upon a nearer inquiry I found the sparrows put the same act upon the audience, that Sir Martin Mar-all* acted upon his mistress: for though they flew in

* A comedy by J. Dryden, borrowed from Quinault's *Amant secret*, and the *Etourdi* of Moliere.

sight, the music proceeded from a concert of flageolets and bird-calls, which were planted behind the scenes. At the same time I made this discovery, I found by the discourse of the actors, that there were great designs on foot for the improvement of the opera; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the wall, and to surprise the audience with a party of a hundred horse, and that there was actually a project of bringing the New-river into the house, to be employed in jetteaus and water-works. This project, as I have since heard, is postponed till the summer-season; when it is thought the coolness that proceeds from fountains and cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to people of quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable entertainment for the winter-season, the opera of *Rinaldo* is filled with thunder and lightning, illuminations and fire-works; which the audience may look upon without catching cold, and indeed without much danger of being burnt; for there are several engines filled with water, and ready to play at a minute's warning, in case any such accident should happen. However, as I have a very great friendship for the owner of this theatre, I hope that he has been wise enough to insure his house before he would let this opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder that those scenes should be very surprising, which were contrived by two poets of different nations, and raised by two magicians of different sexes. *Armida* (as we are told in the argument) was an Amazonian enchantress, and poor *Signior Cassani* (as we learn from the persons represented) a Christian conjurer (*Mago Cristiano*). I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an Amazon should be versed in the black art, or how a good Christian, for such is the part of the magician, should deal with the devil.

To consider the poet after the conjurers, I shall give you a taste of the Italian from the first lines of his preface: ‘*Eccoti, benigno lettore, un parto di poche sere, che se ben nato di notte, non è però aborto di tenebre, mà si farà conoscere figlio d’Apollo con qualche raggio di Parnasse.*’ ‘Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few evenings, which, though it be the offspring of the night, is not the abortive of darkness, but will make itself known to be the son of Apollo, with a certain ray of Parnassus.’ He afterward proceeds to call Mynheer Handel the Orpheus of our age, and to acquaint us, in the same sublimity of style, that he composed this opera in a fortnight. Such are the wits to whose tastes we so ambitiously conform ourselves. The truth of it is, the finest writers among the modern Italians express themselves in such a florid form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions, as are used by none but pedants in our own country; and at the same time fill their writings with such poor imaginations and conceits, as our youths are ashamed of, before they have been two years at the university. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of genius which produces this difference in the works of the two nations; but to shew that there is nothing in this, if we look into the writings of the old Italians, such as Cicero and Virgil, we shall find that the English writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those authors much more than the modern Italians pretend to do. And as for the poet himself, from whom the dreams of this opera* are taken, I must entirely agree with Monsieur Boileau, that one verse in Virgil is worth all the clinquant or tinsel of Tasso.

But to return to the sparrows: there have been so

* Rinaldo, an opera, 8vo. 1711. The plan by Aaron Hill; the Italian words by Sig. G. Rossi; and the music by Handel.

many flights of them let loose in this opera is feared the house will never get rid of them; that in other plays they may make their appearance in very wrong and improper scenes, so as to be flying in a lady's bed-chamber, or perching upon the king's throne; besides the inconveniences which the heads of the audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was a design of casting into an opera the story of Hamington and his Cat, and that, in order to do this, had been got together a great quantity of mice. Mr. Rich, the proprietor of the playhouse, has evidently considered that it would be impossible for a cat to kill them all, and that consequently the stage of the house might be as much infested with mice as the prince of the island was before the cat was put upon it; for which reason he would not permit the opera to be acted in his house. And indeed I cannot blame him: for, as he said very well upon that occasion, I do not hear that any of the performers in the opera pretend to equal the famous pied piper*, who, by playing all the mice of a great town in Germany to music, and by that means cleared the place of little noxious animals.

Before I dismiss this paper, I must inform my reader, that I hear there is a treaty on foot between London and Wise † (who will be appointed gardener of the playhouse) to furnish the opera of Hamington and Armida with an orange-grove; and that next time it is acted, the singing-birds will be accompanied by tom-tits, the undertakers being obliged to spare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the audience.—C.

* June 26, 1284, the rats and mice by which Hamington was infested, were allured, it is said, by a piper, to a confinement in which they were all drowned.

† London and Wise were the Queen's gardeners at the time.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1710-11.

*delebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,
juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat—* Juv. Sat. xlii. 54.

was impious then (so much was age rever'd)
youth to keep their seats when an old man appear'd.

There is no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of understanding, and yet there is no one vice so common. It has diffused itself through both sexes and all qualities of mankind, and there is not that person to be found, who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than of piety and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of the age. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitations of the rest of mankind.

For this reason Sir Roger was saying last night, that he was of opinion none but men of fine parts were to be hanged. The reflections of such men are delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more ordinary infamy and punishment, for offending by such quick admonitions as their own souls condemn, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner, that they are no more shocked at their folly than men of slower capacities. There is a greater monster in being, than a very ill man at parts. He lives like a man in a palay, with the inside of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good-will, of friendship, of

innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar in Lincoln's-inn-fields, who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper and a trull at night, is not half so despicable a wretch as such a man of sense. The beggar has no restraint above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than motion; and while he has a warm fire and his doxy, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. Every man who terminates his satisfactions and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions, is, says Sir Roger, in my eye, as poor as Scarecrow. 'But,' continued he, 'for the sake of public and private virtue, we are beholden to men of fine parts forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it be done with an air. But those who am so whimsical in a corrupt age as to according to nature and reason, a selfish man, in the most shining circumstance and equipage, appears in the same condition with the fellow above-mentioned but more contemptible in proportion to what he robs the public of, and enjoys above him. I lay it therefore for a rule, that the whole man is to be put together; that every action of any importance have a prospect of public good: and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good-breeding; without this, a man, as I have been hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper motion.'

While the honest knight was thus bewildered in himself in good starts, I looked attentively at him, which made him, I thought, collect his manner a little. 'What I aim at,' says he, 'is to represent, that I am of opinion, to polish our understandings, and neglect our manners, is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it.'

countable as one would think it, a wise always a good man.' This degeneracy the guilt of particular persons, but also is of a whole people; and perhaps it may be examined, that the most polite ages are the most virtuous. This may be attributed to admitting wit and learning as merit in itself, without considering the application of it. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much what we do, as how we do it. But this will not pass upon men of honest minds, &c. Sir Richard Blackmore says, with good sense as virtue, 'It is a mighty shame for us to employ excellent faculties and talents of wit, to humour and please men in their vanities and follies. The great enemy of mankind is his wit and angelic faculties, which being in the whole creation.' He goes on after to say, very generously, that he wrote the writing of his poem 'to rescue the virtuous from the hands of ravishers, to restore them to their virtuous and chaste mansions, and to engage in an employment suitable to their dignity.' It ought to be the purpose of every man to be in public, and whoever does not promote that foundation, injures his country as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty is the chief ornament of one sex, and in the other, society is upon a wrong basis, it will be ever after without rules to guide it in what is really becoming and ornate. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humour another. To follow the dictates of the latter, is going into a road that is both intricate; when we pursue the other, it is delightful, and what we aim at easily

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks, can easily see, that the affectation of being gay and in fashion, has very near eaten up our good sense, and our religion. Is there any thing so just as that mode and gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us? And yet is there any thing more common, than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of superiors is founded, I think upon instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as age. I make this abrupt transition to the mention of the vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance, that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

‘It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man hustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close and expect him, as he stood, out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were some particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with

the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, 'The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it.'—R.

N° 7. THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1710-11.

*Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?*

HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 208.

Visions and magic spells, can you despise,
And laugh at witches, ghosts, and prodigies?

GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I could have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, 'My dear,' says she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.' Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into join-band on Thursday. 'Thursday!' says she, 'No, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.' I was reflecting with myself on the

oddness of her fancy, and wondering that she would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in week. In the midst of these my musings, I sired me to reach her a little salt upon the my knife, which I did in such a trepidat hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the at which she immediately startled, and ran towards her. Upon this I looked very black observing the concern of the whole table, I consider myself with some confusion, as if that had brought a disaster upon the family lady, however, recovering herself after a little said to her husband with a sigh, 'My dear, tunes never come single.' My friend, I found but an under part at his table, and being a more good-nature than understanding, this self obliged to fall in with all the passions and mours of his yoke-fellow. 'Do not you re- child,' says she, 'that the pigeon-house fell afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt the table?'—'Yes,' says he, 'my dear, and the post brought us an account of the battle of A.' The reader may guess at the figure I made having done all this mischief. I dispatched my- ner as soon as I could, with my usual tacit when to my utter confusion, the lady seeing quitting my knife and fork, and laying them one another upon my plate, desired me that I humour her so far as to take them out of the and place them side by side. What the mischief was which I had committed I did not know, I suppose there was some traditionary superstition; and therefore, in obedience to the lady's house, I disposed of my knife and fork in parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always keep them in for the future, though I do not know the reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these frivolous follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, which do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misadventures, and suffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a sparrow spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in the middle of a merry-thought, grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the coming of a screech-owl at night has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, is set up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixed assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed, there were thirteen persons in company. The remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, insomuch that one of the ladies were going to leave the room; a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly told one of them should be born. Had not my friend found this expedient to break the omen, I

question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid that is troubled with the vapours produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated sibyls, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog that howled in the stable, at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ache. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil), and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that could befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being, who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole

of my existence, not only that part of it which already passed through, but that which runs into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; awake, I give myself up to his direction. All the evils that threaten me, I will look up for help, and question not but he will either remove them, or turn them to my advantage. Though neither the time nor the manner of the death I die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under

8. FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1710-11.

Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit,
 Multo nebulas circum Dea fudit amictu,
 Ne quis eos. ———— VIRG. ÆN. i. 415.

March obscure, for Venus kindly shrouds
 In mists their persons, and involves in clouds.

DAYDEN.

I here communicate to the world a couple of letters, which I believe will give the reader as much entertainment as any that I am able to furnish with, and therefore shall make no apology for them.

‘TO THE SPECTATOR, &c.

SIR,

I am one of the directors of the society for the reformation of manners, and therefore think myself a proper person for your correspondence. I have lately examined the present state of religion in

Great Britain, and am able to acquaint you with the predominant vice of every market-town in the whole island. I can tell you the progress that virtue has made in all our cities, boroughs, and corporations; and know as well the evil practices that are committed in Berwick or Exeter, as what is done in my own family. In a word, Sir, I have my correspondents in the remotest parts of the nation who send me up punctual accounts from time to time of all the little irregularities, that fall under their notice in their several districts and divisions.

‘I am no less acquainted with the particular quarters and regions of this great town, than with the different parts and distributions of the whole nation. I can describe every parish by its impieties, and can tell you in which of our streets lewdness prevails, which gaming has taken the possession of, and where drunkenness has got the better of them both. When I am disposed to raise a fine for the poor, I know the lanes and alleys that are inhabited by common swearers. When I would encourage the hospital of Bridewell, and improve the hempen manufacture, I am very well acquainted with all the haunts and resorts of female night-walkers.

‘After this short account of myself, I must let you know, that the design of this paper is to give you information of a certain irregular assembly, which I think falls very properly under your observation especially since the persons it is composed of are criminals too considerable for the animadversions of our society. I mean, Sir, the Midnight Mask, which has of late been frequently held in one of the most conspicuous parts of the town, and which I hear will be continued with additions and improvements: as the persons who compose this lawless assembly are masked, we dare not attack any of them in our way, lest we should send a woman of quality to Bridewell.

a peer of Great Britain to the Counter: besides that their numbers are so very great, that I am afraid they would be able to rout our whole fraternity, though we were accompanied with our guard of constables. Both these reasons, which secure them in our authority, make them obnoxious to yours; both their disguise and their numbers will give no particular person reason to think himself affronted by you.

If we are rightly informed, the rules that are observed by this new society, are wonderfully contrived for the advancement of cuckoldom. The men either come by themselves, or are introduced by friends who are obliged to quit them, upon their entrance, to the conversation of any body that addresses himself to them. There are several rooms where the parties may retire, and, if they please, show their faces by consent. Whispers, squeezes, looks, and embraces, are the innocent freedoms of the place. In short, the whole design of this libidinous assembly seems to terminate in assignations and intrigues; and I hope you will take effectual methods, by your public advice and admonitions, to prevent such a promiscuous multitude of both sexes from meeting together in so clandestine a manner.

I am your humble servant, and fellow-labourer,

T. B.'

Not long after the perusal of this letter, I received another upon the same subject; which, by the date and style of it, I take to be written by some young plagiarist:

'SIR,

Middle Temple, 1710-11.

When a man has been guilty of any vice or folly, I think the best atonement he can make for it, is to warn others not to fall into the like. In order to this I must acquaint you, that some time in February

Yr.

G

last I went to the Tuesday's masquerade. Upon my first going in I was attacked by half a dozen female Quakers who seemed willing to adopt me for a brother; but upon a nearer examination I found they were a sisterhood of coquettes, disguised in that precise habit. I was soon after taken out to dance, and, as I fancied, by a woman of the first quality, for she was very tall, and moved gracefully. As soon as the minuet was over, we ogled one another through our masks; and as I am very well read in Waller, I repeated to her the four following verses out of his poem to Vandyke:

The heedless lover does not know
Whose eyes they are that wound him so;
But confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.

I pronounced these words with such a languishing air that I had some reason to conclude I had made a conquest. She told me that she hoped my foot was not akin to my tongue, and looking upon her watch, I accidentally discovered the figure of a coronet on the back part of it. I was so transported with the thought of such an amour, that I plied her from one room to another with all the gallantries I could invent; and at length brought things to so happy an issue, that she gave me a private meeting the next day, without page or footman, coach or equipage. My heart danced in raptures, but I had not lived this golden dream above three days, before I found good reason to wish that I had continued true to my laundress. I have since heard, by a very great accident, that this fine lady does not live far from Covent-garden, and that I am not the first cully who she has passed herself upon for a countess.

' Thus, Sir, you see how I have mistaken a clove for a Juno; and if you can make any use of this adventure, for the benefit of those who may possibly

as vain young coxcombs as myself, I do most heartily give you leave. I am, Sir,

Your most humble admirer, B. L.'

I design to visit the next masquerade myself, in the same habit I wore at Grand Cairo; and till then shall suspend my judgment of this midnight entertainment.—C.

* * Letters for the Spectator, to be left with Mr. Buckley, at the Dolphin, in Little Britain.—Spect. in folio.

N° 9. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1710–11.

———Tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit aris.

JUV. Sat. xv. 163.

Tiger with tiger, bear with bear, you'll find
In leagues offensive and defensive join'd.—TATE.

MAN is said to be a sociable animal, and, as an instance of it, we may observe that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of clubs. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance. I know a considerable market-town, in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance. The room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one

by a door of a moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding-doors. If a candidate for this club could make his entrance through the first door, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he got through the passage, and could not force his way through the folding-doors were immediately thrown open to his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted of only fifteen persons, weighed above three ton.

In opposition to this society, there sprang up another composed of scarecrows and skeletons, being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren. They represented as men of dangerous principles, till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the magistracy. These factions tore the corporation in pieces for several years, till at length they came to this accommodation; that the two bailiffs of the town should be annually chosen out of the two clubs; by which means the principal magistrates are at this time coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the club, or rather confederacy, of the Kings. This grand alliance was formed a little after the return of King Charles the Second, and admitted into it men of all qualifications and professions, provided they agreed in the support of the King, which, as they imagined, sufficiently distinguished the owners of it to be altogether untainted by the publican and anti-monarchical principles.

A Christian name has likewise been often used as a badge of distinction, and made the occasion of a club. That of the George's, which used to be denoted by the sign of the George, on St. George's-day, and the swear 'Before George,' is still fresh in every man's memory.

There are at present, in several parts of the

they call street-clubs, in which the chief inhabitants of the street converse together every night. When, upon my inquiring after lodgings in a street, the landlord, to recommend that part of the town, told me there was at that time a good club in it; he also told me, upon farther acquaintance with him, that two or three noisy country gentlemen, who were settled there the year before, had considerably sunk the price of house-rent; and that he (to prevent the like inconveniences for the future) had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found it for it, of a sociable nature and good conversation.

The Hum-drum club, of which I was formerly an honorary member, was made up of very honest persons of peaceable dispositions, that used to meet, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till late. The Mum club (as I am informed) is an association of the same nature, and as great an enemy to conversation.

For these two innocent societies, I cannot forget mentioning a very mischievous one, that was founded in the reign of King Charles the Second: I mean the club of Duellists, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man. The president it was said to have killed half a dozen in combat; and as for the other members, they took their seats according to the number of their wounds. There was likewise a side-table, for such as were drawn blood, and shewn a laudable ambition in taking the first opportunity to qualify themselves for the first table. This club, consisting only of gentlemen of honour, did not continue long, most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, after their institution.

Modern celebrated clubs are founded upon

eating and drinking, which are points where men agree, and in which the learned and the rate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The club itself is said to have taken its original from the mutton-pie. The Beef-steak † and October club are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, and may form a judgment of them from their titles.

When men are thus knit together, by a society, not a spirit of faction, and do not censure or annoy those that are absent, but assist one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, at least to relax themselves from the business of the day, by an innocent and cheerful conversation, may be something very useful in these little societies and establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this paper with a scheme of laws that I met with upon a wall in a little alehouse. How I came thither I mention to my reader at a more convenient time. Till

* An account of this club, which took its name from the mutton-pie, the maker of their mutton-pies, has been published in a new edition of the Tatler, with notes, in 6 vols. The portraits of its members were drawn by Kneller, who was himself a member, and all portraits of the same dimensions and at this time called kit-cat pictures. The original picture is now the property of William Baker, Esq. to whom it was an inheritance from J. Tonson, who was secretary to the Queen Anne's reign comprehended above forty notable gentlemen of the first rank for quality, merit, and friendship to the Hanoverian succession.

† Of this club, it is said, that Mrs. Woffington, the most beautiful woman in it, was president; Richard Estcourt, the comeliest man, their providore, and as an honourable badge of his office, he wore a small gridiron of gold hung round his neck with a ribbon.

were enacted by a knot of artisans and mechanics, who used to meet every night; and as there is something in them which gives us a pretty picture of low life, I shall transcribe them word for word.

Rules to be observed in the Two-penny club, erected in this place for the preservation of friendship and good neighbourhood.

I. Every member at his first coming in shall lay down his two-pence.

II. Every member shall fill his pipe out of his own box.

III. If any member absents himself he shall forfeit a penny for the use of the club, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment.

IV. If any member swears or curses, his neighbour may give him a kick upon the shins.

V. If any member tells stories in the club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third lie an halfpenny.

VI. If any member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his club for him.

VII. If any member brings his wife into the club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes.

VIII. If any member's wife comes to fetch him home from the club, she shall speak to him without the door.

IX. If any member calls another a cuckold, he shall be turned out of the club.

X. None shall be admitted into the club that is of the same trade with any member of it.

XI. None of the club shall have his clothes or shoes made or mended, but by a brother member.

XII. No non-juror shall be capable of being a member.

The morality of this little club is guarded by such wholesome laws and penalties, that I question not

but my reader will be as well pleased with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Contrivales* of Ben Jonson, the regulations of an old Roman club cited by Lipsius, or the rules of a *Symposium* in an ancient Greek author.

N° 10. MONDAY, MARCH 12, 1710-11.

Non aliter quàm qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigiis subigit; si brachia fortè remisit,
Atque illum in præceps prono caput alveus amni.

VIRG. Georg. l. 206.

So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream:
But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.

DRYDEN.

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day: so that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a moderate computation, I may reckon about threescore thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and inattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to

the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting stars of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, and I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly, into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow for a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates, that he brought Philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought Philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables, and in coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea-equipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses's serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the Spectator appears, the other public prints will vanish; but I shall leave it to my reader's consideration, whether it is not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self, than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland: and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to increase hatreds, and make enmities irreconcilable.

In the next place I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I

mean the fraternity of Spectators, who live in the world without having any thing to do in it; and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind, but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative tradesmen, titular physicians, fellows of the royal society, templars that are not given to be contentious, and statesmen that are out of business; in short, every one that considers the world as a theatre, and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring; and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve o'clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sets, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise them that I will daily rustle into them such sound and wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful than to the female world. I have often

that there has not been sufficient pains taken in
laying out proper employments and diversions for
our ones. Their amusements seem contrived
for them, rather as they are women, than as they
are reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to
the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great
piece of business, and the right adjusting of their
clothes the principal employment of their lives. The
making of a suit of ribands is reckoned a very good
housewife's work; and if they make an excursion to
a jeweller's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes
them unfit for any thing else all the day after.
The more serious occupations are sewing and em-
broidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation
of jellies and sweetmeats. This, I say, is the state
of ordinary women; though I know there are mul-
titudes of those of a more elevated life and conver-
sation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge
and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to
the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and
respect, as well as love, into their male beholders.
To increase the number of these by publishing
this daily paper, which I shall always endeavour to
be an innocent if not an improving entertainment,
by that means at least divert the minds of my
readers from greater trifles. At the same
time as I would fain give some finishing touches to
those which are already the most beautiful pieces in
human nature, I shall endeavour to point out all
the imperfections that are the blemishes, as well
as the virtues which are the embellishments of the
sex. In the mean while, I hope these my gentle
readers, who have so much time on their hands, will
not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a
reading this paper, since they may do it without any
interference to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers

are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day; but to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great railery to the small wits, who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, and desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is his time to give over, with many other little pleasures of the like nature, which men of a little sense and genius cannot forbear throwing out against the best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember, that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of railery.—C.

N^o 11. TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1710-11.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.—*Juv. Sat. ii.*

The doves are censur'd, while the crows are spar'd.

ARIETTA is visited by all persons of both sexes who have any pretence to wit and gallantry. She is in that time of life which is neither affected with the follies of youth, nor infirmities of age; and her conversation is so mixed with gaiety and prudence that she is agreeable both to the old and the young. Her behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blamable; as she is out of the track of all amorous or ambitious pursuits of her own, her visitors entertain her with accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their passions or their interests. I made her a visit this afternoon, having

merly introduced to the honour of her acquaintance by my friend Will Honeycomb, who has upon her to admit me sometimes into company, as a civil inoffensive man. I found I was accompanied with one person only, a common-sinker, who, upon my entrance, arose, and with very slight civility sat down again; then, turning to Arietta, pursued his discourse, which I was upon the old topic of constancy in love. He went on with great facility in repeating what he had every day of his life; and with the ornaments of significant laughs and gestures, enforced his assertions by quotations out of plays and songs, allude to the perjuries of the fair, and the levity of women. Methought he strove to outdo more than ordinarily in his talkative way, he might insult my silence, and distinguish himself before a woman of Arietta's taste and understanding. She had often an inclination to interpose, but could find no opportunity, till he was wearied of himself, which it did not till he had related and murdered the celebrated story of the unchaste Matron.

He seemed to regard this piece of raillery as done to her sex; as indeed I have always observed that women, whether out of a nicer regard to honour, or what other reason I cannot tell, are more sensibly touched with those general aspersions which are cast upon their sex, than men are by the same of theirs.

As she had a little recovered herself from the anger she was in, she replied in the following manner.

When I consider how perfectly new all you say on this subject is, and that the story you tell us is not quite two thousand years old, I must think it a piece of presumption to dis-

pute it with you : but your quotations put me in mind of the fable of the lion and the man. The contest with that noble animal, shewed him, in the exhibition of human superiority, a sign of being a lion. Upon which, the lion said to the man, " We lions are none of us painters, else we should shew a hundred men killed by lions, for we are never killed by a man." You men are writers, and you present us women as unbecoming as you are in your works, while we are unable to return your compliments. You have twice or thrice observed in your writings that hypocrisy is the very foundation of education ; and that an ability to dissemble and dissimulation is a professed part of our breeding. To such other reflections are sprinkled up and down the writings of all ages, by authors, who leave behind them memorials of their resentment against the weakness of particular women, in invectives against the whole sex. Such a writer, I doubt not, was the character of Petronius, who invented the pleasant aggravation of the frailty of the Ephesian lady ; but when we consider this question between the sexes, which is either a point of dispute or raillery ever since the world were men and women, let us take facts from the writings of people, and from such as have not either an abundance or capacity to embellish their narrations with the beauties of imagination. I was the other day conversing myself with Lignon's Account of Barbadoes, in answer to your well-wrought tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my memory) out of the mouth of the traveller, in his fifty-fifth page, the history of the island and Yarrico.

" Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, age thirty years, embarked in the Downs, in the ship called the Achilles, bound for the West-India, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventures

kind son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of study, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and gain, and preventing the natural impulses of passion, by prepossession towards his interests. A mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person very agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some bay, put into a creek on the main of America, in want of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of the story, among others went on shore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the bushes for that purpose. The English unadvisedly went a great distance from the shore into the interior, and were intercepted by the natives, who were the greatest number of them. Our adventurer fled, among others, by flying into a forest. Upon coming into a remote and pathless part of the woods, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a grassy hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise they were mutually agreeable to each other. If the Englishman was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American; the Indian was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and then led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour

to that of her fingers : then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles and beads. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most pretty-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyage communicated to his mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals ; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

“ To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming

lish territories, began seriously to reflect
loss of time, and to weigh with himself how
his interest of his money he had lost during
with Yarico. This thought made the young
man, and careful what account he should be
give his friends of his voyage. Upon which
occasion, the prudent and frugal young man sold
to a Barbadian merchant; notwithstanding
poor girl to incline him to commiserate her
and, told him that she was with child by him :
he only made use of that information, to rise in
hands upon the purchaser." "

so touched with this story (which I think
be always a counterpart to the Ephesian
that I left the room with tears in my eyes,
woman of Arietta's good sense did, I am
for greater applause than any compliments
make her.—R.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1710-11.

—Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.

PERS. Sat. v 92

* th' old woman from thy trembling heart.

coming to London, it was some time before
I could settle myself in a house to my liking. I was
to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an of-
fending landlady, that would be asking me every
day how I had slept. I then fell into an honest
and lived very happily for above a week ;
my landlord, who was a jolly good-natured
fellow took it into his head that I wanted company,
and therefore would frequently come into my cham-

ber, to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my jolly landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest hearty man, had put me into an advertisement in the Daily Courant, in the following words: 'Whereas a melancholy man left his lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterward seen going towards Islington: if any one can give notice of him to R. B. fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains.' As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my landlord the fishmonger not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this very day.

I am now settled with a widow woman, who has a great many children, and complies with my humour in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together these five years; my coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it; if I want fire I point to my chimney, if water to my bason; upon which my landlady nods, as much as to say, she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise modelled her family so well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his eldest sister immediately calls him off, and bids him not to disturb the gentleman. At my first entering into the family, I was troubled with the civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the room; but my landlady observing that upon these occasions I always cried Pish, and went out again, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house; so that at present I walk into the kitchen or parlour, without being taken notice of, or

any interruption to the business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress (whom I am by) whether the gentleman is ready for dinner, as the mistress (who is indeed an excellent housewife) scolds at the servants as heartily in my face, as behind my back. In short, I move about down the house, and enter into all company with the same liberty as a cat, or any other domestic animal, and am as little suspected of telling anything that I hear or see.

I remember last winter there were several young men of the neighbourhood sitting about the fire with the lady's daughters, and telling stories of spectral apparitions. Upon my opening the door the young women broke off their discourse, but my lady's daughters telling them that it was nobody but the gentleman (for that is the name which I go by in the neighbourhood, as well as in the family), went on without minding me. I seated myself by the candle that stood on a table at one end of the room; and pretending to read a book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of ghosts, as pale as ashes, that had stood at the foot of a bed, or walked over a church-yard by night; and of others that had been conjured up by the Red-sea, for disturbing people's rest, and pulling their curtains at midnight, with many other women's fables of the like nature. As one spoke of another, I observed that at the end of the story the whole company closed their ranks, and crowded about the fire. I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was so attentive to every thing that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed before himself this twelvemonth. Indeed they talked so long, that the imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and, I am sure, will be the same for it as long as they live. I heard one of the

girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder asking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself, if I did not retire; for which reason I took the candle into my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from these little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years. I have known a soldier that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow, and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who the day before had marched against a battery of cannon. There are instances of persons, who have been terrified even to distraction at the figure of a tree, or the shaking of a bulrush. The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of life, next to a clear judgment and a good conscience. In the mean time, since there are very few whose minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them by the dictates of reason and religion, 'to pull the old woman out of our hearts' (as Persius expresses it in the motto of my paper), and extinguish those impertinent notions which we imbibed at a time that we were unable to judge of their absurdity. Or, if we believe as many wise and good men have done, that there are such phantoms and apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to ourselves an interest in him who holds the reins of the whole creation in his hands, and moderates them all in such a manner, that it is impossible for one being

break loose upon another, without his knowledge and permission.

For my own part, I am apt to join in the opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits ; and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions, when we think ourselves most alone ; but instead of terrifying myself with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable society in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same consort of praise and adoration.

Milton has finely described this mixed communion of men and spirits in paradise ; and had doubtless his eye upon a verse in old Hesiod, which is almost word for word the same with his third line in the following passage :

————Nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise :
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep ;
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator ? Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n.

PARAD. LOST.

C.

N^o 13. THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1711

Dio mihi, si fueris tu leo, qualis eris ?—MART.

Were you a lion, how would you behave ?

THERE is nothing that of late years has afforded of greater amusement to the town than Nicolini's combat with a lion in the Haymarket has been very often exhibited to the general faction of most of the nobility and gentry in the dom of Great Britain. Upon the first rumour intended combat, it was confidently affirmed, still believed, by many in both galleries, that would be a tame lion sent from the tower every night, in order to be killed by Hydaspes: this though altogether groundless, so universal prevailed in the upper regions of the playhouse, that some of the most refined politicians in those the audience gave it out in whisper, that the a cousin-german of the tiger who made his appearance in King William's days, and that there would be supplied with lions at the public order during the whole session. Many likewise formed conjectures of the treatment which this hero would meet with from the hands of Signior Nicolini: some supposed that he was to subdue him in reciting Orpheus used to serve the wild beasts in his den, and afterward to knock him on the head; others fancied that the lion would not pretend to lay hands upon the hero, by reason of the received maxim, that a lion will not hurt a virgin. Several, who pretended to have seen the opera in Italy, had informed their friends, that the lion was to act a part of a Dutch, and roar twice or thrice to a thorough

fell at the feet of Hydaspes. To clear up that was so variously reported, I have made it my business to examine whether this pretended lion was the savage he appears to be, or only a coun-

Before I communicate my discoveries, I must tell the reader, that upon my walking behind the theatre last winter, as I was thinking on some business, I accidentally justled against a monstrous creature that extremely startled me, and upon my survey of it, appeared to be a lion rampant. Seeing me very much surprised, told me, in a low voice, that I might come by him if I pleased; and he, 'I do not intend to hurt any body.' He then looked at him very kindly, and passed by him: and a little time after saw him leap upon the stage, and depart with very great applause. It has been reported by several, that the lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice since his first appearance; which will not seem strange, when I acquaint the reader that the lion has been changed upon the stage three several times. The first lion was a snuffer, who being a fellow of a testy choler, overdid his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done. Besides, it was observed of him, that he grew very angry every time that he came out of the lion; and he dropped some words in ordinary conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he was himself to be thrown upon his back in the end of the match. And that he would wrestle with Mr. Nicolini if he pleased, out of his lion's skin, it was thought proper to discard him: and it is verily believed this day, that had he been brought upon the stage another time, he would certainly have done so. Besides, it was objected against the first lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder

paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old man than a lion.

The second lion was a tailor by trade, who belonged to the playhouse, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish for his part; inasmuch, that after a short modest walk upon the stage, he would fall at the first touch of Hydaspes, without grappling with him, and giving him an opportunity of shewing his variety of Italian trips. It is said, indeed, that he once gave him a rip in his flesh-colour doublet: but this was only to make work for himself, in his private character of a tailor. I must not omit, that it was this second lion who treated me with so much humanity behind the scenes.

The acting lion at present is, as I am informed, a country gentleman, who does it for his diversion, but desires his name may be concealed. He says, very handsomely, in his own excuse, that he does not act for gain, that he indulges an innocent pleasure in it, and that it is better to pass away an evening in this manner, than in gaming and drinking: but at the same time says, with a very agreeable raillery upon himself, that if his name should be known, the ill-natured world might call him, 'the ass in the lion's skin.' This gentleman's temper is made out of such a happy mixture of the mild and the choleric, that he outdoes both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater audiences than have been known in the memory of man.

I must not conclude my narrative, without taking notice of a groundless report that has been raised to a gentleman's disadvantage, of whom I must declare myself an admirer; namely, that Signior Nicolini and the lion have been seen sitting peaceably by one another, and smoking a pipe together behind the

scenes; by which their common enemies would insinuate, that it is but a sham combat which they represent upon the stage: but upon inquiry I find, that if any such correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the combat was over, when the lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received rules of the drama. Besides this is what is practised every day in Westminster-hall, where nothing is more usual than to see a couple of lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this relation, to reflect upon Signior Nicolini, who in acting this part only complies with the wretched taste of his audience; he knows very well, that the lion has many more admirers than himself; as they say of the famous equestrian statue on the Pont-Neuf at Paris, that more people go to see the horse, than the king who sits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a just indignation to see a person whose action gives new majesty to kings, resolution to heroes, and softness to lovers, thus sinking from the greatness of his behaviour, and degraded into the character of the London Prentice. I have often wished, that our tragedians would copy after this great master of action. Could they make the same use of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as significant looks and passions, how glorious would an English tragedy appear with that action which is capable of giving dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an Italian opera! In the mean time, I have related this combat of the lion, to shew what are at present the reigning entertainments of the politer part of Great Britain.

Audiences have often been reproached by writers for the coarseness of their taste: but our present

grievance does not seem to be the want of a good taste, but of common sense.—C.

N° 14. FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1710-11.

———Teque his, infelix, exue monstria.

OVID. Met. iv. 590.

Wretch that thou art ! put off this monstrous shape.

I WAS reflecting this morning upon the spirit and humour of the public diversions five-and-twenty years ago, and those of the present time ; and lamented to myself, that though in those days they neglected their morality, they kept up their good sense ; but that the beau monde, at present, is only grown more childish, not more innocent, than the former. While I was in this train of thought, an odd fellow, whose face I have often seen at the playhouse, gave me the following letter with these words : ' Sir, the Lion presents his humble service to you, and desired me to give this into your own hands.'

' From my Den in the Haymarket, March 15.

' SIR,

' I have read all your papers, and have stifled my resentment against your reflections upon operas, until that of this day, wherein you plainly insinuate that Signior Nicolini and myself have a correspondence more friendly than is consistent with the value of his character, or the fierceness of mine. I desire you would, for your own sake, forbear such intimations for the future ; and must say it is a great piece of ill nature in you, to shew so great an esteem for a foreigner, and to discourage a Lion that is your own countryman.

‘ I take notice of your fable of the lion and man, but am so equally concerned in that matter, that I shall not be offended to which soever of the animals the superiority is given. You have misrepresented me, in saying that I am a country gentleman, who act only for my diversion ; whereas, had I still the same woods to range in which I once had when I was a fox-hunter, I should not resign my manhood for a maintenance ; and assure you, as low as my circumstances are at present, I am so much a man of honour, that I would scorn to be any beast for bread, but a lion. Yours, &c.’

‘ I had no sooner ended this, than one of my lady’s children brought me in several others, with some of which I shall make up my present paper, they all having a tendency to the same subject, viz. the elegance of our present diversions.

‘ SIR,

Covent-Garden, March 13.

‘ I have been for twenty years under-sexton of this parish of St. Paul’s, Covent-Garden, and have not missed tolling in to prayers six times in all those years ; which office I have performed to my great satisfaction, until this fortnight last past, during which time I find my congregation take the warning of my bell, morning and evening, to go to a puppet-show set forth by one Powell under the Piazzas. By this means I have not only lost my two customers, whom I used to place for sixpence a-piece over against Mrs. Rachael Eyebright, but Mrs. Rachael herself is gone thither also. There now appear among us none but a few ordinary people, who come to church only to say their prayers, so that I have no work worth speaking of but on Sundays. I have placed my son at the Piazzas, to acquaint the ladies that the bell rings for church, and that it stands on the other side of the garden ! but they only laugh at the child.

‘ I desire you would lay this before all the world, that I may not be made such a tool for the future, and that Punchinello may choose hours less canonical. As things are now, Mr. Powell has a full congregation, while we have a very thin house ; which if you can remedy, you will very much oblige,
Sir, yours, &c.’

The following epistle I find is from the undertaker of the masquerade.

‘ SIR,

‘ I have observed the rules of my mask so carefully (in not inquiring into persons) that I cannot tell whether you were one of the company or not, last Tuesday ; but if you were not, and still design to come, I desire you would, for your own entertainment, please to admonish the town, that all persons indifferently are not fit for this sort of diversion. I could wish, Sir, you could make them understand that it is a kind of acting to go in masquerade, and a man should be able to say or do things proper to the dress in which he appears. We have now gentlemen rakes in the habit of Roman senators, and great politicians in the dress of rakes. The misfortune of the thing is, that people dress themselves in what they have a mind to be, and not what they are fit for. There is not a girl in the town, but let her have her will in going to a mask, and she shall dress as a shepherdess. But let me beg of them to read the *Arcadia*, or some other good romance, before they appear in any such character at my house. The last day we presented, every body was so rashly habited, that when they came to speak to each other, a nymph with a crook had not a word to say but in the per style of the pit bawdry ; and a man in the habit of a philosopher was speechless, till an occasion offered of expressing himself in the refuse of the tyring room.

We had a judge that danced a minuet, with a quaker for his partner, while half a dozen harlequins stood by as spectators: a Turk drank me off two bottles of wine, and a Jew eat me up half a ham of bacon. If I can bring my design to bear, and make the maskers preserve their characters in my assemblies, I hope you will allow there is a foundation laid for more elegant and improving gallantries than any the town at present affords, and consequently that you will give your approbation to the endeavours of, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant.'

I am very glad the following epistle obliges me to mention Mr. Powell a second time in the same paper; for indeed there cannot be too great encouragement given to his skill in motions*, provided he is under proper restrictions.

* SIR,

'The opera at the Haymarket, and that under the little Piazza in Covent-Garden, being at present the two leading diversions of the town, and Mr. Powell professing in his advertisements to set up Whittington and his Cat against Rinaldo and Armida, my curiosity led me the beginning of last week to view both these performances, and make my observations upon them.

'First, therefore, I cannot but observe that Mr. Powell wisely forbearing to give his company a bill of fare before-hand, every scene is new and unexpected; whereas it is certain, that the undertakers of the Haymarket, having raised too great an expectation in their printed opera, very much disappoint their audience on the stage.

'The King of Jerusalem is obliged to come from the city on foot, instead of being drawn in a triumphant chariot by white horses, as my opera-book had

* Puppet-shows were formerly called motions.

promised me; and thus while I expected Armida's dragons should rush forward towards Argentes, I found the hero was obliged to go to Armida, and hand her out of her coach. We had also but a very short allowance of thunder and lightning; though I cannot in this place omit doing justice to the boy who had the direction of the two painted dragons, and made them spit fire and smoke. He flashed out his rosin in such just proportions, and in such due time, that I could not forbear conceiving hopes of his being one day a most excellent player. I saw, indeed, but two things wanting to render his whole action complete, I mean the keeping his head a little lower, and hiding his candle.

'I observe that Mr. Powell and the undertakers of the opera had both the same thought, and I think much about the same time, of introducing animals on their several stages, though indeed with very different success. The sparrows and chaffinches at the Haymarket fly as yet very irregularly over the stage; and instead of perching on the trees, and performing their parts, these young actors either get into the galleries, or put out the candles; whereas Mr. Powell has so well disciplined his pig, that in the first scene he and Punch dance a minuet together. I am informed, however, that Mr. Powell resolves to excel his adversaries in their own way; and introduce larks in his next opera of *Susannah, or Innocence Betrayed*, which will be exhibited next week, with a pair of new Elders.

'The moral of Mr. Powell's drama is violated, I confess, by Punch's national reflections on the French; and King Harry's laying his leg upon the Queen's lap, in too ludicrous a manner, before so great an assembly.

'As to the mechanism and scenery, every thing, indeed, was uniform, and of a piece, and the scenes were managed very dexterously; which calls on me

Take notice, that at the Haymarket, the under-actors forgetting to change the side-scenes, we were presented with a prospect of the ocean in the midst of a delightful grove; and though the gentlemen on stage had very much contributed to the beauty of the grove, by walking up and down between the trees, I must own I was not a little astonished to see a full-dressed young fellow, in a full-bottomed wig, standing in the midst of the sea, and without any visible concern taking snuff.

I shall only observe one thing farther, in which the two dramas agree; which is, that by the squeak of their voices the heroes of each are eunuchs; and as the wit in both pieces is equal, I must prefer the performance of Mr. Powell, because it is in our own language.
I am, &c.'

15. SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1710-11.

Parva leves capiunt animos—OVID. *Ars Am.* i. 159.

Light minds are pleas'd with trifles.

WHEN I was in France, I used to gaze with great astonishment at the splendid equipages and party-coated habits of that fantastic nation. I was one day particularly contemplating a lady that sat in a coach lined with gilded Cupids, and finely painted with the loves of Venus and Adonis. The coach was drawn by six milk-white horses, and loaded behind with the same number of powdered footmen. Just before the coach were a couple of beautiful pages, that were stuck up in the harness, and by their gay dresses and handsome features, looked like the elder brothers of the

little boys that were carved and painted corner of the coach.

The lady was the unfortunate Cleanthe, who gave an occasion to a pretty melancholy. She had, for several years, received dresses of a gentleman, whom, after a long intimate acquaintance, she forsook, upon the loss of this shining equipage, which had been given her by one of great riches, but a crazy conceit. The circumstances in which I saw her, were, not the disguises only of a broken heart, and a pageantry to cover distress, for in two months she was carried to her grave with the same pomp and magnificence, being sent thither partly by the loss of one lover, and partly by the possession of another.

I have often reflected with myself on the countable humour in womankind, of being content with every thing that is showy and superficial, and on the numberless evils that befall the sex, from a light fantastical disposition. I myself remember a young lady that was very warmly solicited by a great number of importunate rivals, who, for several months together, did all they could to recommend themselves by complacency of behaviour, and agreeable conversation. At length when the competition was doubtful, and the lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young lovers very luckily bethought himself of adding a supernumerary lace to his ruff, which had so good an effect, that he married her the very week after.

The usual conversation of ordinary women much cherishes this natural weakness of being content with outside and appearance. Talk of a new couple, and you immediately hear whether they have their coach and six, or eat in plate. Mention the name of an absent lady, and it is ten to one you learn something of her gown and petticoat. A

up to discourse, and a birth-day furnishes on for a twelvemonth after. A furbelow, a stone, a hat buttoned with a diamond, a waistcoat or petticoat, are standing topics. They consider only the drapery of the speaker, and cast away a thought on those ornaments of the mind that make persons illustrious in themselves, and useful to others. When women are actually dazzling one another's imaginations, their heads with nothing but colours, it is not that they are more attentive to the superficial, than the solid and substantial blessings of life, who has been trained up in this kind of education, is in danger of every embroidered coat in her way. A pair of fringed gloves may do. In a word, lace and ribands, silver and jewels, with the like glittering gewgaws are treasures to women of weak minds and low education, when artificially displayed, are able to attract the most airy coquette from the wildest rambles.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an aversion to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select persons; it loves shade and solitude, and natural beauties, groves and fountains, fields and meadows. In short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of eyes and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness consists in to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of all upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, or the admiration which she raises in others. She is only at home in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is seen.

Aurelia, though a woman of great quality, in the privacy of a country life, and passing great part of her time in her own walks and retirements. Her husband, who is her bosom friend and companion in her solitudes, has been in love with her since he knew her. They both abound in sense, consummate virtue, and a mutual esteem, which are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under so regular an economy, in the distribution of devotion and repast, employment and recreation, that it looks like a little commonwealth within itself. They often go into company, that they may be with the greater delight to one another; and sometimes live in town, not to enjoy it so properly, but to grow weary of it, that they may renew in the country the relish of a country life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their friends, and adored by their servants, and are become the glory, or rather the delight, of all that know them.

How different to this is the life of Fulvia. She considers her husband as her steward, and looks upon discretion and good housewifery as her domestic virtues, unbecoming a woman of quality. She thinks life lost in her own family, and is not herself out of the world when she is not in the playhouse, or the drawing-room. She is in a perpetual motion of body, and restless in thought, and is never easy in any one place. When she thinks there is more company in another house, the missing of an opera the first night would be as afflicting to her than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own sex, and looks upon every woman of a prudent, modest, and retired life as a poor-spirited, unpolished creature. What mortification would it be to Fulvia, if she knew herself setting herself to view is but exposing her faults, and that she grows contemptible by being conspicious.

cannot conclude my paper, without observing, Virgil has very finely touched upon this female as for dress and show, in the character of Helen; who, though she seems to have shaken off other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us, after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately cast her eye on a Trojan, who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, a mantle of the finest purple. 'A golden bow,' he says, 'hung upon his shoulder; his garment was fastened with a golden clasp, and his head covered with a helmet of the same shining metal.' The poet immediately singled out this well-dressed man, being seized with a woman's longing for the trappings that he was adorned with:

—Totumque incanta per agmen
 confuso prædæ et spoliis ardebat amore.—Æn. xi. 782.

A heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles, which (by a nice concealed moral) represents to us the destruction of his female hero.—C.

16. MONDAY, MARCH 19, 1710-11.

Verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.
 Hon. 1 Ep. i. 11.

Right, what true, what fit we justly call,
 Must be all my care—for this is all.—Pope.

I received a letter, desiring me to be very careful upon the little muff that is now in fashion; and informs me of a pair of silver garters buckled to the knee, that have been lately seen at the

Rainbow coffee-house in Fleet-street; a third sends me a heavy complaint against fringed gloves. To be brief, there is scarce an ornament of either sex which one or other of my correspondents has not inveighed against with some bitterness, and recommended to my observation. I must, therefore, once for all, inform my readers, that it is not my intention to sink the dignity of this my paper, with reflections upon red heels or top-knots, but rather to enter into the passions of mankind, and to correct those depraved sentiments that give birth to all those little extravagances which appear in their outward dress and behaviour. Foppish and fantastic ornaments are only indications of vice, not criminal in themselves. Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little superfluities of garments and equipage. The blossoms will fall of themselves when the root that nourishes them is destroyed.

I shall therefore, as I have said, apply my remedies to the first seeds and principles of an affected dress, without descending to the dress itself; though at the same time I must own that I have thought of creating an officer under me, to be entitled, The Censor of Small Wares, and of allotting him one day in the week for the execution of such his office. An operator of this nature might act under me, with the same regard as a surgeon to a physician: the one might be employed in healing those blotches and tumours which break out in the body, while the other is sweetening the blood, and rectifying the constitution. To speak truly, the young people of both sexes are so wonderfully apt to shoot out in long swords or sweeping trains, bushy head-dresses or full-bottomed periwigs, with several other encumbrances of dress, that they stand in need of being pruned very frequently, lest they should be oppressed with ornaments, and overrun with the luxuriance

their habits. I am much in doubt, whether I should give the preference to a Quaker that is muffled close, and almost cut to the quick, or to a man that is loaden with such a redundance of ex-cessences. I must therefore desire my correspond-ents to let me know how they approve my project, and whether they think the erecting of such a petty worship may not turn to the emolument of the public; for I would not do any thing of this nature rashly and without advice.

There is another set of correspondents to whom I must address myself in the second place; I mean such as fill their letters with private scandal, and ask accounts of particular persons and families. The world is so full of ill-nature, that I have lampoons sent me by people who cannot spell, and verses composed by those who scarce know how to write. By the last post, in particular, I received a packet of scandal which is not legible; and have a whole bundle of letters in women's hands, that are full of blots and calumnies, insomuch, that when I see the name of Cælia, Phillis, Pastora, or the like, at the bottom of a scrawl, I conclude of course that it brings me some account of a fallen virgin, a faithless wife, or an amorous widow. I must therefore inform these my correspondents, that it is not my design to be a publisher of intrigues and cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous stories out of their present hiding-places into broad day-light. If I attack the vicious, I shall only set upon them in a body; and I shall not be provoked by the worst usage I can receive from others, to make an example of any particular criminal. In short, I have so much of a Draw-sword in me, that I shall pass over a single foe to engage whole armies. It is not Lais or Silenus, but a harlot and the drunkard, whom I shall endeavour to expose; and shall consider the crime as it ap-

pers in the species, not as it is circumstance individual. I think it was Caligula, who when the whole city of Rome had but one neck, that he beheaded them at a blow. I shall do, out of his name, what that emperor would have done in the name of his temper, and aim every stroke at a common body of offenders. At the same time I am very sensible that nothing spreads a paper like calumny and defamation; but as my spectators are not under this necessity, they are not so liable to this temptation.

In the next place, I must apply myself to my party correspondents, who are continually pressing me to take notice of one another's proceedings. How often am I asked by both sides, if it is not for me to be an unconcerned spectator of the parties that are committed by the party which I am opposite to him that writes the letter. About ten years since, I was reproached with an old Greek proverb that forbids any man to stand as a neutral looker-on, in the divisions of his country. He that says as I am very sensible my paper would lose its effect, should it run out into the outrages of party. I shall take care to keep clear of every thing that looks that way. If I can any way assuage party inflammations, or allay public ferments, I shall apply myself to it with my utmost endeavours: I shall never let my heart reproach me with having done any thing towards increasing those feuds and animosities, that extinguish religion, deface government, and make a nation miserable.

What I have said under the three foregoing heads, I am afraid, very much retrench the number of my correspondents. I shall therefore acquaint my reader, that if he has started any hint which I am not able to pursue, if he has met with any surprising story which he does not know how to tell, if

erred any epidemical vice which has escaped observation, or has heard of any uncommon virtue which he would desire to publish; in short, if any materials that can furnish out an innocent diversion, I shall promise him my best assistance in working of them up for a public entertainment. The paper my reader will find was intended for answer to a multitude of correspondents; but I will pardon me if I single out one of them particular, who has made me so very humble a student, that I cannot forbear complying with it.

‘TO THE SPECTATOR.

SIR,

March 15, 1710-11.

I am at present so unfortunate as to have nothing but to mind my own business; and therefore I beg of you that you will be pleased to put me into a small post under you. I observe that you have appointed your printer and publisher to receive letters and advertisements for the city of London, and I shall think myself very much honoured by you, if you will appoint me to take in letters and advertisements for the city of Westminster and the duchy of Lancaster. Though I cannot promise to fill such an employment with sufficient abilities, I will endeavour to make up with industry and fidelity what I want in parts and genius.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

CHARLES LILLIE.’

Nº 17. TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1710-11.

Tetrum ante omnia vultum.—Juv. x. 191.

—A visage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatured.

SINCE our persons are not of our own making, when they are such as appear defective or uncomely, it is methinks, an honest and laudable fortitude to dare to be ugly; at least to keep ourselves from being abashed with a consciousness of imperfections which we cannot help, and in which there is no guilt. I would not defend a haggard beau, for passing away much time at a glass, and giving softness and languishing graces to deformity: all I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our countenance and shape, so far, as never to give ourselves an uneasy reflection on that subject. It is to the ordinary people who are not accustomed to make very proper remarks on any occasion, matter of great jest, if a man enters with a prominent pair of shoulders into an assembly, or is distinguished by an expansion of mouth, or obliquity of aspect. It is happy for a man that has any of these oddnesses about him, if he can be as merry upon himself, as others are apt to be upon that occasion. When he can possess himself with such a cheerfulness, women and children, who are at first frightened at him, will afterwards be as much pleased with him. As it is barbarous in others to rally him for natural defects, it is extremely agreeable when he can jest upon himself for them.

Madam Maintenon's first husband was a hero in

kind, and has drawn many pleasantries from the clarity of his shape, which he describes as very much resembling the letter Z. He diverts himself also by representing to his reader the make of an axe and pulley, with which he used to take off his

When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a visage, and the owner of it thinks it an affront of dignity, he must be of very great quality to exempt from raillery. The best expedient therefore is to be pleasant upon himself. Prince Harry Falstaff, in Shakspeare, having carried the ridicule upon fat and lean, as far as it will go. Falstaff morosely called woolsack, bedpresser, and hill-top; Harry, a starveling, an elves-skin, a sheath, a case, and a tuck. There is in several incidents of the conversation between them, the jest caught up upon the person. Great tenderness and delicacy in this point is one of the greatest weaknesses of self-love. For my own part, I am a little copy in the mould of my face, which is not quite so long as it is broad. Whether this might not arise from my opening my mouth much seldom than other people, and by consequence not much lengthening the fibres of my visage, I do not at leisure to determine. However it be, I have been often put out of countenance by the shortness of my face, and was formerly at great pains in concealing it by wearing a periwig with a high top, and letting my beard grow. But now I have thoroughly got over this delicacy, and could be contented with a much shorter, provided it might serve me for a member of the merry club, which the following letter gives me an account of. I have received it from Oxford, and as it abounds with the spirit of mirth and good humour, which is natural to that place, I shall set it down word for word as it comes to me.

• MOST PROFOUND SIR,

‘ Having been very well entertained, in the last of your speculations that I have yet seen, by your specimen upon clubs, which I therefore hope you will continue, I shall take the liberty to furnish you with a brief account of such a one as, perhaps, you have not seen in all your travels, unless it was your fortune to touch upon some of the woody parts of the African continent, in your voyage to or from Grand Cairo. There have arose in this university (long since you left us without saying any thing) several of these inferior hebdomadal societies, as the Punning club, the Witty club, and amongst the rest, the Handsome club; as a burlesque upon which, a certain merry species, that seem to have come into the world in masquerade, for some years last past have associated themselves together, and assumed the name of the Ugly club. This ill-favoured fraternity consists of a president and twelve fellows; the choice of which is not confined by patent to any particular foundation (as St John’s men would have the world believe, and have therefore erected a separate society within themselves), but liberty is left to elect from any school in Great Britain, provided the candidates be within the rules of the club, as set forth in a table, entitled, The Act of Deformity. A clause or two of which I shall transmit to you.

‘ I. That no person whatsoever shall be admitted without a visible quearity in his aspect, or peculiar cast of countenance; of which the president and officers for the time being are to determine, and the president to have the casting voice.

‘ II. That a singular regard be had upon examination, to the gibbosity of the gentlemen that offer themselves as founder’s kinsmen; or to the obliquity of their figure, in what sort soever.

‘ III. That if the quantity of any man’s nose be

minently miscalculated, whether as to length or breadth, he shall have a just pretence to be elected.

Lastly, That, if there shall be two or more competitors for the same vacancy, *ceteris paribus*, he that has the thickest skin to have the preference.

Every fresh member, upon his first night, is to entertain the company with a dish of cod-fish, and a speech in praise of Æsop, whose portraiture they see in full proportion, or rather disproportion, over the chimney; and their design is, as soon as their funds are sufficient, to purchase the heads of Terence, Duns Scotus, Scarron, Hudibras, and the old gentleman in Oldham, with all the celebrated illnesses of antiquity, as furniture for the club-room.

As they have always been professed admirers of the other sex, so they unanimously declare that they will give all possible encouragement to such as will be the benefit of the statute, though none yet have appeared to do it.

The worthy president, who is their most devoted champion, has lately shewn me two copies of verses, composed by a gentleman of his society; the first, a congratulatory ode, inscribed to Mrs. Touchwood, upon the loss of her two fore teeth; the other, a elegy upon Mrs. Andiron's left shoulder. Mrs. Ward (he says), since the small pox, is grown tolerably ugly, and a top toast in the club; but I never find him so lavish of his fine things, as upon old Mr. Trott, who constantly officiates at their table; he even adores and extols as the very counter-part of Mother Shipton; in short, Nell (says he), is one of the extraordinary works of nature; but as to complexion, shape, and features, so valued by poets, they are all mere outside and symmetry, which is his aversion. Give me leave to add, that the president is a facetious pleasant gentleman, and ever more so, than when he has got (as he calls

them) his dear mummers about him; and he often protests it does him good to meet a fellow with a right genuine grimace in his air (which is so agreeable in the generality of the French nation); and, as an instance of his sincerity in this particular, he gave me a sight of a list in his pocket-book of all this class, who for these five years have fallen under his observation, with himself at the head of them, and in the rear (as one of a promising and improving aspect,) Sir, your obliged and humble servant,

ALEXANDER CARBUNCLE.

Oxford, March 12, 1710.

R.

N° 18. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1710-11.

——— *Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.*

HOR. 2 Ep. i. 187

But now our nobles too are fops and vain,
Neglect the sense, but love the painted scene.—CRÆCH

It is my design in this paper to deliver down to posterity a faithful account of the Italian opera, and of the gradual progress which it has made upon the English stage; for there is no question but our great grand-children will be very curious to know the reason why their forefathers used to sit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not understand.

Arsinoe was the first opera that gave us a taste of Italian music. The great success this opera met with produced some attempts of forming pieces upon Italian plans, which should give a more natural and

reasonable entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that nation. This alarmed the poetasters and fiddlers of the town, who were used to deal in a more ordinary kind of ware; and therefore laid down an established rule, which is received as such to this day, 'That nothing is capable of being well set to music, that is not nonsense.'

This maxim was no sooner received, but we immediately fell to translating the Italian operas; and there was no great danger of hurting the sense of those extraordinary pieces, our authors would then make words of their own which were entirely foreign to the meaning of the passages they pretended to translate; their chief care being to make the numbers of the English verse answer to those of the Italian, that both of them might go to the same tune. Thus the famous song in *Camilla*:

Barbara si t' intendo, &c.

Barbarous woman, yes, I know your meaning,

which expresses the resentments of an angry lover, was translated into that English lamentation:

Frail are a lover's hopes, &c.

And it was pleasant enough to see the most refined persons of the British nation dying away and gasping to notes that were filled with a spirit of rage and indignation. It happened also very frequently, where the sense was rightly translated, the necessary transposition of words, which were drawn out of the phrase of one tongue into that of another, made the music appear very absurd in one tongue but was very natural in the other. I remember an Italian verse that ran thus, word for word:

And turn'd my rage into pity.

which the English for rhyme-sake translated,

And into pity turn'd my rage.

By this means the soft notes that were adapted to pity in the Italian, fell upon the word *rage* in the English; and the angry sounds that were turned to *rage* in the original, were made to express pity in the translation. It oftentimes happened likewise that the finest notes in the air fell upon the most insignificant words in the sentence. I have known the word 'and' pursued through the whole gamut, and have been entertained with many a melodious 'the' and have heard the most beautiful graces, quavers, and divisions, bestowed upon 'then, for, and from' to the eternal honour of our English particles.

The next step to our refinement was the introducing of Italian actors into our opera; who sung their parts in their own language, at the same time that our countrymen performed theirs in our native tongue. The king or hero of the play generally spoke in Italian, and his slaves answered him in English. The lover frequently made his court, and gained the heart of his princess, in a language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on dialogues after this manner without an interpreter between the persons that conversed together; but this was the state of the English stage for about three years.

At length the audience grew tired of understanding half the opera; and therefore, to ease themselves entirely of the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at present, that the whole opera is performed in an unknown tongue. We no longer understand the language of our own stage; insomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian performers chattering in the vehemence of action, that they have been calling us names, and abusing us among themselves; but I hope, since we do put such an entire confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our faces, though they may

with the same safety as if it were behind our backs. In the mean time, I cannot forbear thinking naturally an historian who writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taste of our wise forefathers, will make the following remarks: 'In the beginning of the eighteenth century the Italian tongue was so well understood in England, that operas were acted on the public stage in that language.'

He scarce knows how to be serious in the confusion of an absurdity that shews itself at the first sight.

It does not want any great measure of sense to see the ridicule of this monstrous practice; but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not the fault of the rabble, but of persons of the greatest wisdom, which has established it.

The Italians have a genius for music above the French, the English have a genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would I think it was possible (at a time when an author that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolytus* for a people to be so stupidly fond of the Italian opera as scarce to give a third day's hearing to an admirable tragedy? Music is certainly a very agreeable entertainment: but if it would take the sole possession of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing sense, if it would exclude arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human nature; I must confess I would allow it rather quarter than Plato has done, who banishes it from his commonwealth.

Our present notions of music are so very unimprovable, that we do not know what it is we like; in general, we are transported with any thing that is not English: so it be of a foreign growth, let it be Italian, French, or High Dutch, it is the same

thing. In short, our English music is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead.

When a royal palace is burnt to the ground, every man is at liberty to present his plan for a new one; and though it be but indifferently put together, it may furnish several hints that may be of use to a good architect. I shall take the same liberty, in the following paper, of giving my opinion upon the subject of music; which I shall lay down only in a problematical manner, to be considered by those who are masters in the art.—C.

Nº 19. THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1710-11.

*Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque posilli
Fiaxerunt animi, raro et perpauca loquentis.*

Hon. 1 Sat. iv. 17.

Thank Heaven that made me of an bumble mind;
To action little, less to words inclin'd!

OBSERVING one person behold another, who was an utter stranger to him, with a cast of his eye which methought expressed an emotion of heart very different from what could be raised by an object so agreeable as the gentleman he looked at, I began to consider, not without some secret sorrow, the condition of an envious man. Some have fancied that envy has a certain magical force in it, and that the eyes of the envious have by their fascination blasted the enjoyments of the happy. Sir Francis Bacon says, some have been so curious as to remark the times and seasons when the stroke of an envious eye is most effectually pernicious, and have observed that it has been when the person envied has been

omstance of glory and triumph. At such a mind of the prosperous man goes, as it road, among things without him, and is more to the malignity. But I shall not dwell eculations so abstracted as this, or repeat the excellent things which one might collect out upon this miserable affection; but keep-common road of life, consider the envious relation to these three heads, his pains, his, and his happiness.

envious man is in pain upon all occasions ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his inverted; and the objects which administer best satisfaction to those who are exempt passion, give the quickest pangs to persons are subject to it. All the perfections of low-creatures are odious. Youth, beauty, and wisdom, are provocations of their distaste. What a wretched and apostate state is to be offended with excellence, and to hate a cause we approve him! The condition of envious man is the most emphatically miserable; not only incapable of rejoicing in another's success, but lives in a world wherein all are in a plot against his quiet, by studying to diminish his happiness and advantage. Will Prosper best tale-bearer; he makes it his business to converse with envious men. He points to a handsome young fellow, and whispers that secretly married to a great fortune. When asked, he adds circumstances to prove it; and goes to aggravate their distress, by assuring them, to his knowledge, he has an uncle will give him some thousands. Will has many arts of how to torture this sort of temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and say they wish such a piece of news is true, he

has the malice to speak some good or other of every man of their acquaintance.

The reliefs of the envious man are those little blemishes and imperfections that discover themselves in an illustrious character. It is a matter of great consolation to an envious person, when a man of known honour does a thing unworthy himself, or when any action which was well executed, upon better information appears so altered in its circumstances, that the fame of it is divided among many, instead of being attributed to one. This is a secret satisfaction to these malignants; for the person whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own condition as soon as his merit is shared among others. I remember some years ago there came out an excellent poem without the name of the author. The little wits, who were incapable of writing it, began to pull in pieces the supposed writer. When that would not do, they took great pains to suppress the opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next refuge was to say it was overlooked by one man, and many pages wholly written by another. An honest fellow, who sat amongst a cluster of them in debate on this subject, cried out, 'Gentlemen, if you are sure none of you yourselves had a hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it.' But the most usual succour to the envious, in cases of nameless merit in this kind, is to keep the property, if possible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the reputation of it from falling upon any particular person. You see an envious man clear up his countenance, if, in the relation of any man's great happiness in one point, you mention his uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many children. In a word, the only sure way to an envious man's favour, is not to deserve it.

But if we consider the envious man in delight, it is like reading of the seat of a giant in a romance; the magnificence of his house consists in the many names of men whom he has slain. If any who promised themselves success in any uncommon undertaking miscarry in the attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been useful and laudable, meets with contempt and derision, the envious man, under a colour of hating vain-glory, can smile with an inward wantonness of heart at the ill effect it may have upon an honest ambition for the future.

Having thoroughly considered the nature of this passion, I have made it my study how to avoid the envy that may accrue to me from these my speculations; and if I am not mistaken in myself, I think I have a genius to escape it. Upon hearing in a coffee-house one of my papers commended, I immediately apprehended the envy that would spring from that applause; and therefore gave a description of my face the next day; being resolved, as I was in reputation for wit, to resign my pretensions to beauty. This, I hope, may give some ease to the unhappy gentlemen who do me the honour to torment themselves upon the account of this my paper. As their case is very deplorable, and deserves compassion, I shall sometimes be dull, in company to them, and will, from time to time, administer consolations to them by farther discoveries of my person. In the meanwhile, if any one says the Spectator has wit, it may be some relief to them to think that he does not shew it in company. And if any one praises his morality, they may comfort themselves by considering that his face is none of the longest. —R.

N° 20. FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1710-11.

——— *Κίως ὀφθαλμοὶ ἔχον.* ——— HOM. II. i. 225.

Thou dog in forehead. ——— POPE.

AMONG the other hardy undertakings which I have proposed to myself, that of the correction of impudence is what I have very much at heart. This in a particular manner is my province as Spectator; for it is generally an offence committed by the eyes, and that against such as the offenders would perhaps never have an opportunity of injuring any other way. The following letter is a complaint of a young lady, who sets forth a trespass of this kind, with that command of herself as befits beauty and innocence, and yet with so much spirit as sufficiently expresses her indignation. The whole transaction is performed with the eyes; and the crime is no less than employing them in such a manner, as to divert the eyes of others from the best use they can make of them, even looking up to heaven.

‘ SIR,

‘ There never was (I believe) an acceptable man but had some awkward imitators. Ever since the Spectator appeared, have I remarked a kind of men, whom I choose to call Starers; that without any regard to time, place, or modesty, disturb a large company with their impertinent eyes. Spectators make up a proper assembly for a puppet-show or a bear-garden; but devout supplicants and attentive hearers are the audience one ought to expect in churches. I am, Sir, member of a small pious congregation near one of the north gates of

city: much the greater part of us indeed are males, and used to behave ourselves in a regular attentive manner, till very lately one whole aisle has been disturbed by one of these monstrous men; he is the head taller than any one in the church; but, for the greater advantage of exposing himself, stands upon a hassock, and commands the whole congregation, to the great annoyance of the quietest part of the auditory: for what with blushing confusion, and vexation, we can neither mind prayers nor sermon. Your animadversion upon this insolence would be a great favour to,

Sir, your most humble servant, S. C.'

I have frequently seen of this sort of fellows, and think there cannot be a greater aggravation of offence, than that it is committed where the criminal is protected by the sacredness of the place which he violates. Many reflections of this sort may be very justly made upon this sort of behaviour, but a starrer is not usually a person to be convinced by the reason of the thing; and a fellow that is capable of shewing an impudent front before a whole congregation, and can bear being a public spectacle, is not so easily rebuked as to amend by admonitions. If, therefore, my correspondent does inform me, that within seven days after this the barbarian does not at least stand upon his legs only, without an eminence, my friend Will Paper* has promised to take a hassock opposite him, and stare against him in defence of the law.

I have given him directions, according to the exact rules of optics, to place himself in such a manner, that he shall meet his eyes wherever he sees them. I have hopes, that when Will confronts him, and all the ladies, in whose behalf he

See Spect. No. 19: W. Prosper, an honest tale-bearer, &c

engages him, cast kind looks and wishes of success at their champion, he will have some shame, and feel a little of the pain he has so often put others to, of being out of countenance.

It has, indeed, been time out of mind generally remarked, and as often lamented, that this family of Starers have infested public assemblies. I know no other way to obviate so great an evil, except, in the case of fixing their eyes upon women, some male friend will take the part of such as are under the oppression of impudence, and encounter the eyes of the Starers wherever they meet them. While we suffer our women to be thus impudently attacked, they have no defence, but in the end to cast yielding glances at the Starers. In this case, a man who has no sense of shame, has the same advantage over his mistress, as he who has no regard for his own life has over his adversary.—While the generality of the world are fettered by rules, and moved by proper and just methods; he who has no respect to any of them, carries away the reward due to that propriety of behaviour, with no other merit, but that of having neglected it.

I take an impudent fellow to be a sort of outlaw in good breeding, and therefore what is said of him no nation or person can be concerned for. For this reason one may be free upon him. I have put myself to great pains in considering this prevailing quality, which we call impudence, and have taken notice that it exerts itself in a different manner, according to the different soils wherein such subjects of these dominions as are masters of it were born. Impudence in an Englishman is sullen and insolent; in a Scotchman it is untractable and rapacious; in an Irishman absurd and fawning: as the course of the world now runs, the impudent Englishman behaves like a surly landlord, the Scot like an ill-re-

loved guest, and the Irishman like a stranger, who shows he is not welcome. There is seldom any thing entertaining either in the impudence of a South or North Briton; but that of an Irishman is always comic. A true and genuine impudence is not the effect of ignorance without the least sense of it. The best and most successful starers now in this town are of that nation; they have usually the advantage of the stature mentioned in the above letter of my correspondent, and generally take their stands in the eye of women of fortune: insomuch that I have known one of them, three months after he came from plough, with a tolerable good air, lead at a woman from a play, which one of our own comedians, after four years at Oxford, and two at the temple, would have been afraid to look at.

I cannot tell how to account for it, but these people have usually the preference to our own fools, in the opinion of the sillier part of womankind. Perhaps it is that an English coxcomb is seldom so obsequious as an Irish one; and when the design of pleasing is visible, an absurdity in the way towards it is easily forgiven.

But those who are downright impudent, and go on without reflection that they are such, are more to be tolerated, than a set of fellows among us who profess impudence with an air of humour, and think to try off the most inexcusable of all faults in the world, with no other apology than saying in a gay tone, 'I put an impudent face upon the matter.' No; no man shall be allowed the advantages of impudence, who is conscious that he is such. If he knows he is impudent, he may as well be otherwise; and it shall not be expected that he blush, when he sees he makes another do it. For nothing can atone for the want of modesty: without which beauty is ungraceful, and is detestable.—R.

N° 21. SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1710-11.

—Locus est et pluribus umbris. HOR. 1 Ep. v. 29.

There's room enough, and each may bring his friend.

CREECH.

I AM sometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great professions of divinity, law, and physic; how they are each of them overburdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious gentlemen that starve one another.

We may divide the clergy into generals, field-officers, and subalterns. Among the first we may reckon bishops, deans, and archdeacons. Among the second are doctors of divinity, prebendaries, and all that wear scarfs. The rest are comprehended under the subalterns. As for the first class, our constitution preserves it from any redundancy of incumbents; notwithstanding competitors are numberless. Upon a strict calculation, it is found that there has been a great exceeding of late years in the second division, several brevets having been granted for the converting of subalterns into scarf-officers; insomuch, that within my memory the price of lutestring is raised above two-pence in a yard. As for the subalterns, they are not to be numbered. Should our clergy once enter into the corrupt practice of the laity, by the splitting of their freeholds, they would be able to carry most of the elections in England.

The body of the law is no less encumbered with superfluous members, that are like Virgil's army, which he tells us was so crowded, many of them had not room to use their weapons. This prodigious society of men may be divided into the litigious and

peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in coach-fulls to Westminster-hall, every morning in term time. Martial's description of this species of lawyers is full of humour.

Iras et verba locant.

Men that hire out their words and anger ;' that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him. I must, however, observe to the reader, that above the parts of those whom I reckon among the litigious are such as are only quarrelsome in their hearts, and have no opportunity of shewing their passion at the bar. Nevertheless, as they do not know what cases may arise, they appear at the hall every day, and they may shew themselves in a readiness to enter the list, whenever there shall be occasion for them.

The peaceable lawyers are, in the first place, many of the benchers of the several inns of court, who are to be the dignitaries of the law, and are endued with those qualifications of mind that accompany a man rather for a ruler than a pleader. These live peaceably in their habitations, eating once a day, and dancing once a year*, for the honour of their respective societies.

Another numberless branch of peaceable lawyers, are those young men who, being placed at the inns of court in order to study the laws of their country, spend the playhouse more than Westminster-hall, are seen in all public assemblies, except in a court of justice. I shall say nothing of those silent busy multitudes that are employed within doors in the drawing up of writings and conveyances ; nor of those greater numbers that palliate their want of business with a pretence to such chamber practice.

* See Dugdale's *Origines Juridicales*.

If, in the third place, we look into the profession of physic, we shall find a most formidable body of men. The sight of them is enough to make a serious, for we may lay it down as a maxim, when a nation abounds in physicians, it grows deaf of people. Sir William Temple is very much puzzled to find out a reason why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious swarms, and overrun the world with Goths and Vandals as it did formerly; but had that excellent author observed that there were no students in physic among the subjects of Thor and Woden, and that this science very much flourishes in the north at present, he might have found a better solution for this difficulty than any of those he has made use of. This body of men in our own country may be described like the British army in Cæsar's time. Some of them slay in chariots, and some on foot. If the infantry do less execution than the charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried so soon into all quarters of the town, and dispatch so much business in so short time. Besides this body of regular troops, there are stragglers, who, without being duly listed and enrolled, do infinite mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innumerable retainers to physic, who, for want of other patients, amuse themselves with the stifling of cats in an air-pump, cutting up dogs alive, or impaling insects upon the point of a needle for microscopic observations; besides those that are employed in the gathering of weeds, and the chase of butterflies: not to mention the cockleshell-merchants and spider-catchers.

When I consider how each of these professions are crowded with multitudes that seek their livelihood in them, and how many men of merit there

ph of them, who may be rather said to be of the
ce, than the profession: I very much wonder at
amour of parents, who will not rather choose
ce their sons in a way of life where an honest
try cannot but thrive, than in stations where
greatest probity, learning, and good sense, may
try. How many men are country curates, that
have made themselves aldermen of London,
right improvement of a smaller sum of money
what is usually laid out upon a learned educa-
A sober frugal person, of slender parts, and a
apprehension, might have thrived in trade,
h he starves upon physic; as a man would be
mough pleased to buy silks of one whom he
d not venture to feel his pulse. Vagellius is
ad, studious, and obliging, but withal a little
skulled; he has not a single client, but might
had abundance of customers. The misfortune
at parents take a liking to a particular profes-
and therefore desire their sons may be of it:
as, in so great an affair of life, they should
der the genius and abilities of their children,
than their own inclinations.

is the great advantage of a trading nation, that
are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may
placed in stations of life, which may give them
portunity of making their fortunes. A well-
ated commerce is not, like law, physic, or divi-
to be overstocked with hands; but on the con-
flourishes by multitudes, and gives employment
its professors. Fleets of merchant-men are
my squadrons of floating shops, that vend our
and manufactures in all the markets of the
and find out chapmen under both the tropics.

N° 22. MONDAY, MARCH 26, 1711

Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.
HOR. Ars Poet.

—Whatever contradicts my sense
I hate to see, and never can believe.—ROSCON

THE word Spectator being most usually understood as one of the audience at public representations in our theatres, I seldom fail of many letters relating to plays and operas. But indeed there are such monstrous things done in both, that if one had not been an eye-witness of them, one could not believe that such matters had really been exhibited. There is very little which concerns human life, or is a part of nature, that is regarded by the greater part of the company. The understanding is dismissed from entertainments. Our mirth is the laughter of fools, and our admiration the wonder of idiots; else the improbable, monstrous, and incoherent dreams that now go off as they do, not only without the least scorn and contempt, but even with the loudest applause and approbation. But the letters of my correspondents will represent this affair in a more plain manner than any discourse of my own; I shall therefore give them to my reader with only this preparation, that they all come from players, and that the business of playing is now so managed that you are not to be surprised when I say one or two of them are rational, others sensitive and vegetative, and others wholly inanimate. I shall not name these as I have named them, but as they have succeeded in the opinion of their audiences.

SPECTATOR,

having been so humble as to take notice of
 as of other animals, imboldens me, who
 ild boar that was killed by Mrs. Tofts, to
 to you, that I think I was hardly used in
 g the part of the lion of Hydaspes given to
 ould have been but a natural step for me
 rsonated that noble creature, after having
 myself to satisfaction in the part above-
 l. That of a lion is too great a character
 hat never trod the stage before but upon
 - As for the little resistance which I made,
 may be excused, when it is considered that
 as thrown at me by so fair a hand. I
 less I had but just put on my brutality ;
 la's charms were such, that beholding her
 a, hearing her charming voice, and as-
 with her graceful motion, I could not keep
 assumed fierceness, but died like a man.
 in, Sir, your most humble admirer,

THOMAS PRONE.'

SPECTATOR,

to let you understand, that the playhouse
 tentation of the world in nothing so much
 particular, that no one rises in it according
 it. I have acted several parts of house-
 with great applause for many years : I am
 men in the hangings in *The Emperor of*
 I have twice performed the third chair
 ish opera ; and have rehearsed the pump
 tune-Hunters. I am now grown old, and
 will recommend me so effectually, as that
 something before I go off the stage : in
 will do a great act of charity to

Your most humble servant,

WILLIAM SCREENE.'

• MR. SPECTATOR,

• Understanding that Mr. Screene has writ and desired to be raised from dumb and still I desire, if you give him motion or speech, to would advance me in my way, and let me be in what I humbly presume I am master, to representing human and still life together. several times acted one of the finest flowers the same opera wherein Mr. Screene is a therefore, upon his promotion, request that succeed him in the hangings, with my hand orange-trees.

Your humble servant,

RALPH SIM

• SIR,

Drury lane, March 24, 172

• I saw your friend the Templar this even the pit, and thought he looked very little with the representation of the mad scene *Pilgrim*. I wish, Sir, you would do us the favour animadvert frequently upon the false taste that is in, with relation to 'plays as well as operas certainly requires a degree of understanding to justly: but such is our condition, that we suspend our reason to perform our parts. In scenes of madness, you know, Sir, there are instances of this kind in Shakspeare; but this is the disturbance of a noble mind, from great and humane resentments. It is like that grief we have for the decease of our friends. It is a diminution, but a recommendation of human nature that, in such incidents, passion gets the better of reason; and all we can think to combat our passion is impotent against half what we feel. I will mention that we had an idiot in the scene, and the sense it is represented to have is that of an idiot. As for myself, who have long taken pains in representing the passions, I have to-night acted one

The part I played is Thirst, but it is rec-
ed as written rather by a drayman than a
I come in with a tub about me, that tub hung
art pots, with a full gallon at my mouth. I am
d to tell you that I pleased very much, and this
duced as a madness; but sure it was not hu-
adness, for a mule or an ass may have been
as ever I was in my life.

I am, Sir, your most obedient
and humble servant.*

* From the Savoy, in the Strand.

THE SPECTATOR,

you can read it with dry eyes, I give you this
to acquaint you, that I am the unfortunate
Latinus, and I believe I am the first prince
ted from this palace since John of Gaunt.
The uncertainty of all human greatness, that
tately never moved without a guard, am now
as a common soldier, and am to sail with the
r wind against my brother Lewis of France.
Very hard thing to put off a character which
appeared in with applause. This I expe-
since the loss of my diadem; for, upon
ing with another recruit, I spoke my indig-
out of my part in *recitativo*;

————— Most audacious slave,
W'ast thou an angry monarch's fury brave?

eds were no sooner out of my mouth, when
at knocked me down, and asked me if I had
to mutiny, in talking things nobody under-

You see, Sir, my unhappy circumstances;
by your mediation you can procure a subsidy
ince (who never failed to make all that be-
merry at his appearance), you will merit the

of Your friend,

THE KING OF LATIUM.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the good of the Public.

Within two doors of the masquerade lives an eminent Italian chirurgion, arrived from the carnival at Venice, of great experience in private cures. Accommodations are provided, and persons admitted in their masquing habits.

He has cured since his coming hither, in less than a fortnight, four scaramouches, a mountebank doctor, two Turkish bassas, three nuns, and a morris-dancer.

N. B. Any person may agree by the great, and be kept in repair by the year. The doctor draws teeth without pulling off your masque.—R.

N^o 23. TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1711.

*Sævit atrox Volscens, nec teli conspicit usquam
Auctorem, nec quò se ardens immittere possit.*

VIRG. *Æn.* ix. 420.

Pierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round,
Descri'd not him who gave the fatal wound;
Nor knew to fix revenge*.—— DRYDEN.

THERE is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous spirit than the giving of secret stabs to a

* The following endorsement at the top of this paper, No 23 is in a set of the Spectator, in 12mo., of the edition in 1711, which contains some MS. notes by a Spanish merchant, who was at the time of the original publication.

'The character of Dr. Swift.'

This was Mr. Blundell's opinion, and whether it was well grounded, ill-grounded, or ungrounded, probably he was not singular in the thought. The intimacy between Swift, Steele, and Addison, was now over; and that they were about this time estranged, appears from Swift's own testimony, dated March 16, 1710-11.

's reputation ; lampoons and satires, that are writ-
with wit and spirit, are like poisoned darts, which
only inflict a wound, but make it incurable. For
reason I am very much troubled when I see the
of humour and ridicule in the possession of
natured man. There cannot be a greater gra-
tion to a barbarous and inhuman wit, than to
up sorrow in the heart of a private person, to
uneasiness among near relations, and to expose
e families to derision, at the same time that he
is unseen and undiscovered. If besides the
implishments of being witty and ill-natured, a
is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the most
ievous creatures that can enter into a civil so-

His satire will then chiefly fall upon those
ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue,
and every thing that is praiseworthy, will be
the subject of ridicule and buffoonery. It is im-
ble to enumerate the evils which arise from these
as that fly in the dark, and I know no other ex-
that is or can be made for them, than that the
ads they give are only imaginary, and produce
ing more than a secret shame or sorrow in the
of the suffering person. It must indeed be
used, that a lampoon or a satire do not carry in
robbery or murder ; but at the same time how
are there that would not rather lose a consi-
e sum of money, or even life itself, than be
as a mark of infamy and derision ? and in this
a man should consider, that an injury is not to
asured by the notions of him that gives, but of
that receives it.

Those who can put the best countenance upon the
ges of this nature which are offered them, are
without their secret anguish. I have often ob-
a passage in Socrates's behaviour at his death,
light wherein none of the critics have considered

it. That excellent man entertaining his friends a little before he drank the bowl of poison, with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, at his entrance upon it, says that he does not believe any the most comic genius can censure him for talking upon such a subject at such a time. This passage, I think, evidently glances upon Aristophanes, who wrote a comedy on purpose to ridicule the discourses of the divine philosopher. It has been observed by many writers, that Socrates was so little moved at this piece of buffoonery, that he was several times present at its being acted upon the stage, and never expressed the least resentment of it. But with submission I think the remark I have here made shews us, that this unworthy treatment made an impression upon his mind, though he had been too wise to discover it.

When Julius Cæsar was lampooned by Catullus, he invited him to supper, and treated him with a generous civility, that he made the poet his friend ever after. Cardinal Mazarine gave the same kind of treatment to the learned Quillet, who had reflected upon his eminence in a famous Latin poem. The cardinal sent for him, and, after some kind expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his esteem, and dismissed him with a promise of the next good abbey that should fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few months after. This had so good an effect upon the author, that he dedicated the second edition of his book to the cardinal, after having expunged the passages which had given him offence.

Sextus Quintus was not of so generous and forgiving a temper. Upon his being made pope, the statue of Pasquin was one night dressed in a very coarse shirt, with an excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul linen, because his landlady had made a princess. This was a reflection upon

his sister, who, before the promotion of her brother, as in those mean circumstances that Pasquin contented her. As this pasquinade made a great stir in Rome, the pope offered a considerable sum of money to any person that should discover the author of it. The author relying upon his holiness's bounty, as also on some private overtures which he received from him, made the discovery him- upon which the pope gave him the reward he promised, but at the same time, to disable the author for the future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and his hands to be chopped off. Aretine* is an instance. Every one knows that all the kings of Europe were his tributaries. Nay, there is a story of his extant, in which he makes his boasts that he laid the Sophi of Persia under contribution. Though, in the various examples which I have drawn together, these several great men behaved towards the wits of the age very differently; they all of them shewed that they were very sensible of their own weakness, and consequently that they received them very great injuries. For my own part, I would not trust a man that I thought was capable of giving me these secret wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the person, whose reputation he thus attacks, in his body or in his fortune, could he do it with the same security. There is, indeed, something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary scribbles of lampoons. An innocent young lady shall be blamed for an unhappy feature. A father of a family shall be turned to ridicule, for some domestic calamity. A woman shall be made uneasy all her life for a misinterpreted action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a virtuous man shall be put out of countenance, by the reputation of those qualities that should do him honor. Aretine, infamous for his writings, died in 1556.

honour. So pernicious a thing is wit, when it is not tempered with virtue and humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedless inconsiderate writers, that without any malice have sacrificed the reputation of their friends and acquaintance to a certain levity of temper, and a silly ambition of distinguishing themselves by a spirit of raillery and satire: as if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a good-natured man, than a wit. Where there is this little petulant humour in an author, he is often very mischievous without designing to be so. For which reason, I always lay it down as a rule, that an indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one: for as the latter will only attack his enemies, and those he wishes ill to; the other injures indifferently both friends and foes. I cannot forbear on this occasion transcribing a fable out of Sir Roger l'Estrange, which accidentally lies before me. 'A company of waggish boys were watching of frogs at the side of a pond, and still as any of them put up their heads, they would be pelting them down again with stones. "Children," says one of the frogs, "you never consider, that though this may be play to you, it is death to us."'

As this week is in a manner set apart and dedicated to serious thoughts, I shall indulge myself in such speculations as may not be altogether unsuitable to the season; and in the mean time, as the settling in ourselves a charitable frame of mind is a work very proper for the time, I have in this paper endeavoured to expose that particular breach of charity which has been generally overlooked by divines, because they are but few who can be guilty of it.—C.

N^o 24. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1711.

*Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum ·
Arreptaque manu, Quid agis dulcissime rerum?*

HOR. 1 Sat. ix. 5.

*Comes up a fop (I knew him but by fame)
And seiz'd my hand, and called me by name—
—My dear!—how dost?*

There are in this town a great number of insignificant people, who are by no means fit for the better of conversation, and yet have an impertinent notion of appearing with those to whom they are welcome. If you walk in the park, one of them will certainly join with you, though you are in company with ladies; if you drink a bottle, they will find your haunts. What makes such fellows the more troublesome is, that they neither offend nor please so as to be taken notice of for either. It is, I presume, for this reason, that my correspondents are oblig'd by my means to be rid of them. The two following letters are writ by persons who suffer by their impertinence. A worthy old bachelor, who goes in for a dose of claret every night, at such an hour, is teased by a swarm of them; who, because they are sure of room and good fire, have taken it upon their heads to keep a sort of club in his company; though the sober gentleman himself is an utter stranger to such meetings.

·MR. SPECTATOR,

The aversion I for some years have had to clubs in general, gave me a perfect relish for your speculation on that subject; but I have since been extremely mortified by the malicious world's ranking

me amongst the supporters of such impertinent assemblies. I beg leave to state my case fairly; and that done, I shall expect redress from your judicious pen.

‘ I am, Sir, a bachelor of some standing, and a traveller; my business, to consult my own humour, which I gratify without controlling other people’s. I have a room and a whole bed to myself; and I have a dog, a fiddle, and a gun; they please me and injure no creature alive. My chief meal is supper, which I always make at a tavern. I am constant to an hour, and not ill-humoured; for which reasons, though I invite nobody, I have no sooner supped, than I have a crowd about me of that sort of good company that know not whither else to go. It is true every man pays his share; yet as they are intruders, I have an undoubted right to be the only speaker, or at least the loudest; which I maintain, and that to the great emolument of my audience. I sometimes tell them their own in pretty free language; and sometimes divert them with merry tales, according as I am in humour. I am one of those who live in taverns to a great age, by a sort of regular intemperance; I never go to bed drunk, but always flustered; I wear away very gently; am apt to be peevish, but never angry. Mr. Spectator, if you have kept various companies, you know there is in every tavern in town some humorist or other, who is master of the house as much as he that keeps it. The drawers are all in awe of him; and all the customers who frequent his company, yield him a sort of comical obedience. I do not know but I may be such a fellow as this myself. But I appeal to you, whether this is to be called a club, because so many impertinents will break in upon me, and come without appointment. Clinch of Barnet has a nightly meeting, and shows

to every one that will come in and pay; but then he is the only actor. Why should people miscall things? If his is allowed to be a consort, why may not mine be a lecture? However, Sir, I submit it to you, and am, Sir, your most obedient, &c.

THOMAS KIMBOW.'

'GOOD SIR,

'You and I were pressed against each other last winter in a crowd, in which uneasy posture we suffered together for almost half an hour. I thank you for all your civilities ever since, in being of my acquaintance wherever you meet me. But the other day you pulled off your hat to me in the Park, when I was walking with my mistress. She did not like your air, and said she wondered what strange fellows I was acquainted with. Dear Sir, consider it as much as my life is worth, if she should think we were intimate: therefore I earnestly entreat you for the future to take no manner of notice of,

Sir, your obliged humble servant,

WILL FASHION.'

A like impertinence is also very troublesome to the superior and more intelligent part of the fair sex. It is, it seems, a great inconvenience, that those of the meanest capacities will pretend to make visits, though indeed they are qualified rather to add to the furniture of the house (by filling an empty chair), than to the conversation they come into when they visit. A friend of mine hopes for redress in this case, by the publication of her letter in my paper; which she thinks those she would be rid of will take to themselves. It seems to be written with an eye to one of those pert, giddy, unthinking girls, who, upon the recommendation only of an agreeable person, and a fashionable air, take themselves to be upon a level with women of the greatest merit:

MADAM,

I take this way to acquaint you with what common rules and forms would never permit me to tell you otherwise; to wit, that you and I, though equals in quality and fortune, are by no means suitable companions. You are, it is true, very pretty, can dance, and make a very good figure in a public assembly; but, alas, Madam, you must go no farther; distance and silence are your best recommendations; therefore let me beg of you never to make me any more visits. You come in a literal sense to see one, for you have nothing to say. I do not say this, that I would by any means lose your acquaintance; but I would keep it up with the strictest forms of good-breeding. Let us pay visits, but never see one another. If you will be so good as to deny yourself always to me, I shall return the obligation by giving the same orders to my servants. When accident makes us meet at a third place, we may mutually lament the misfortune of never finding one another at home, go in the same party to a benefit play, and smile at each other, and put down glasses as we pass in our coaches. Thus we may enjoy as much of each other's friendship as we are capable of: for there are some people who are to be known only by sight, with which sort of friendship I hope you will always honour,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

MARY TUESDAY.

'P. S. I subscribe myself by the name of the day I keep, that my supernumerary friends may know who I am.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

To prevent all mistakes that may happen among gentlemen of the other end of the town, who come but once a week to St. James's coffee-house, either

by miscalling the servants, or requiring such things from them as are not properly within their respective provinces ; this is to give notice, that Kidney, keeper of the book-debts, of the outlying customers, and observer of those who go off without paying, having resigned that employment, is succeeded by John Newton ; to whose place of enterer of messages and best coffee-grinder, William Bird is promoted ; and Samuel Burdock comes as shoe-cleaner in the room of the said Bird. - R.

Nº 25. THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1711.

—*Ægrescitque medendo.*—VIRG. *Æn.* xii. 46.

And sickens by the very means of health.

THE following letter will explain itself, and needs no apology.

SIR,

I am one of that sickly tribe who are commonly known by the name of valetudinarians ; and do confess to you, that I first contracted this ill habit of body, or rather of mind, by the study of physic. I no sooner began to peruse books of this nature, but I found my pulse was irregular ; and scarce ever read the account of any disease that I did not fancy myself afflicted with*. Dr. Sydenham's learned treatise of fevers threw me into a lingering hectic, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent piece. I then applied myself to the study of several authors, who have written upon

* Mr. Tickell, in his preface to Addison's Works, says, that Addison never had a regular pulse,* which Steele questions in the dedication of *The Drummer* to Mr. Congreve.

phthisical distempers, and by that means fell into a consumption; till at length, growing fat, I was in a manner shamed out of that imagination. Not long after this I found in myself all the symptoms of the gout, except pain; but was cured of it by a treatise upon the gravel, written by a very ingenious author, who (as it is usual for physicians to convert one distemper into another) eased me of the gout by giving me the stone. I at length studied myself into a complication of distempers; but, accidentally taking into my hand that ingenious discourse written by Sanctorius, I was resolved to direct myself by a scheme of rules, which I had collected from his observations. The learned world are very well acquainted with that gentleman's invention; who, for the better carrying on his experiments, contrived a certain mathematical chair, which was so artfully hung upon springs, that it would weigh any thing as well as a pair of scales. By this means he discovered how many ounces of his food passed by perspiration, what quantity of it was turned into nourishment, and how much went away by the other channels and distributions of nature.

‘ Having provided myself with this chair, I used to study, eat, drink, and sleep in it; insomuch that I may be said, for these last three years, to have lived in a pair of scales. I compute myself, when I am in full health, to be precisely two hundred weight, falling short of it about a pound after a day's fast, and exceeding it as much after a very full meal; so that it is my continual employment to trim the balance between these two volatile pounds in my constitution. In my ordinary meals I fetch myself up to two hundred weight and half a pound; and after having dined, I find myself fall short of it, I drink so much small beer, or eat such a quantity of bread, as is sufficient to make me weight. In my

greatest excesses I do not transgress more than the other half pound; which, for my health's sake, I do the first Monday in every month. As soon as I find myself duly poised after dinner, I walk till I have perspired five ounces and four scruples; and when I discover, by my chair, that I am so far reduced, I fall to my books, and study away three ounces more. As for the remaining parts of the pound, I keep no account of them. I do not dine and sup by the clock, but by my chair; for when that informs me my pound of food is exhausted, I conclude myself to be hungry, and lay in another with all diligence. In my days of abstinence I lose a pound and a half, and on solemn fasts am two pounds lighter than on the other days in the year.

I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep, within a few grains more or less; and if, upon my rising, I find that I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my chair. Upon an exact calculation of what I expended and received the last year, which I always register in a book, I find the medium to be two hundred weight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired one ounce in my health during a whole twelve-month. And yet, Sir, notwithstanding this my great care to ballast myself equally every day, and to keep my body in its proper poise, so it is, that I find myself in a sick and languishing condition. My complexion is grown very sallow, my pulse low, and my body hydropical. Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to consider me as your patient, and to give me more certain rules to walk by than those I have already observed, and you will very much oblige

Your humble servant.'

This letter puts me in mind of an Italian epitaph, written on the monument of a valetudinarian: '*Stavo*

*ben, ma per star meglio, sto qui :** which it is impossible to translate*. The fear of death often proves mortal, and sets people on methods to save their lives, which infallibly destroy them. This is a reflection made by some historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a flight, than in a battle; and may be applied to those multitudes of imaginary sick persons that break their constitutions by physic, and throw themselves into the arms of death, by endeavouring to escape it. This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a reasonable creature. To consult the preservation of life, as the only end of it, to make our health our business, to engage in no action that is not part of a regimen, or course of physic; are purposes so abject, so mean, so unworthy human nature, that a generous soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides, that a continual anxiety for life vituates all the relishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of nature; as it is impossible we should take delight in any thing that we are every moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any one to blame for taking due care of their health. On the contrary, as cheerfulness of mind, and capacity for business, are in a great measure the effects of a well-tempered constitution, a man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this care, which we are prompted to, not only by common sense, but by duty and instinct, should never engage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and imaginary distempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live than how to live. In short, the preservation of life

* The following translation, however, may give an English reader some idea of the Italian epitaph: 'I was well, but trying to be better, I am here.'

ould be only a secondary concern, and the direction of it our principal. If we have this frame of mind, we shall take the best means to preserve life, without being over-solicitous about the event; and shall arrive at that point of felicity which Martial has mentioned as the perfection of happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for death.

In answer to the gentleman, who tempers his health by ounces and by scruples, and instead of complying with those natural solicitations of hunger and thirst, drowsiness, or love of exercise, governs himself by the prescriptions of his chair, I shall tell you a short fable. Jupiter, says the mythologist, to reward the piety of a certain countryman, promised to give him whatever he would ask. The countryman desired that he might have the management of the weather in his own estate. He obtained his request, and immediately distributed rain, snow, and sunshine, among his several fields, as he thought the nature of the soil required. At the end of the year, when he expected to see a more than ordinary crop, his harvest fell infinitely short of that of his neighbours. Upon which (says the fable) he desired Jupiter to take the weather again into his own hands, that otherwise he should utterly ruin himself.—C.

Nº 26. FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1711.

*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. O beate Sexti,
Vite summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia.*——— *Hon. 1 Od. iv. 13.*

With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate
Knocks at the cottage, and the palace gate.

Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
 And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years.
 Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go
 To starr'd ghosts, and Plato's house below. — CATER.

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster-abbey: where the greatness of the place, and the use to which it is applied with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several registers of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon a day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I cannot but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sound names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Γλαύκων τε, Μέδωντά τε, Θερσίλοχόν τε — HOM.

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque. — VIRG.

Glaucus, and Medon, and Thersilochus.

The life of these men is finely described in Homer writ by 'the path of an arrow,' which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in ex-

rel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of one or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished, in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively long, that they deliver the character of the person in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the next quarter, I found there were poets who had monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled that church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains ofenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several of the epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and which more do honour to the living as well as the dead. A foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the

ignorance or politeness of a nation from the their public monuments and inscriptions, they be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir desly Shovel's monument has very often given great offence. Instead of the brave rough B. admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his monument by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long peruke and reposing himself upon velvet cushions, under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the most remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to have gained any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely greater politeness of antiquity and politeness in their building of works of this nature, than what we meet with in the monuments of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expence, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed to such so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of nature, in her most and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in the most gay and delightful ones. By this means I improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs

every emotion of envy dies in me; when epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate passion goes out; when I meet with the grief of passing a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion. I see the tomb of the parents themselves, and the vanity of grieving for those whom we lately follow. When I see kings lying by those who led them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world into contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow andishment on the little competitions, factions, and passions of mankind. When I read the several names on the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and others a hundred years ago, I consider that great numbers of us shall all of us be contemporaries, and appear together.—C.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1711.

*longa quibus mentitur amica, diesque
videtur opus debentibus, ut piger annus
illis, quos dura premit custodia matrum,
et tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ spem
sæpe morantur agendi gnaviter id, quod
pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æquè,
neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.*

HOR. 1 Ep. i. 20.

IMITATED.

to him, who works for debt, the day;
to the night to her, whose love's away;
the year's dull circle seems to run,
the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
with unprofitable moments roll,
I seek up all the functions of my soul;
I keep me from myself, and still delay
to put my business to a future day:

That task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise.
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure,
And which not done, the richest must be poor.—POPE

THERE is scarce a thinking man in the world, who is involved in the business of it, but lives under a secret impatience of the hurry and fatigue he suffers, and has formed a resolution to fix himself, one time or other, in such a state as is suitable to the end of his being. You hear men every day in conversation profess, that all the honour, power, and riches which they propose to themselves, cannot give satisfaction enough to reward them for half the anxiety they undergo in the pursuit or possession of them. While men are in this temper (which happens very frequently) how inconsistent are they with themselves! They are wearied with the toil they bear, but cannot find in their hearts to relinquish it: retirement is what they want, but they cannot betake themselves to it. While they pant after shade and covert, they still affect to appear in the most glittering scenes of life. Sure this is but just as reasonable as if a man should call for more light, when he has a mind to go to sleep.

Since then it is certain that our own hearts deceive us in the love of the world, and that we cannot command ourselves enough to resign it, though we every day wish ourselves disengaged from its allurements; let us not stand upon a formal taking of leave, but wean ourselves from them while we are in the midst of them.

It is certainly the general intention of the greater part of mankind to accomplish this work, and live according to their own approbation, as soon as they possibly can. But since the duration of life is so uncertain, and that has been a common topic of discourse ever since there was such a thing as life.

How is it possible that we should defer a more beginning to live according to the rules of ?

A man of business has ever some one point to and then he tells himself he will bid adieu to vanity of ambition. The man of pleasure to take his leave at least, and part civilly with his mistress ; but the ambitious man is engaged every moment in a fresh pursuit, and the pleasures new charms in the object he fancied he had abandoned. It is therefore a fantastical way of proceeding, when we promise ourselves an alteration in our conduct from change of place, and difference of circumstances ; the same passions will attend us wherever we are, till they are conquered ; and we never live to our satisfaction in the deepest solitude, unless we are capable of living so, in the midst of pleasure, amidst the noise and business of the

We ever thought men were better known by the conduct to be observed of them from a perusal of their private letters, than any other way. My friend Mr. G. Gyman, the other day, upon serious discourse concerning the danger of procrastination, shewed the following letters from persons with whom he lives in great friendship and intimacy, according to the good breeding and good sense of his country. The first is from a man of business, who has been a convert : the second from one of whom he has great hopes : the third from one who is idle at all, but carried one way and another

How not with what words to express to you the great obligation you have laid on me, in the penance you enjoined me of

doing some good or other to a person of worth every day I live. The station I am in furnishes me with daily opportunities of this kind: and the noble principle with which you have inspired me, of benevolence to all I have to deal with, quickens my application in every thing I undertake. When I relieve merit from discountenance, when I assist a friendless person, when I produce concealed worth, I am displeased with myself, for having designed to leave the world in order to be virtuous. I am sorry you decline the occasions which the condition I am in might afford me of enlarging your fortunes; but I know I contribute more to your satisfaction, when I acknowledge I am the better man, from the influence and authority you have over,

Sir,

Your most obliged and most humble servant,

R. O.

SIR,

* I am entirely convinced of the truth of what you were pleased to say to me, when I was last with you alone. You told me then of the silly way I was in: but you told me so, as I saw you loved me, otherwise I could not obey your commands in letting you know my thoughts so sincerely as I do at present. I know "the creature, for whom I resign so much of my character," is all that you said of her; but then the trisler has something in her so undesigning and harmless, that her guilt in one kind disappears by the comparison of her innocence in another. Will you, virtuous man, allow no alteration of offences? Must dear Chloe be called by the hard name you pious people give to common women? I keep the solemn promise I made you in writing to you the state of my mind, after your kind admonition: and will endeavour to get the better of this fondness, which makes me so much

humble servant, that I am almost ashamed to
scribe myself yours,

T. D.'

SIR,

There is no state of life so anxious as that of a
who does not live according to the dictates of
own reason. It will seem odd to you, when I
te you that my love of retirement first of all
ight me to court; but this will be no riddle,
I acquaint you that I placed myself here with
sign of getting so much money as might enable
to purchase a handsome retreat in the country.
present my circumstances enable me, and my
prompts me, to pass away the remaining part
of life in such a retirement as I at first proposed
myself; but to my great misfortune I have en-
y lost the relish of it, and should now return to
country with greater reluctance than I at first
to court. I am so unhappy, as to know that
I am fond of are trifles, and that what I neg-
of the greatest importance: in short, I find
tatest in my own mind between reason and
m. I remember you once told me, that I
live in the world, and out of it, at the same

Let me beg of you to explain this paradox
at large to me, that I may conform my life,
able, both to my duty and my inclination.

I am yours, &c.

R. B.'

Letters are directed 'For the Spectator, to be
at Mr. Buckley's, in Little Britain, post-paid.'

In the form of a direction, this makes a figure
last column of the Spectator in folio.

N° 28. MONDAY, APRIL 2, 1711.

——— Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo. ——— Hor. 2 Od. x. 19.

Nor does Apollo always bend his bow.

I SHALL here present my reader with a letter from a projector, concerning a new office, which he thinks may very much contribute to the embellishment of the city, and to the driving barbarity out of our streets. I consider it as a satire upon projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern criticism.

' SIR,

' Observing that you have thoughts of creating certain officers under you, for the inspection of several petty enormities which you yourself cannot attend to; and finding daily absurdities hung upon the sign-posts* of this city, to the great scandal of foreigners, as well as those of our own country who are curious spectators of the same: I do humbly propose that you would be pleased to make me your superintendent of all such figures and devices as are or shall be made use of on this occasion, with full powers to rectify or expunge whatever

* As the plan of this edition can only admit of references, notes, in the fewest words possible, such as are curious to know the principles on which signs apparently fanciful may be traced to their originals with great probability, and often with certainty must here be referred to the notes on the late edition of the *Illustrations*, Vol. I. No. 18. Vol. III. No. 87. p. 32 and the additional note upon it, Vol. V. p. 415. It would be very easy to show that this railery loses much of its poignancy, when passing the sign posts at which it is levelled, it falls ultimately, as it ought to do, on the devices of heraldry.

and irregular or defective. For want of such a sign, there is nothing like sound literature and sense to be met with in those objects, that they where thrusting themselves out to the world endeavouring to become visible. Our streets are filled with blue boars, black swans, and white cats; not to mention flying pigs, and hogs in general, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa. Strange! that the world has all the birds and beasts in nature to choose out of, should live at the sign of an *Eagle*.

The first task therefore should be, like that of the magistrates, to clear the city from monsters. In the first place, I would forbid that creatures of jarred and incongruous natures should be joined together at the same sign; such as the bell and the tongue, the dog and the gridiron. The fox and the cat may be supposed to have met, but what signifies the fox and the seven stars to do together? When did the lamb and dolphin ever meet, upon a sign-post? As for the cat and fiddle, I would not have a conceit in it; and therefore I do not intend that anything I have here said should affect it. I would however observe to you upon this subject, that it is usual for a young tradesman, at his first setting up, to add to his own sign that of the master he is served; as the husband, after marriage, takes his place to his mistress's arms in his own coat of arms. This custom has taken to have given rise to many of those mixtures which are committed over our heads; and I am informed, first occasioned the three-legged dog and a hare, which we see so frequently joined together. I would therefore establish certain rules, determining how far one tradesman may borrow the sign of another, and in what cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

‘ In the third place, I would enjoin every shop to make use of a sign which bears some affinity to the wares in which it deals. What can be more inconsistent, than to see a bawd at the sign of the angel, or a tailor at the lion? A cook should not live at the boot, nor a shoemaker at the roasted pig; and yet, for want of this regulation, I have seen a goat set up before the door of a perfumer, and the French king's head at a sword-cutler's.

‘ An ingenious foreigner observes, that several of those gentlemen who value themselves upon their families, and overlook such as are bred to trade, bear the tools of their forefathers in their coats of arms. I will not examine how true this is in fact. But though it may not be necessary for posterity thus to set up the sign of their forefathers, I think it highly proper for those who actually profess the trade, to shew some such marks of it before their doors.

‘ When the name gives an occasion for an ingenious sign-post, I would likewise advise the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs. Salmon to have lived at the sign of the trout; for which reason she has erected before her house the figure of the fish that is her namesake. Mr. Bell has likewise distinguished himself by a device of the same nature: and here, Sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that this particular figure of a bell has given occasion to several pieces of wit in this kind. A man of your reading must know, that Abel Drugger[†] gained great applause by it in the time of Ben Jonson. Our apocryphal heathen god^{*} is also represented by this figure; which, in conjunction with the dragon, makes a very handsome picture in several of our streets.

^{*} St. George.

[†] See Jonson's *Alchemist* Act II.

As for the bell-savage, which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance translated out of the French; which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness, and is called in the French *La belle Sauvage*; and is every where translated by our countrymen the bell-savage. This piece of philosophy will, I hope, convince you that I have made sign-posts my study, and consequently qualified myself for the employment which I solicit at your hands. But before I conclude my letter, I must communicate to you another remark, which I have made upon the subject with which I am now entertaining you, namely, that I can give a shrewd guess at the humour of the inhabitant by the sign that hangs before his door. A surly choleric fellow generally makes choice of a bear; as men of milder dispositions frequently live at the lamb. Seeing a punch-bowl painted upon a sign near Charing-cross, and very curiously garnished with a couple of angels hovering over it, and squeezing a lemon into it, I had the curiosity to ask after the master of the house, and found, upon inquiry, as I had guessed by the little *agremens* upon his sign, that he was a Frenchman. I know, Sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon these hints to a gentleman of your great abilities; so humbly recommending myself to your favour and patronage,

I remain, &c.'

I shall add to the foregoing letter another, which came to me by the same penny-post.

' From my own apartment near Charing-cross.

' HONOURED SIR,

' Having heard that this nation is a great encourager of ingenuity, I have brought with me a

rope-dancer that was caught in one of the nets belonging to the Great Mogul. He is by birth a monkey; but swings upon a rope, takes a pipe of tobacco, and drinks a glass of ale, like any reasonable creature. He gives great satisfaction by his dexterity and agility; and if they will make a subscription to him, I will send for a brother of his out of Holland, that is a very good tumbler; and also for another of the same family whom I design for my next entertainment, as being an excellent mimic, and the greatest droll in the country where he now is. I have thus entertainment in readiness for the winter; and doubt not but it will please more than the opera or puppet-show. I will not say the monkey is a better man than some of the heroes; but certainly he is a better representation of a man, than the most artificial composition of wood and wire. If you will be pleased to give me a good word in your paper, you shall be every day a spectator at my show for nothing.

C.

I am, &c.

Nº 29. TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1711.

—————Sermo lingua concinnus utraque
 Suavior: ut Chio nota si commista Falerni est.
 Hor. 1 Sat. 2.

Both tongues united sweeter sounds produce,
 Like Chian mixed with Falernian juice.

THERE is nothing that has more startled our English audience, than the Italian *recitativo* at its entrance upon the stage. People were wonderfully surprised to hear generals singing the word of command, and ladies delivering messages in a

Our countrymen could not forbear laughing when they heard a lover chanting out a billet-doux, and even the superscription of a letter set to a tune. The famous blunder in an old play of 'Enter a king and two fiddlers solus,' was now no longer an absurdity, when it was impossible for a hero in a desert, or a princess in her closet, to speak any thing unaccompanied with musical instruments.

But however this Italian method of acting in recitativo might appear at first hearing, I cannot but think it much more just than that which prevailed in our English opera before this innovation: the transition from an air to recitative music being more natural than the passing from a song to plain and ordinary speaking, which was the common method in Purcell's operas.

The only fault I find in our present practice, is the making use of the Italian recitativo with English words.

To go to the bottom of this matter, I must observe, that the tone, or (as the French call it) the accent of every nation in their ordinary speech, is altogether different from that of every other people; as we may see even in the Welsh and Scotch who border so near upon us. By the tone or accent, I do not mean the pronunciation of each particular word, but the sound of the whole sentence. Thus it is very common for an English gentleman when he hears a French tragedy, to complain that the actors all of them speak in a tone: and therefore he very wisely prefers his own countrymen, not considering that a foreigner complains of the same tone in an English actor.

For this reason, the recitative music, in every language, should be as different as the tone or accent of each language; for otherwise, what may properly express a passion in one language will not do it in

another. Every one who has been long in Italy knows very well, that the cadences in the recitative bear a remote affinity to the tone of their voices in ordinary conversation, or, to speak more properly, are only the accents of their language made more musical and tuneful.

Thus the notes of interrogation, or admiration, in the Italian music (if one may so call them) which resemble their accents in discourse on such occasions, are not unlike the ordinary tones of an English voice when we are angry; insomuch that I have often seen our audiences extremely mistaken, as to what has been doing upon the stage, and expecting to see the hero knock down his messenger, when he has been asking him a question; or fancying that he quarrels with his friend, when he only bids him good morrow.

For this reason the Italian artists cannot agree with our English musicians in admiring Purcell's compositions, and thinking his tunes so wonderfully adapted to his words; because both nations do not always express the same passions by the same sounds.

I am therefore humbly of opinion, that an English composer should not follow the Italian recitative too servilely, but make use of many gentle deviations from it, in compliance with his own native language. He may copy out of it all the lulling softness and 'dying falls' (as Shakspeare calls them) but should still remember that he ought to accommodate himself to an English audience; and by humouring the tone of our voices in ordinary conversation, have the same regard to the accent of his own language, as those persons had to theirs whom he professes to imitate. It is observed, that several of the singing birds of our own country learn to sweeten their voices, and mellow the harshness of their natural notes, by practising under those that come from

mer climates. In the same manner I would allow Italian opera to lend our English music as much grace and soften it, but never entirely to animate and destroy it. Let the infusion be as strong you please, but still let the subject matter of it be English.

A composer should fit his music to the genius of the people, and consider that the delicacy of hearing and taste of harmony, has been formed upon the sounds which every country abounds with. In short, that music is of a relative nature, and what is harmony to one ear, may be dissonance to another. The same observations which I have made upon the recitative part of music, may be applied to all songs and airs in general.

Signior Baptist Lully acted like a man of sense in this particular. He found the French music extremely defective, and very often barbarous. However, knowing the genius of the people, the humour of their language, and the prejudiced ears he had to deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the French music, and plant the Italian in its stead; but only to cultivate and civilize it with innumerable notes and modulations which he borrowed from the Italians. By this means* the French music is now perfect in its kind; and when you say it is not so good as the Italian, you only mean that it does not please you so well; for there is scarce a Frenchman who did not wonder to hear you give the Italian such preference. The music of the French is indeed properly adapted to their pronunciation and accent, as their whole opera wonderfully favours the taste of such a gay airy people. The chorus, in which that opera abounds, gives the parterre frequent opportunities of joining in consort† with the stage. The inclination of the audience to sing along with

* These means.

† Concert.

the actors, so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the performer on the stage do no more in a celebrated song, than the clerk of a parish church, who serves only to raise the psalm, and afterward drowned in the music of the congregation. Every actor that comes on the stage is a beau. The queens and heroines are so painted, that they appear as ruddy and cherry-cheeked as milk-maids. The shepherds are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings; and Alpheus, instead of having his head covered with sedge and bull-rushes, making love in a full-bottom periwig and a plume of feathers; but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music.

I remember the last opera I saw in that merry nation was the Rape of Proserpine, where Pluto, to make the more tempting figure, puts himself in a French equipage, and brings Ascalaphus along with him as his valet de chambre. This is what we call folly and impertinence; but what the French look upon as gay and polite.

I shall add no more to what I have here offered than that music, architecture, and painting, as well as poetry and oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those arts themselves; or, in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste. Music is not designed to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing.

C.

* * Complete sets of this paper for the month of March, are sold by Mr. Greaves, in St. James's-street; Mr. Lillie, perfumer, the corner of Beaufort-buildings; Messrs. Sanger, Knapton, Round, and Mrs. Baldwin.--Spect. in folio.

Nº 30. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1711.

*Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque
Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.*

HOR. 1 Ep. vi. 65.

If nothing, as Mimnermus strives to prove,
Can e'er be pleasant without mirth and love,
Then live in mirth and love, thy sports pursue.—CREECH.

THE common calamity makes men extremely affect each other, though they differ in every other particular. The passion of love is the most general concern among men; and I am glad to hear by my last advices from Oxford, that there are a set of sighers in that university, who have erected themselves into a society in honour of that tender passion. These gentlemen are of that sort of inamoratos, who are not so very much lost to common sense, but that they understand the folly they are guilty of; and for that reason separate themselves from all other company, because they will enjoy the pleasure of talking incoherently, without being ridiculous to any but each other. When a man comes into the club, he is not obliged to make any introduction to his discourse, but at once, as he is seating himself in his chair, speaks in the thread of his own thoughts, 'She gave me a very obliging glance, she never looked so well in her life as this evening;' or the like affection, without regard to any other member of

the society ; for in this assembly they do not talk to each other, but every man claims the liberty of talking to himself. Instead of snuff and canes, which are the usual helps to discourse with other young fellows, these have each some of riband, a broken fan, or an old girdle, they play with while they talk of the fair person remembered by each respective token. According to the representation of the matter from my letter, the company appear like so many players rehearsing behind the scenes ; one is sighing and lamenting his destiny in beseeching terms, another declares he will break his chain, and another, in dumb show, striving to express his passion by his gesture, very ordinary in the assembly for one of a surprise and make a discourse concerning his passion in general, and describe the temper of his mind in a manner, as that the whole company shall receive the description, and feel the force of it. In the case if any man has declared the violence of his passion in more pathetic terms, he is made president for the night, out of respect to his superior passion.

We had some years ago in this town, a set of people who met and dressed like lovers, and were distinguished by the name of the Fringe-globes, but they were persons of such moderate understanding, even before they were impaired by their passion, that their irregularities could not furnish sufficient matter of folly to afford daily new impertinences ; by which means that institution dropped. These fellows now express their passion in nothing but their dress, and the Oxonians are fantastical now they are in proportion to their learning and understanding before they became such. The thoughts of ancient poets on this agreeable frenzy are transferred to the honour of some modern beauty ; and Chloris is now to-day by the same compliment that was a

Lesbia a thousand years ago. But as far as I can learn, the patron of the club is the renowned Don Quixote. The adventures of that gentle knight are frequently mentioned in the society, under the colour of laughing at the passion and themselves : but at the same time, though they are sensible of the extravagances of that unhappy warrior, they do not observe, that to turn all the reading of the best and wisest writings into rhapsodies of love, is a frenzy no less diverting than that of the aforesaid accomplished Spaniard. A gentleman, who, I hope, will continue his correspondence, is lately admitted into the fraternity, and sent me the following letter :

‘ SIR,

‘ Since I find you take notice of clubs, I beg leave to give you an account of one in Oxford, which you have no where mentioned, and perhaps never heard of. We distinguish ourselves by the title of the Amorous Club, are all votaries of Cupid, and admirers of the fair sex. The reason that we are so little known in the world, is the secrecy which we are obliged to live under in the university. Our constitution runs counter to that of the place wherein we live : for in love there are no doctors, and we all profess so high a passion, that we admit of no graduates in it. Our presidentship is bestowed according to the dignity of passion ; our number is unlimited ; and our statutes are like those of the Druids, recorded in our own breasts only, and explained by the majority of the company. A mistress, and a poem in her praise, will introduce any candidate. Without the latter no one can be admitted ; for he that is not in love enough to rhyme, is unqualified for our society. To speak disrespectfully of a woman is expulsion from our gentle society. As we are at present all of us gownmen, instead of duelling when we are rivals, we drink to-

gether the health of our mistress. The manner of doing this sometimes indeed creates debates; on such occasions we have recourse to the rules of love among the ancients.

Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.

MART. Epig. i. 74.

Six cups to Nævia, to Justina seven.

This method of a glass to every letter of her name, occasioned the other night a dispute of some warmth. A young student who is in love with Mrs. Elizabeth Dimple, was so unreasonable as to begin her health under the name of *Elizabetha*; which so exasperated the club, that by common consent we retrenched it to Betty. We look upon a man as no company that does not sigh five times in a quarter of an hour, and look upon a member as very absurd, that is so much himself as to make a direct answer to a question. In fine, the whole assembly is made up of absent men; that is, of such persons as have lost their locality, and whose minds and bodies never keep company with one another. As I am an unfortunate member of this distracted society, you cannot expect a very regular account of it; for which reason I hope you will pardon me that I so abruptly subscribe myself,

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

T. B.

‘I forgot to tell you, that Albina, who has six votaries in this club, is one of your readers.’—R.

N^o 31. THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1711.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui ——— VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 266.

What I have heard, permit me to relate.

For night, upon my going into a coffee-house not from the Hay-market theatre, I diverted myself above half an hour with overhearing the discourse of a man, who, by the shabbiness of his dress, the elegance of his conceptions, and the hurry of his speech, I discovered to be of that species who are generally distinguished by the title of projectors. This gentleman, for I found he was treated as such by his audience, was entertaining a whole table of listeners with the project of an opera, which he told us had cost him above two or three mornings in the conception, and which he was ready to put in execution should he might find his account in it. He said, he had observed the great trouble and inconvenience which ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the several shows that are exhibited in different quarters of the town. The dancing monkeys in one place; the puppet-show in another; the lions in a third; not to mention the lions, that are not a whole day's journey from the politer part of town. By this means people of figure are forced to lose half the winter after their coming to town, as they have seen all the strange sights about it. In order to remedy this great inconvenience, our projector drew out of his pocket the scheme of an opera, entitled, *The Expedition of Alexander the Great*; in which he had disposed all the remarkable sights about town, among the scenes and decorations of his piece. The thought, he confessed, was not

originally his own, but that he had taken it from several performances which he had seen on our stage; in one of which there was a representation of a ladder-dance; and in others a man, a moving picture, with many curious and like nature.

This Expedition of Alexander opens with consulting the oracle at Delphos, in which a conjurer who has been visited by so many of quality of late years, is to be introducing his fortune. At the same time Clitus is represented in another corner of the theatre ringing the bells of Delphos, for joy of the success. The tent of Darius is to be peopled by the same actors. Mrs. Salmon, where Alexander is to fall, is to be a piece of wax-work, that represents the statue of Statira. When Alexander comes into that scene, which Quintus Curtius tells us the dogs were exceeding fierce, that they would not lose their lives though they were cut to pieces limb by limb, they would hang upon their prey by their tails; they had nothing but a mouth left, then the scene of Hockley in the Hole, in which were presented all the diversions of that place, excepting only the dancing, which cannot possibly be represented in the theatre, by reason of the height of the roof. The several woods in Asia, which Alexander must be supposed to pass through, are to give the audience a sight of monkeys dancing, and with many other pleasantries of that ludicrous nature. At the same time, if there chance to be any wild animals in town, whether birds or beasts, they may be either let loose among the woods, or displayed on the stage by some of the country people. In the last great battle, Pinkethman is to represent King Porus upon an elephant, and is to be defeated by Powell, representing Alexander.

upon a dromedary, which nevertheless Mr. Powell is desired to call by the name of Bucephalus. Upon the close of this great decisive battle, when the two kings are thoroughly reconciled, to shew the mutual friendship and good correspondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a puppet-show, in which the ingenious Mr. Powell, junior, may have an opportunity of displaying his whole art of machinery, for the diversion of the two monarchs. Some at the table urged, that a puppet-show was not a suitable entertainment for Alexander the Great; and that it might be introduced more properly, if we suppose the conqueror touched upon that part of India which is said to be inhabited by the pygmies. But this objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the proposal immediately overruled. Our projector further added, that after the reconciliation of these two kings, they might invite one another to dinner, and either of them entertain his guest with the German artist, Mr. Pinkethman's heathen gods, or any of the like diversions, which shall then chance to be in vogue.

This project was received with very great applause by the whole table. Upon which the undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his design; for that Alexander being a Greek, it was his intention that the whole opera should be acted in that language, which was a tongue he was sure would wonderfully please the ladies, especially when it was a little raised and rounded by the Ionic dialect; and could not but be acceptable to the whole audience, because there are fewer of them who understand Greek than Italian. The only difficulty that remained, was how to get performers, unless we could persuade some gentlemen of the universities to learn to sing, in order to qualify themselves for the stage; but this objection soon vanished, when the projector informed us that the Greeks were at present the only

musicians in the Turkish empire, and that it will be very easy for our factory at Smyrna to furnish every year with a colony of musicians, by the opportunity of the Turkey fleet; besides, we shall want any single voice for any lower part. Lawrence can learn to speak Greek, and I can do Italian, in a fortnight's time.

The projector having thus settled matters to the good-liking of all that heard him, he left the table, and planted himself before the door. I had unluckily taken my stand for the purpose of overhearing what he said. Whether he intended to serve me to be more attentive than ordinary, I do not tell, but he had not stood by me above the space of a minute, but he turned short upon me suddenly, and catching me by a button of my coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner. 'Besides, Sir, I have heard of a very ingenious man for music that lives in Switzerland, who has a strong spring in his fingers, that he can make a board of an organ sound like a drum, and I will but procure a subscription of about ten thousand pounds every winter, I would undertake to engage him over, and oblige him by articles to set out a new song that should be sung upon the English stage. At this he looked full in my face, expecting that I should make an answer, when, by good luck, I happened that had entered the coffee-house since he had applied himself to me, hearing him talk of his compositions cried out in a kind of language that I understood, 'Music then to receive farther improvement from Switzerland?' This alarmed the projector, who immediately let go my button, and turned round to answer him. I took the opportunity of this, which seemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my penny upon the bar, retired in great precipitation.—C

N^o 32. FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1711.

Nil illi larva aut trag'cis opes esse cœtheris.

HOR. 1 Sat. v. 64.

*He wants no tragic vices to increase
His natural deformity of face.*

THE late discourse concerning the statutes of the Ugly club, having been so well received at Oxford, that, contrary to the strict rules of the society, they have been so partial as to take my own testimonial, and admit me into that select body; I could not restrain the vanity of publishing to the world the honour which is done me. It is no small satisfaction that I have given occasion for the President's shewing both his invention and reading to such advantage as my correspondent reports he did: but it is not to be doubted there were many very proper hums and pauses in his harangue, which lose their ugliness in the narration, and which my correspondent (begging his pardon) has no very good talent at representing. I very much approve of the contempt the society has of beauty. Nothing ought to be laudable in a man, in which his will is not concerned; therefore our society can follow nature, and where she has thought fit, as it were, to mock herself, we can do so too, and be merry upon the occasion.

MR. SPECTATOR,

Your making public the late trouble I gave you, you will find to have been the occasion of this. Who should I meet at the coffee-house door the other night, but my old friend Mr. President? I saw somewhat had pleased him; and as soon as he had cast his eye upon me. "Oho, doctor, rare news from London," says he; "the Spectator has made

honourable mention of the club (man), and published to the world his sincere desire to be a member with a recommendatory description of his phiz; though our constitution has made no particular provision for short faces, yet his being an extraordinary case, I believe we shall find a hole for him to creep in at; for I assure you he is not against the cause, and if his sides are as compact as his joles, he will not disguise himself to make one of us." I presently called for the paper, to see how you looked in print: and after we had regaled ourselves a while upon the pleasant image of our proselyte, Mr. President told me I should be his stranger at the next night's club; where we were no sooner come, but pipes brought, but Mr. President began a harangue upon your introduction to my epistle, setting it forth with no less volubility of speech, than strength of reason, "That a speculation of this nature had been long and much wanted; and that he doubted not but it would be of inestimable value to the public, in reconciling even of bodies and souls in composing and quieting the minds of men upon all corporal redundancies, deficiencies, and irregularities whatsoever; and making every one sit down content in his own carcass, though it were not perhaps so mathematically put together as he could wish." And again, "How that for want of a consideration of what you first advance, viz. That faces are not of our own choosing, people had been transported beyond all good breeding, and hurried themselves into unaccountable and fatal extravagances; as, how many impartial looking-glasses had been censured and calumniated, nay, and sometimes shivered into ten thousand splinters, only for a representation of the truth? How many head-stocks and garters had been made accessory, and actually forfeited, only because folks must needs quarrel

their own shadows? And who," continues he, "is deeply sensible, that one great source of heaviness and misery of human life, especially yet those of distinction, arises from nothing in the world else, but too severe a contemplation of the feasible contexture of our external parts, or the natural and invincible dispositions to be fat or thin? when a little more of Mr. Spectator's philosophy would take off all this. In the mean time we observe, that there is not one of their grievances of this sort, but perhaps, in some ages of the world has been highly in vogue, and may be so again; nay, in some country or other, ten to one is the case this day. My Lady Ample is the most miserly woman in the world, purely of her own making. She grudges herself meat and drink, for fear she should thrive by them; and is constantly crying, 'In a quarter of a year more I shall be quite of all manner of shape!' Now the lady's misfortune seems to be only this, that she is planted in the wrong soil; for go but to the other side of the water, it is a jest at Haerlem to talk of a shape lighter than eighteen stone. These wise traders regulate their beauties as they do their butter, by the pound; Miss Cross, when she first arrived in the Low Countries, was not computed to be so handsome as the Dutch Vad Brisket by near half a ton. On the other hand, there is 'Squire Lath, a proper gentleman worth 1,500*l.* per annum, as well as of an agreeable life and conversation; yet would not I be his heir for half his estate; for if it was as much he would freely part with it all for a pair of shoes to his mind. Whereas in the reign of our first monarch of glorious memory, nothing more modish than the brace of your fine taper supporters; and his majesty, without an inch of calf, managed affairs in peace or war as laudably as the bravest and most

N^o 33. SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1710

*Fervidus tecum puer, et solutis
 Gratia zonis, properantque nymphae,
 Et parva comis sine te juvenus,
 Mercuriusque* —HOM. 1 Od. ix. 3.

The graces with their zones unloos'd;
 The nymphs, their beauties all expos'd,
 From every spring, and every plain,
 Thy pow'rus, hot, and winged boy;
 And youth, that's dull without thy joy;
 And Mercury compose thy train.—CARRER.

A FRIEND of mine has two daughters, who will call Lætitia and Daphne; the former is the greatest beauty of the age in which she lives, the latter no way remarkable for any charms or person. Upon this one circumstance of the outward form, the good and ill of their life seems to depend. Lætitia has not, from her very childhood, heard of anything else but commendations of her features, complexion, by which means she is no other than what nature made her, a very beautiful outside; her consciousness of her charms has rendered her portably vain and insolent, towards all who come near her. Daphne, who was almost twenty years of age before one civil thing had ever been said to her, has herself obliged to acquire some accomplishments to make up for the want of those attractions which her sister saw in her. Poor Daphne was seldom admitted to in a debate wherein she was concerned; her discourse had nothing to recommend it but a good sense of it, and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while Lætitia was li-

partiality, and approbation set in the countenance of those she conversed with, before she committed what she had to say. These causes have had suitable effects, and Lætitia is as insipid as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, instead of favour, has studied no arts to please; and, despairing of any inclination towards her, has depended only on her merit. Lætitia says something in her air that is sullen, grave, and consolatory. Daphne has a countenance that is cheerful, open, and unconcerned. A young man saw Lætitia this winter at a play, and was her captive. His fortune was such, that he had very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with most freedom into the family, where a comely behaviour, severe looks, and distant civility procured the highest favours he could obtain of her; while Daphne used him with the good humour, familiarity, and innocence of a sister: insomuch that he would often say to her, 'Dear Daphne, you are but as handsome as Lætitia—.' She received his language with that ingenuous and pleasing simplicity which is natural to a woman without design. He sighed in vain for Lætitia, but found certainly the agreeable conversation of Daphne. At last, weary and tired with the haughty impertinence of her, and charmed with the repeated instances of good humour he had observed in Daphne, he one day told the latter, that he had something to say to her, and hoped she would be pleased with—'Faith,' continued he, 'I am in love with thee, and I love my sister sincerely.' The manner of his declaration, gave his mistress occasion for a very merry laugh.—'Nay,' says he, 'I knew you would laugh at me, but I will ask your father.' He did not; his father received his intelligence with no less

joy than surprise, and was very glad he had no care left but for his beauty, which he thought could carry to market at his leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much a great deal as this conquest of my friend Daphne's. All her acquaintance congratulate her upon her chance-misfortune, and laugh at that premeditating murderer her husband. As it is an argument of a light mind, to think ourselves worse of ourselves for the imperfections of our neighbours, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them. The female world seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this particular, for which reason I shall recommend the following extract out of a friend's letter to the professed libertines, who are a people almost as unsufferable as the professed wits.

' Monsieur St. Evremond has concluded one of his essays with affirming, that the last sighs of a handsome woman are not so much for the loss of life, as of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is pushed too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious mark, that woman's strongest passion is for her beauty, and that she values it as her favourite possession. From hence it is that all arts, which tend to improve or preserve it, meet with so good a reception among the sex. To say nothing of the false helps and contraband wares of beauty, which are daily vended in this great mart, there is not a maiden gentlewoman of a good family, in any part of South Britain, who has not heard of the virtue of May-dew, or is unfurnished with some receipt or other in favour of her complexion; and I have known a physician of learning and sense, after eight years study in the university, and a course of travelling in most countries of Europe, owe the first raising of his fortunes to a cosmetic wash.

' This has given me occasion to consider how

universal a disposition in womankind, which springs from a laudable motive, the desire of pleasing, and proceeds upon an opinion, not altogether groundless, that nature may be helped by art, may be turned to their advantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable service to take them out of the hands of quacks and pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon themselves, by discovering to them the true secret and art of improving beauty.

‘ In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary maxims, viz.

‘ That no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

‘ That pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small pox.

‘ That no woman is capable of being beautiful, who is not incapable of being false.

‘ And, That what would be odious in a friend is conformity in a mistress.

‘ From these few principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is, that those who are the favourite work of nature, or, as Mr. Dryden expresses it, the porcelain clay of human kind, become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms; and those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable in a great measure of finishing what she has left imperfect.

‘ It is methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys, and soften the cares of humanity, by the most agreeable parti-

cipation, to consider them merely as objects. This is abridging them of their natural power, to put them upon a level with their at Kneller's. How much nobler is the conception of beauty heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our veneration! How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the real luster of Sophronia's innocence, piety, good-humour, and truth; virtues which add a new softness to her beauty, and even beautify her beauty! That agreeable simplicity which must otherwise have appeared no less in the modest virgin, is now preserved in the mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful friend. Colours artfully spread upon canvas may please the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who has no care to add to the natural graces of her person, and any excellent qualities, may be allowed still to be as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

'When Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in Paradise, and relating to the angels his impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first sight, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her countenance which shone in them, and gave them their peculiar charm:

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye;
In all her gestures dignity and love!

'Without this irradiating power, the proud one ought to know, whatever her glass may say to the contrary, that her most perfect features are uninformed and dead.

'I cannot better close this moral, than by an epitaph written by Ben Jonson with a spirit nothing could inspire but such an object as I have been describing:

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which when alive did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,
R. B.'

Nº 34. MONDAY, APRIL 9, 1711.

—————parcit
Cognatis maculis similis fera———— Juv. Sat. xv. 159.
From spotted skins the leopard does refrain.—TATE.

A club of which I am a member, is very luckily
composed of such persons as are engaged in different
parts of life, and deputed as it were out of the most
prominent classes of mankind. By this means I
am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and
materials, and know every thing that passes in the
different quarters and divisions, not only of this great
kingdom but of the whole kingdom. My readers too
will be satisfied to find that there is no rank or
degree among them who have not their representative
in the club, and that there is always somebody present
who will take care of their respective interests, that
nothing may be written or published to the prejudice
or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

Last night sat very late in company with this
select body of friends, who entertained me with
various remarks which they and others had made
on these my speculations, as also with the various
degrees which they had met with among their sev-
eral ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb
told me, in the softest manner he could, that there
were some ladies (but for your comfort, says Will,
they are not those of the most wit) that were offended

at the liberties I had taken with the opera and puppet-show; that some of them were likewise much surprised, that I should think such points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality, proper subjects for railery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Frodo took him up short, and told him, that the point he hinted at, had done great good in the city; that all their wives and daughters were the better for them; and farther added, that the whole thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge them, and folly as they appear in a multitude, with condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues and cuckoldoms. 'In short,' says Sir Andrew, 'if you avoid that foolish beaten road of railing upon aldermen and citizens, and employing your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use.'

Upon this my friend the Templar told Sir Andrew that he wondered to hear a man of his sense after that manner; that the city had always been the province for satire; and that the wits of Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then shewed, by the example of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule; that great soever the persons might be that patently exposed them. 'But after all,' says he, 'I think your railery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the inns of court; and I do not believe you can shew me any precedent for your behaviour in that particular.'

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech in a peevish manner, and told us, that he wondered to see so

of sense so very serious upon fooleries. 'Let my good friend,' says he, 'attack every one that deserves it; I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator, applying himself to me, 'to take care how you dandle with country 'squires. They are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and, let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you, that you mention fox-hunters with so little respect.'

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my silence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point. By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me, by one or other of the club: and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a great deal to his gray hair, and another to his black, till they were picking out what each of them had an average of, they left his head altogether bald and naked. As I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was in the club that night, undertook my cause. He said, that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be attacked. That it was not quality, but innocence, which rendered men from reproof. That vice and folly should be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He farther added, that my paper would only serve to aggravate the evils of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into a scum, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterward proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too

without laughing. These poor gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the reputation of wits and moralists, by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for Bedlam; not considering that humour should always lie under the check of reason, that it requires the direction of the nicest judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in boundless freedoms. There is a kind of neatness to be observed in this sort of composition as in all other; and a certain regularity of which must discover the writer to be a man, at the same time that he appears altogether up to caprice. For my part, when I read the serious mirth of an unskilful author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am apt to pity the man, than laugh at any thing he

The deceased Mr. Shadwell, who had his great deal of the talent which I am treating of, presents an empty rake, in one of his plays, as much surprised to hear one say, that breaking windows was not humour; and I question not several English readers will be as much startled when I hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent pieces, which are often spread among us, under chimerical titles, are rather the offsprings of a disordered and untempered brain, than works of humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not humour, than what is; and very difficult to describe it otherwise than as Cowley has done wit, by negation. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would do them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, by supposing Humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy. Truth was the founder of the family, the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of collateral blood called Mirth, by whom he had issue Humour.

therefore being the youngest of this illustrious
y, and descended from parents of such different
itions, is very various and unequal in his tem-
s sometimes you see him putting on grave looks
solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behaviour
fantastic in his dress; insomuch that at different
he appears as serious as a judge, and as jocu-
a merry-andrew. But as he has a great deal
mother in his constitution, whatever mood he
he never fails to make his company laugh.

since there is an impostor abroad, who takes
him the name of this young gentleman, and
willingly pass for him in the world; to the
at well-meaning persons may not be imposed
by cheats, I would desire my readers, when
meet with this pretender, to look into his pa-
ge, and to examine him strictly, whether or no
remotely allied to Truth, and lineally descend-
on Good Sense; if not, they may conclude him
interfeit. They may likewise distinguish him
loud and excessive laughter, in which he sel-
gets his company to join with him. For as
Humour generally looks serious, while every
laughs about him; False Humour is always
ing, whilst every body about him looks serious.
all only add, if he has not in him a mixture of
Parents, that is, if he would pass for the off-
g of Wit without Mirth, or Mirth without Wit,
may conclude him to be altogether spurious and
at.

the impostor of whom I am speaking, descends
ually from Falsehood, who was the mother of
ense, who was brought to bed of a son called
y, who married one of the daughters of Folly,
only known by the name of Laughter, on
he begot that monstrous infant of which I
here been speaking. I shall set down at length

the genealogical table of False Humour, at the same time, place under it the genealogy of True Humour, that the reader may at one view see their different pedigrees and relations :

Falsehood.

Nonsense.

Frenzy.—Laughter.

False humour.

Truth.

Good Sense.

Wit.—Mirth.

Humour.

I might extend the allegory, by mentioning the children of False Humour, who are as numerous as the sands of the sea, and I might particular enumerate the many sons and daughters which he has begot in this island. But as it would be a very invidious task, I shall only observe in general, that False Humour differs from the natural Humour, as a monkey does from a man.

First of all, He is exceedingly given to tricks and buffooneries.

Secondly, He so much delights in mischief, that it is all one to him whether he exposes vice and folly, luxury and avarice; or, on the contrary, virtue and wisdom, pain and poverty.

Thirdly, He is wonderfully unlucky, so that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both friends and foes alike. For having but small talents, he is obliged to be merry where he can, not where he should.

Fourthly, Being entirely void of reason, he sees no point either of morality or instruction, and is ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, Being incapable of any thing but low and vulgar representations, his ridicule is always per-

med at the vicious man or the writer; not at the
 e, or the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole species of
 se humorists; but as one of my principal designs
 this paper is to beat down that malignant spirit,
 which discovers itself in the writings of the present
 re, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out
 y of the small wits, that infest the world with such
 compositions as are ill-natured, immoral, and ab-
 rd. This is the only exception which I shall make
 the general rule I have prescribed myself, of at-
 tacking multitudes, since every honest man ought
 look upon himself as in a natural state of war
 th the libeller and lampooner, and to annoy them
 erever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating
 on them, and treating them as they treat others.

C.

N° 36. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1711.

—————Immania monstra
 Perferimus ————— VIRG. ÆN. iii. 583.
 Things the most out of nature we endure.

I SHALL not put myself to any farther pains for this
 s entertainment, than barely to publish the let-
 and titles of petitions from the playhouse, with
 minutes I have made upon the latter for my con-
 et in relation to them.

‘ Drury-lane, April the 9th.

Upon reading the project which is set forth in one
 your late papers, of making an alliance between
 the bulls, bears, elephants, and lions, which are
 arately exposed to public view in the cities of

VI.

R

London and Westminster; together with the wonders, shows, and monsters, whereof you respectively mention in the said speculation; we chief actors of this playhouse, met and sat upon said design. It is with great delight that we expect the execution of this work: and in order to contribute to it we have given warning to all ghosts to get their livelihoods where they cannot to appear among us after day-break of the instant. We are resolved to take this opportunity to part with every thing which does not contribute to the representation of human life; and shall give a free gift of all animated utensils to your professor. The hangings you formerly mentioned are away; as are likewise a set of chairs, each of which was met upon two legs going through the Royal Vorn at two this morning. We hope, Sir, you will give proper notice to the town that we are endeavouring at these regulations; and that we intend for the future to shew no monsters, but men, who are converted into such by their own industry and affectation. If you will please to be at the house to night, you will see me do my endeavour to shew some unnatural appearances which are met with among the polite and well-bred. I am to perform in the character of a fine lady dancing, all the contortions which are frequently taken for graceful mien and gesture. This, Sir, is a specimen of the methods we shall take to expose the monsters which come within the notice of a regular theatre; and we desire nothing more gross may be admitted by Spectators for the future. We have cashiered all companies of theatrical guards, and design ourselves shall for the future make love, and sit in company without an army; and wait only your direction whether you will have them reinforce King Lear or join the troops of Macedon. Mr. Pinket

elves to consult his pantheon of heathen gods in position to the oracle of Delphos, and doubts not he shall turn the fortune of Porus, when he perorates him. I am desired by the company to inform you, that they submit to your censures; and will have you in greater veneration than Hercules of old, if you can drive monsters from the theatre; and think your merit will be as much greater in this, as to convince is more than to conquer.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

T. D.'

SIR,

When I acquaint you with the great and unexpected vicissitudes of my fortune, I doubt not but I will obtain your pity and favour. I have for many years past been Thunderer to the playhouse; and have not only made as much noise out of the clouds as my predecessor of mine in the theatre that ever bore that character, but also have descended and come on the stage as the bold Thunderer in The Rehearsal. When they got me down thus low, they might fit to degrade me farther, and make me a jest. I was contented with this for these two last winters; but they carry their tyranny still farther, I am not satisfied that I am banished from above ground, they have given me to understand that I am wholly to depart their dominions, and taken from even my subterraneous employment. Now, Sir, what I desire of you is, that if your undertaker thinks fit to use fire-arms (as other authors have done) in the time of Alexander, I may be a cannon against Porus, or else provide for me in the burning of Persepolis, or what other method you shall think fit. SALMONEUS OF COVENT-GARDEN.'

The petition of all the Devils of the playhouse in

behalf of themselves and families, setting forth their expulsion from thence, with certificates of their good life and conversation, and praying relief.

The merit of this petition referred to Mr. Chr. Rich, who made them devils.

The petition of the Grave-digger in Hamlet, to command the pioneers in the Expedition of Alexander.

Granted.

The petition of William Bullock, to be Hephæstion to Pinkethman the Great.

Granted.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A widow gentlewoman, well born both by father and mother's side, being the daughter of Thomas Prater, once an eminent practitioner in the law, and of Letitia Tattle, a family well known in all parts of this kingdom, having been reduced by misfortunes to wait on several great persons, and for some time to be a teacher at a boarding-school of young ladies, giveth notice to the public, that she hath lately taken a house near Bloomsbury-square, commodiously situated next the fields, in a good air; where she teaches all sorts of birds of the loquacious kind, as parrots, starlings, magpies, and others, to imitate human voices in greater perfection than ever was yet practised. They are not only instructed to pronounce words distinctly, and in a proper tone and accent, but to speak the language with great purity and volubility of tongue, together with all the fashionable phrases and compliments now in use either at tea-tables, or visiting-days. Those that have good voices may be taught to sing the newest opera-airs, and if required to speak, either Italian or French, paying something extraordinary above the common rates. They whose friends are not able to pay the full prices, may be taken as half-boarders.

houses such as are designed for the diversion of the public, and to act in enchanted woods on the sea, by the great. As she has often observed much concern how indecent an education is given these innocent creatures, which in some measure is owing to their being placed in rooms next the street, where, to the great offence of chaste and virtuous ears, they learn ribaldry, obscene songs, and indecent expressions from passengers, and idle boys, as also to cry fish and card-matches, with the useless parts of learning to birds who have no friends, she has fitted up proper and neat apartments for them in the back part of her said house; she suffers none to approach them but her maid, a servant-maid who is deaf and dumb, and she has provided on purpose to prepare their food, to cleanse their cages; having found by long experience how hard a thing it is for those to keep silent who have the use of speech, and the dangers scholars are exposed to, by the strong impressions that are made by harsh sounds, and vulgar expressions. In short, if they are birds of any parts or talents, she will undertake to render them so accomplished in the compass of a twelvemonth, that they shall be fit conversation for such ladies as love to lose their friends and companions out of this world.—R.

Nº 37. THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1711.

—Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ

Fœminas assueta manus ——— VIRO. ÆN. vii. 805.

Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd. DRYDEN.

SOME months ago, my friend Sir Roger, being in the country, enclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain lady whom I shall here call by the name of Leonora, and as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her lady's library, till such time as she was in readiness to receive me. The very sound of a lady's library gave me a great curiosity to see it; and as it was some time before the lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the folios (which were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of china placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture. The quartos were separated from the octavos by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful pyramid. The octavos were bounded by tea-dishes of all shapes, colours, and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame, that they looked like one continued pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture, and stained with the greatest variety of dyes. That part of the library which was designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets, and other loose papers, was enclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that I ever saw.

and made up of scaramouches, lions, monkeys, man-
rines, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd
figures in china-ware. In the midst of the room was
a little japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon
it, and on the paper a silver snuff-box made in the
shape of a little book. I found there were several
other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves,
which were carved in wood, and served only to fill
up the numbers like fagots in the muster of a re-
giment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a
mixed kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable both
to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at
that whether I should fancy myself in a grotto, or
in a library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there
were some few which the lady had bought for her
own use, but that most of them had been got to-
gether, either because she had heard them praised,
or because she had seen the authors of them.
Among several that I examined, I very well re-
member these that follow :

Ogleby's Virgil.

Dryden's Juvenal.

Cassandra.

Cleopatra.

Astræa.

Sir Isaac Newton's Works.

The Grand Cyrus; with a pin stuck in one of the
middle leaves.

Pembroke's Arcadia.

Locke on Human Understanding; with a paper
of patches in it.

A Spelling-book.

A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words.

Sherlock upon Death.

The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.

Sir William Temple's Essays.

Father Malebranche's Search after Truth, translated into English.

A book of Novels.

The Academy of Compliments.

Culpepper's Midwifery.

The Ladies Calling.

Tales in Verse by Mr. Dufey: bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.

All the Classic Authors in Wood.

A set of Elzevirs by the same Hand.

Clelia: which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.

Baker's Chronicle.

Advice to a Daughter.

The New Atalantis, with a Key to it.

Mr. Steele's Christian Hero.

A Prayer-book: with a bottle of Hungary Water by the side of it.

Dr. Sacheverell's Speech.

Fielding's Trial.

Seneca's Morals.

Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.

La Ferte's Instructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these, and several other authors, when Leonora entered, and upon my presenting her with a letter from the knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health: I answered yes, for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate

my good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favourite pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passion of her sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men (as she has often said herself), but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male visitants, except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure, and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country-seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about a hundred miles distant from London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottos covered with woodbines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful lake that is inhabited by a couple of swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the county by the name of The Purling Stream. The knight likewise tells me, that this lady preserves her game better than any of the gentlemen in the country, not (says Sir Roger) that she sets so great value upon her partridges and pheasants, as upon her larks and nightingales. For she says that every bird which is killed in her ground, will spoil her concert, and that she shall certainly miss him the next year.

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of ad-

miration and pity. Amidst these innocent amusements which she has formed to herself, much more valuable does she appear than the other sex, who employ themselves in diversions which are less reasonable though more in fashion? What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and regulate the passions, as well as to those which are of more use than to divert the imagination?

But the manner of a lady's employing herself fully in reading, shall be the subject of another paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of very great nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give their thoughts upon it.—C.

N^o 38. FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1711.

—————Cupias non placuisse nimis.—MARTIN
One would not please too much.

A LATE conversation which I fell into, gave me an opportunity of observing a great deal of beauty in a very handsome woman, and as much wit in a very ingenious man, turned into deformity in the one, and absurdity in the other, by the mere force of fiction. The fair one had something in her conversation upon which her thoughts were fixed, that she attempted to shew to advantage in every look, and gesture. The gentleman was as diligent in justice to his fine parts, as the lady to her beauty.

You might see his imagination on the stretch and out something uncommon, and what they might, to entertain her, while she writhed herself into as many different postures to engage him. When she laughed, her lips were to sever at a greater distance than ordinary to shew her teeth; when he was to point to something at a distance, that he might reach she may discover the roundness of her back; then she is utterly mistaken in what she saw, she smiles at her own folly, and is so wholly composed, that her tucker is to be adjusted, her bosom exposed, and the whole woman put into new graces. While she was doing all this, she had not time to think of something very pleasant to say next to her, or make some unkind observation on some other lady to feed her vanity. These happy effects of affectation, naturally led me to that strange state of mind which so generally discolours the behaviour of most people we meet with.

The learned Dr. Burnet, in his Theory of the Mind, takes occasion to observe, that every thought attended with a consciousness and representableness; the mind has nothing presented to it but it is immediately followed by a reflection of conscience, which tells you whether that which was so presented is graceful or unbecoming. This act of the mind discovers itself in the gesture, by a proper behaviour in those whose consciousness goes no farther than to direct them in the just progress of the present state or action; but betrays an interposition in every second thought, when the consciousness is employed in too fondly approving a man's conceptions; which sort of consciousness is what we call affectation.

As the love of praise is implanted in our bosoms as a strong incentive to worthy actions, it is a very difficult task to get above a desire of it for things

that should be wholly indifferent. Women, whose hearts are fixed upon the pleasure they have in the consciousness that they are the objects of love and admiration, are ever changing the air of their countenances, and altering the attitude of their bodies, to strike the hearts of their beholders with new sense of their beauty. The dressing part of our sex, whose minds are the same with the sillier part of the other, are exactly in the like uneasy condition to be regarded for a well-tied cravat, a hat cocked with an uncommon briskness, a very well-chosen coat, or other instances of merit, which they are impatient to see unobserved.

This apparent affectation, arising from an ill-governed consciousness, is not so much to be wondered at in such loose and trivial minds as these: but when we see it reign in characters of worth and distinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without some indignation. It creeps into the heart of the wise man as well as that of the coxcomb. When you see a man of sense look about for applause, and discover an itching inclination to be commended; lay traps for a little incense, even from those whose opinion he values in nothing but his own favour; who is safe against this weakness? or who knows whether he is guilty of it or not? The best way to get clear of such a light fondness for applause, is to take all possible care to throw off the love of it upon occasions that are not in themselves laudable, but as it appears we hope for no praise from them. Of this nature are all graces in men's persons, dress, and bodily deportment, which will naturally be winning and attractive if we think not of them, but lose their force in proportion to our endeavour to make them such.

When our consciousness turns upon the main design of life, and our thoughts are employed upon the chief purpose either in business or pleasure, we

shall never betray an affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it: but when we give the passion for praise an unbridled liberty, our pleasure in little perfections robs us of what is due to us for great virtues, and worthy qualities. How many excellent speeches and honest actions are lost, for want of being indifferent where we ought? Men are oppressed with regard to their way of speaking and acting, instead of having their thoughts bent upon what they should do or say; and by that means bury a capacity for great things, by their fear of failing in indifferent things. This, perhaps, cannot be called affectation; but it has some tincture of it, at least so far, as that their fear of erring in a thing of no consequence, argues they would be too much pleased in performing it.

It is only from a thorough disregard to himself in such particulars, that a man can act with a laudable sufficiency: his heart is fixed upon one point in view; and he commits no errors, because he thinks nothing an error but what deviates from that intention.

The wild havoc affectation makes in that part of the world, which should be most polite, is visible wherever we turn our eyes: it pushes men not only into impertinences in conversation, but also in their premeditated speeches. At the bar it torments the bench, whose business it is to cut off all superfluities in what is spoken before it by the practitioner; as well as several little pieces of injustice which arise from the law itself. I have seen it make a man run from the purpose before a judge, who was, when at the bar himself, so close and logical a pleader, that with all the pomp of eloquence in his power, he never spoke a word too much*.

* This seems to be intended as a compliment to Chancellor

It might be borne even here, but it often at the pulpit itself; and the declaimer, in that place, is frequently so impertinently witty, spends the last day itself with so many quaint phrases, there is no man who understands railery, but resolve to sin no more. Nay, you may behold sometimes in prayer, for a proper delivery of great truths he is to utter, humble himself with a very well-turned phrase, and mention his own worthiness in a way so very becoming, that the of the pretty gentleman is preserved, under the likeness of the preacher.

I shall end this with a short letter I writ the day to a very witty man, overrun with the fault speaking of:

‘DEAR SIR,

‘I spent some time with you the other day, and must take the liberty of a friend to tell you of an unsufferable affectation you are guilty of in say and do. When I gave you a hint of it, you asked me whether a man is to be cold to his friends think of him? No, but praise is not the entertainment of every moment. He that is for it must be able to suspend the possession of proper periods of life, or death itself. If you are not rather be commended than be praiseworthy, then little merits; and allow no man to be with you, as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by this means will want its food. At the same time your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified, men will praise you in their actions: where you receive one compliment, you will then receive a hundred civilities. Till then you will never have of either than,

T.

Sir, your humble servant

Nº 39. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1711.

Multa fero, ut placem genus imitabile vatum,
Cum scribo——— Hor. 2 Ep. ii. 102.

IMITATED.

Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head'd rhyming race.—POPE.

As a perfect tragedy is the noblest production of human nature, so it is capable of giving the mind one of the most delightful and most improving entertainments. A virtuous man (says Seneca) struggling with misfortunes, is such a spectacle as gods might look upon with pleasure; and such a pleasure as which one meets with in the representation of a well-written tragedy. Diversions of this kind wear out of our thoughts every thing that is mean and base. They cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature. They soften indigence, soothe affliction, and subdue the mind to the dispensations of Providence.

It is no wonder therefore that in all the polite nations of the world, this part of the drama has met with public encouragement.

The modern tragedy excels that of Greece and Rome, in the intricacy and disposition of the fable; but what a Christian writer would be ashamed to do, falls infinitely short of it in the moral part of the performance.

This I may shew more at large hereafter: and in the mean time, that I may contribute something towards the improvement of the English tragedy, I shall take notice, in this and in other following papers, of some particular parts in it that seem liable to exception.

Aristotle observes, that the Iambic verse in Greek tongue was the most proper for tragedy because at the same time that it lifted up the course from prose, it was that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of verse. 'For,' he, 'we may observe that men in ordinary discourse very often speak iambics, without taking notice of it.' We may make the same observation of English blank verse, which often enters into our common discourse, though we do not attend to it, it is such a due medium between rhyme and prose that it seems wonderfully adapted to tragedy. I am therefore very much offended when I see a play in rhyme; which is as absurd in English, as a tragedy of hexameters would have been in Greek or Latin. The solecism is, I think, still greater in the plays that have some scenes in rhyme and some in blank verse, which are to be looked upon as two several languages; or where we see some particular similes dignified with rhyme at the same time that every thing about them lies in blank verse. I will not however debar the poet from concluding a tragedy, or, if he pleases, every act of it, with one or three couplets, which may have the same effect as an air in the Italian opera after a long recitative, give the actor a graceful exit. Besides that, we have a diversity of numbers in some parts of the old tragedy, in order to hinder the ear from being tired with the same continued modulation of voice. For the same reason I do not dislike the speeches in our English tragedy that close with a hemistich or half verse, notwithstanding the person who speaks after it begins a new verse, without filling up the preceding one; nor with abrupt pauses and break off in the middle of a verse, when they humour a passion that is expressed by it.

Since I am upon this subject, I must observe

English poets have succeeded much better in the style, than in the sentiments of their tragedies. Their language is very often noble and sonorous, but the sense is either very trifling, or very common. On the contrary, in the ancient tragedies, and indeed in those of Corneille and Racine, though the expressions are very great, it is the thought that bears them up and swells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble sentiment that is depressed with homely language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the sound and energy of expression. Whether this defect in our tragedies may arise from want of genius, knowledge, or experience in the writers, or from their compliance with the vicious taste of their readers, who are better judges of the language than of the sentiments, and consequently value the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe it might rectify the conduct both of the one and of the other, if the writer laid down the whole contexture of his dialogue in plain English, and then he turned it into blank verse: and if the reader, after the perusal of a scene, would consider the naked thought of every speech in it, when divested of all its tragic ornaments. By this means, without being imposed upon by words, we may judge impartially of the thought, and consider whether it is natural or great enough for the person that utters it; whether it deserves to shine in such a blaze of splendour, or shew itself in such a variety of lights as are generally made use of by the writers of our English tragedy.

I must in the next place observe, that when our thoughts are great and just, they are often obscured by the sounding phrases, hard metaphors, and forced expressions in which they are clothed. Shakspeare is very faulty in this particular. There is a fine observation in Aristotle to this purpose, which I have

never seen quoted. The expression, says he, to be very much laboured in the unactive part of the fable, as in descriptions, similitudes, names, and the like; in which the opinions, manners, and passions of men are not represented; for (namely, the opinions, manners, and passions) apt to be obscured by pompous phrases and rare expressions. Horace, who copied most criticisms after Aristotle, seems to have had the foregoing rule, in the following verses:

*Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri :
Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul aterque,
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.*

Hon. Ars Poet.

Tragedians too lay by their state to grieve :
Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,
Forget their swelling and gigantic words.—Rost.

Among our modern English poets, there is no one who has a better turn for tragedy than Lee ; but, instead of favouring the impetuosity of his genius, he restrained it, and kept it within its proper bounds. His thoughts are wonderfully suited to tragedy, but are frequently lost in such a cloud of words, that it is hard to see the beauty of them. There is a fire in his works, but so involved in smoke, that it does not appear in half its lustre. He frequently exceeds in the passionate parts of the tragedy, particularly where he slackens his efforts, and in the style of those epithets and metaphors, in which he so much abounds. What can be more soft, or more passionate, than that line in *Lucina's* speech where she describes the charms of *Lucina's* conversation ?

Then he would talk—Good gods ! how he would

That unexpected break in the line, and turn of the description of his manner of talking into an

tion of it, is inexpressibly beautiful, and wonderfully suited to the fond character of the person that speaks it. There is a simplicity in the words, that outshines the utmost pride of expression.

Otway has followed nature in the language of his tragedy, and therefore shines in the passionate parts, more than any of our English poets. As there is something familiar and domestic in the fable of his tragedy, more than in those of any other poet, he has little pomp, but great force in his expressions. For which reason, though he has admirably succeeded in the tender and melting part of his tragedies, he sometimes falls into too great familiarity of phrase in those parts, which, by Aristotle's rule, ought to have been raised and supported by the dignity of expression.

It has been observed by others, that this poet has founded his tragedy of *Venice Preserved* on so wrong a plot, that the greatest characters in it are those of rebels and traitors. Had the hero of this play discovered the same good qualities in the defence of his country that he shewed for its ruin and subversion, the audience could not enough pity and admire him : but as he is now represented, we can only say of him what the Roman historian says of Catiline, that his fall would have been glorious (*si pro patria sic cecidisset*), had he so fallen in the service of his country.—C.

N° 40. MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1711.

Ac ne fortè putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
 Cùm rectè tractant alii, laudare malignè;
 Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur
 Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
 Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
 Ut magus; et modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.
 HOR. 2 Ep. i. 208.

IMITATED.

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
 Or praise, malignant, arts I cannot reach,
 Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
 To know the poet from the man of rhymes;
 'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,
 Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
 Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
 With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
 And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.—POPE.

THE English writers of tragedy are possessed with a notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent person in distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies. This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism, that they are obliged to an equal distribution of rewards and punishments, and an impartial execution of poetical justice. Who were the first that established this rule I know not; but I am sure it has no foundation in nature, in reason, or in the practice of the ancients. We find that good and evil happen alike to all men on this side the grave; and as the principal design of tragedy is to raise commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat this great end, if we always make

virtue and innocence happy and successful. Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man suffers in the body of the tragedy, they will make but a small impression on our minds, when we know that in the last act he is to arrive at the end of his wishes and desires. When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourselves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them; and that his grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness. For this reason the ancient writers of tragedy treated men in their plays, as they are dealt with in the world, by making virtue sometimes happy and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect the audience in the most agreeable manner. Aristotle considers those tragedies that were written in either of these ways, and observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize in the public disputes of the stage, from those that ended happily. Terror and commiseration give a pleasing anguish in the mind; and fix the audience in such a serious composure of thought, as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient starts of joy and satisfaction. Accordingly we find, that more of our English tragedies have succeeded, in which the favourites of the audience are under their calamities, than those in which they deliver themselves out of them. The best plays of this kind are, *The Orphan, Venice Preserved, Alexander the Great, Theodosius, All for Love, Edipus, Orocopia, Othello*, &c. *King Lear* is an admirable tragedy of the same kind, as Shakspeare wrote it; but it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost of its beauty. At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble tragedies which have been

framed upon the other plan, and have ended happily as indeed most of the good tragedies, which have been written since the starting of the above criticism, have taken this turn; as *The Mourning Bride*, *Tamerlane*, *Ulysses*, *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, with most of Mr. Dryden's. I must also allow, that many of Shakspeare's, and several of the celebrated tragedies of antiquity, are cast in the same form. I do not therefore dispute against this way of writing tragedies but against the criticism that would establish this as the only method; and by that means would very much cramp the English tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.

The tragi-comedy, which is the product of the English theatre, is one of the most monstrous inventions that ever entered into a poet's thoughts. An author might as well think of weaving the adventures of *Æneas* and *Hudibras* into one poem, as of writing such a motley piece of mirth and sorrow. But the absurdity of these performances is so very visible, that I shall not insist upon it.

The same objections which are made to tragi-comedy, may in some measure be applied to all tragedies that have a double plot in them; which are likewise more frequent upon the English stage, than upon any other; for though the grief of the audience, in such performances, be not changed into another passion, as in tragi-comedies; it is diverted upon another object, which weakens the concern for the principal action, and breaks the tide of sorrow, by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience, however, may in a great measure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the skilful choice of an under-plot, which may bear such a near relation to the principal design, as to contribute towards the completion of it, and be concluded by the same catastrophe.

There is also another particular, which may be reckoned among the blemishes, or rather the false parties of our English tragedy : I mean those particular speeches which are commonly known by the name of Rants. The warm and passionate parts of tragedy are always the most taking with the audience; for which reason we often see the players producing, in all the violence of action, several parts of the tragedy which the author writ with great temper, and designed that they should have been so acted. We have seen Powell very often raise himself a loud cry by this artifice. The poets that were acquainted with this secret, have given frequent occasion for the emotions in the actor, by adding vehemence to words where there was no passion, or inflaming a real passion into fustian. This hath filled the mouths of heroes with bombast; and given them such sentiments, as proceed rather from a swelling than a soundness of mind. Unnatural exclamations, curses, blasphemies, a defiance of mankind, and an raging of the gods, frequently pass upon the audience for towering thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite applause.

I shall here add a remark, which I am afraid our poets and writers may make an ill use of. As our heroes are generally lovers, their swelling and blustering upon the stage very much recommends them to a fair part of their audience. The ladies are wonderfully pleased to see a man insulting kings, or affronting the gods, in one scene, and throwing himself at the feet of his mistress in another. Let him behave himself insolently towards the men, and abjectly towards the fair one, and it is ten to one but he proves a favourite with the boxes. Dryden and many in several of their tragedies, have practised this art with good success.

But to shew how a rant pleases beyond the most

just and natural thought that is not pronounced with vehemence, I would desire the reader, with the tragedy of *Œdipus*, to observe how the hero is dismissed at the end of the third act, having pronounced the following lines, in which the thought is very natural, and apt to move the

To you, good gods, I make my last appeal;
Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.
If in the maze of fate I blindly ran,
And backward tread those paths I sought to
Impute my errors to your own decree
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.

Let us then observe with what thunder-clap of applause he leaves the stage, after the imprecations at the end of the fourth act; and we will wonder to see an audience so curiously pleased at the same time.

O that, as oft I have at Athens seen,

[*Where, by the way, there was no stage years after Œdipus.*]

The stage arise, and the big clouds descend;
So now, in very deed, I might behold
This pond'rous globe, and all yon marble ro-
Mant, like the hands of Jove, and crush man-kind
For all the elements, &c.

C.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Having spoken of Mr. Powell, as some-thing himself, and having obtained from the ill taste of the audience, I must do him the justice to own, that he is excellently formed for a tragedian, and that he pleases, deserves the admiration of the best of us, as I doubt not but he will in the *Conquest*, which is acted for his own benefit to-morrow.

Nº 41. TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1711.

— Tu non inventa reperta es.—OVID. Met. i. 654.

So found, is worse than lost.—ADDISON.

PASSION for the gentleman, who writes the following letter, should not prevail upon me to fall upon fair sex, if it were not that I find they are frequently fairer than they ought to be. Such impositions are not to be tolerated in civil society, and I wish his misfortune ought to be made public, as a warning for other men always to examine into what they admire.

SIR,

Supposing you to be a person of general knowledge, I make my application to you on a very particular occasion. I have a great mind to be rid of my wife, and hope, when you consider my case, you will be of opinion I have very just pretensions to a divorce. I am a mere man of the town, and have a little improvement, but what I have got from my wife. I remember in the *Silent Woman*, the learned Cutberd, or Dr. Otter (I forget which), makes one of the causes of separation to be *Error Personæ*, when a man marries a woman, and finds her not to be the woman whom he intended to marry, but another. If that be law, it is, I presume, exactly my case. For you are to know, Mr. Spectator, that there are women who do not let their husbands see their faces till they are married.

Not to keep you in suspense, I mean plainly that of the sex who paint. They are some of them exquisitely skilful this way, that give them but a

tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, and they will make bosom, lips, cheeks, and eyebrows, by their own industry. As for my dear, never was a man so enamoured as I was of her fair forehead, neck, and arms, as well as the bright jet of her hair; but to my great astonishment I find they were all the effect of art. Her skin is so tarnished with this practice, that when she first wakes in a morning, she scarce seems young enough to be the mother of her whom I carried to bed the night before. I shall take the liberty to part with her by the first opportunity, unless her father will make her portion suitable to her real, not her assumed, countenance. This I thought fit to let him and her know by your means.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant.

I cannot tell what the law or the parents of the lady will do for this injured gentleman, but must allow he has very much justice on his side. I have indeed very long observed this evil, and distinguished those of our women who wear their own, from those in borrowed complexions, by the Picts and the British. There does not need any great discernment to judge which are which. The British have a lively animated aspect; the Picts, though never so beautiful, have dead uninformed countenances. The muscles of a real face sometimes swell with soft passion, sudden surprise, and are flushed with agreeable confusions, according as the objects before them, or the ideas presented to them, affect their imagination. But the Picts behold all things with the same air, whether they are joyful or sad; the same fixed insensibility appears upon all occasions. A Pict, though she takes all that pains to invite the approach of lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain distance; a sigh in a languishing lover, if fetched too near her,

could dissolve a feature; and a kiss snatched by a forward one, might transfer the complexion of the mistress to the admirer. It is hard to speak of these false fair ones, without saying something uncomplaisant, but I would only recommend to them to consider how they like coming into a room new painted; they may assure themselves the near approach of a lady who uses this practice is much more offensive.

Will Honeycomb told us one day, an adventure he once had with a Pict. This lady had wit, as well as beauty, at will; and made it her business to gain hearts, for no other reason but to rally the torments of her lovers. She would make great advances to ensnare men, but without any manner of scruple break off when there was no provocation. Her ill-nature and vanity made my friend very easily proof against the charms of her wit and conversation; but her beauteous form, instead of being blemished by falsehood and inconstancy, every day increased upon him, and she had new attractions every time he saw her. When she observed Will irrevocably her slave, she began to use him as such, and after many steps towards such a cruelty, she at last utterly banished him. The unhappy lover strove in vain, by vile epistles, to revoke his doom: till at length he was forced to the last refuge, a round sum of money to her maid. This corrupt attendant placed him early in the morning behind the hangings in her mistress's dressing-room. He stood very conveniently to observe, without being seen. The Pict began the face she designed to wear that day, and I have heard him protest she had worked a full half hour before he knew her to be the same woman. As soon as he saw the dawn of that complexion, for which he had so long languished, he thought fit to speak from his concealment, repeating that of Cowley:

Th' adorning thee with so much art,
Is but a barbarous skill,
Tis like the poisoning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.

The Pict stood before him in the utmost confidence with the prettiest smirk imaginable on the first side of her face, pale as ashes on the other. He combed seized all her gallipots and washes, and took off his handkerchief full of brushes, scraped Spanish wool, and phials of unguents. The lady went into the country, the lover was cured.

It is certain no faith ought to be kept with chivalry and an oath made to a Pict is of itself void. I will therefore exhort all the British ladies to single themselves out, nor do I know any but Landamira who should be exempt from discovery; for her own complexion is so delicate, that she ought to be allowed the cover of it with paint, as a punishment for choosing to be a worst piece of art extant, instead of the master-piece of nature. As for my part, who have no expectations from women, and consider them only as they are parts of the species, I do not half so much fear offending a beauty, as a woman of sense; I shall therefore produce several faces which have been in public these many years, and never appeared. It will be a very pretty entertainment in the playhouse (when I have abolished this custom) to see so many ladies, when they first lay it down, incog. in their own faces.

In the mean time, as a pattern for improving their charms, let the sex study the agreeable Statura. Her features are enlivened with the cheerfulness of her mind, and good humour gives an alacrity to her eyes. She is graceful without affecting an air, and unconcerned without appearing careless. Her having no manner of art in her mind, makes her want none in her person.

How like is this lady, and how unlike is a Pict, to a description Dr. Donne gives of his mistress?

——— Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one would almost say her body thought.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A young gentlewoman of about nineteen years of age (bred in the family of a person of quality, lately deceased) who paints the finest flesh-colour, wants a house and is to be heard of at the house of Mynheer Veresque, a Dutch painter in Barbican.

T. B. She is also well skilled in the drapery part, and puts on hoods, and mixes ribbands so as to suit the colours of the face with great art and success.

42. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1711.

*Sarganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Thuscum ;
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
Divitumque peregrinæ, quibus oblitus actor
Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera laeva.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sanè. Quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.—Hor. 2 Ep. i. 202.*

IMITATED.

Loud as the wolves on Orca's stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep—
Such is the shout, the long applauding note,
At Quin's high praise, or Oldfield's petticoat
Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!—
But has he spoken? —Not a syllable—
What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacker'd chair.—POPE.

ARISTOTLE has observed, that ordinary writers in tragedy endeavour to raise terror and pity in their audi-

ence, not by proper sentiments and expressions, but by the dresses and decorations of the stage. There is something of this kind very ridiculous in the English theatre. When the author has a mind to terrify us, it thunders; when he would make us melancholy, the stage is darkened. But among all our tragic artifices, I am the most offended at those which are made use of to inspire us with magnificent ideas of the persons that speak. The ordinary method of making a hero, is to clap a huge plume of feathers upon his head, which rises so very high, that there is often a greater length from his chin to the top of his head, than to the sole of his foot. One would believe, that we thought a great man and a tall man the same thing. This very much embarrasses the actor, who is forced to hold his neck extremely stiff and steady all the while he speaks; and notwithstanding any anxieties which he pretends for his mistress, his country, or his friends, one may see by his action, that his greatest care and concern is to keep the plume of feathers from falling off his head. For my own part, when I see a man uttering his complaints under such a mountain of feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate lunatic than a distressed hero. As these superfluous ornaments upon the head make a great man, a princess generally receives her grandeur from those additional encumbrances that fall into her tail; I mean the broad sweeping train that follows her in all her motions, and finds constant employment for a boy who stands behind her to open and spread it to advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this sight, but I must confess my eyes are wholly taken up with the page's part; and, as for the queen, I am not so attentive to any thing she speaks, as to the right adjusting of her train, lest it should chance to trip up her heels, or incommode her, as she walks to and fro upon the stage.

It is, in my opinion, a very odd spectacle, to see a queen venting her passion in a disordered motion, and a little boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the tail of her gown. The parts that the two persons act on the stage at the same time are very different. The princess is afraid lest she should incur the displeasure of the king her father, or lose the hero her lover, whilst her attendant is only concerned lest she should entangle her feet in her petticoat.

We are told, that an ancient tragic poet, to move the pity of his audience for his exiled kings and distressed heroes, used to make the actors represent them in dresses and clothes that were thread-bare and decayed. This artifice for moving pity seems as ill conceived as that we have been speaking of to inspire us with a great idea of the persons introduced upon the stage. In short, I would have our conceptions raised by the dignity of thought and sublimity of expression, rather than by a train of robes or a plume of feathers.

Another mechanical method of making great men, and adding dignity to kings and queens, is to accompany them with halberts and battle-axes. Two or three shifters of scenes, with the two candle-snuffers, make up a complete body of guards upon the English stage; and by the addition of a few porters dressed in red coats, can represent above a dozen legions. I have sometimes seen a couple of armies drawn up together upon the stage, when the poet has been disposed to do honour to his generals. It is impossible for the reader's imagination to multiply twenty men into such prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand soldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards in compass. Incidents of such nature should be told, not represented.

Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in scenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.

Hon. Ars Poet. ver. 182.

Yet there are things improper for a scene,
Which men of judgment only will relate,---RosCOMMON.

I should, therefore, in this particular, recommend to my countrymen the example of the French stage, where the kings and queens always appear unattended, and leave their guards behind the scenes. I should likewise be glad if we imitated the French in banishing from our stage the noise of drums, trumpets, and huzzas: which is sometimes so very great, that when there is a battle in the Hay-market theatre, one may hear it as far as Charing-cross.

I have here only touched upon those particulars which are made use of to raise and aggrandize the persons of a tragedy; and shall shew, in another paper, the several expedients which are practised by authors of a vulgar genius to move terror, pity, or admiration, in their hearers.

The tailor and the painter often contribute to the success of a tragedy more than the poet. Scenes affect ordinary minds as much as speeches; and our actors are very sensible, that a well-dressed play has sometimes brought them as full audiences as a well-written one. The Italians have a very good phrase to express this art of imposing upon the spectators by appearances; they call it the '*Fourberia della scena*,' 'The knavery, or trickish part of the drama.' But however the show and outside of the tragedy may work upon the vulgar, the more understanding part of the audience immediately see through it, and despise it.

A good poet will give the reader a more lively idea of an army or a battle in a description, than if he actually saw them drawn up in squadrons and battalions, or engaged in the confusion of a fight. Our minds should be opened to great conceptions, and inflamed with glorious sentiments by what the actor speaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the

appings or equipage of a king or hero, give Brutus
 off that pomp and majesty which he receives from
 few lines in Shakspeare? -C.

Nº 43. THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1711.

*Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
 Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.*—VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 854.

By these thy arts; to bid contention cease,
 Chain up stern wars and give the nations peace;
 O'er subject lands extend thy gentle sway,
 And teach with iron rod the haughty to obey.

THESE are crowds of men, whose great misfortune it
 is that they were not bound to mechanic arts or trades;
 being absolutely necessary for them to be led by
 one continual task or employment. These are such
 as we commonly call dull fellows; persons who for
 want of something to do, out of a certain vacancy of
 thought, rather than curiosity, are ever meddling
 with things for which they are unfit. I cannot give
 you a notion of them better, than by presenting you
 with a letter from a gentleman, who belongs to a so-
 ciety of this order of men, residing at Oxford.

SIR,

Oxford, April 13, 1711.

Four o'clock in the morning.

In some of your late speculations, I find some
 sketches towards a history of clubs; but you seem
 to me to shew them in somewhat too ludicrous a light.
 I have well weighed that matter, and think, that the
 most important negotiations may be best carried on
 in such assemblies. I shall therefore, for the good
 of mankind (which I trust you and I are equally con-
 cerned for), propose an institution of that nature for
 your sample sake.

' I must confess the design and transactions of many clubs are trifling, and manifestly of no consequence to the nation or public weal. Those I give you up. But you must do me then the justice to own, that nothing can be more useful or laudable than the scheme we go upon. To avoid nicknames and witticisms, we call ourselves The Hebdomadal Meeting. Our president continues for a year at least, and sometimes for four or five; we are all grave, serious, designing men, in our way; we think it our duty, far as in us lies, to take care the constitution receive no harm—*Ne quid detrimenti res capiat publica*—to censure doctrines or facts, persons or things, which we do not like; to settle the nation at home, and carry on the war abroad, where and in what manner we see fit. If other people are not of our opinion, we cannot help that. It were better they were. Moreover we now and then condescend to direct in some measure the little affairs of our own university.

' Verily, Mr. Spectator, we are much offended at the act for importing French wines. A bottle or two of good solid edifying port at honest George's, made a night cheerful, and threw off reserve. But this plaguy French claret will not only cost us more money, but do us less good. Had we been aware of it before it had gone too far, I must tell you we would have petitioned to be heard upon that subject. But let that pass.

' I must let you know likewise, good Sir, that we look upon a certain northern prince's march, in conjunction with infidels, to be palpably against our good-will and liking; and for all Monsieur Palmquist, a most dangerous innovation; and we are by no means yet sure, that some people are not at the bottom of it. At least my own private letters leave room for a politician, well versed in matters of this nature, to suspect as much, as a penetrating friend of mine tells me.

‘ We think we have at last done the business with the malcontents in Hungary, and shall clap up a peace there.

‘ What the neutrality army is to do, or what the army in Flanders, and what two or three other princes, is not yet fully determined among us ; and we wait impatiently for the coming in of the next Dyer’s, who you must know is our authentic intelligence, our Aristotle in politics. And indeed it is but at there should be some dernier resort, the absolute decider of controversies.

‘ We were lately informed, that the gallant trained-bands had patrolled all night long about the streets of London. We indeed could not imagine any occasion for it, we guessed not a tittle on it aforehand, we were in nothing of the secret; and that city tradesmen, or their apprentices, should do duty or work during the holidays, we thought absolutely impossible. But Dyer being positive in it, and some letters from other people, who had talked with some who had it from those who should know, giving some countenance to it, the chairman reported from the committee appointed to examine into that affair, that it was possible there might be something in it. I have much more to say to you, but my two good friends and neighbours Dominic and Slyboots are just come in, and the coffee is ready. I am, in the mean time,

Mr. Spectator,

Your admirer and humble servant,

ABRAHAM FROTH.’

You may observe the turn of their minds tends only to novelty, and not satisfaction in any thing. It would be disappointment to them, to come to certainty in any thing, for that would gravel them and put an end to their inquiries, which dull fellows do not make for information, but for exercise. I do not

know but this may be a very good way of accounting for what we frequently see, to wit, that dull fellows prove very good men of business. Business relieves them from their own natural heaviness by furnishing them with what to do; whereas business to mercurial men, is an interruption from their real existence and happiness. Though the dull part of mankind are harmless in their amusements, it were to be wished they had no vacant time, because they usually undertake something that makes their wants conspicuous, by their manner of supplying them. You shall seldom find a dull fellow of good education, but, if he happens to have any leisure upon his hands, will turn his head to one of those two amusements for all fools of eminence, politics, or poetry. The former of these arts is the study of all dull people in general; but when dullness is lodged in a person of a quick animal life, it generally exerts itself in poetry. One might here mention a few military writers, who give great entertainment to the age, by reason that the stupidity of their heads is quickened by the alacrity of their hearts. This constitution in a dull fellow, gives vigour to nonsense, and makes the puddle boil, which would otherwise stagnate. The British Prince, that celebrated poem, which was written in the reign of King Charles the Second, and deservedly called by the wits of that age incomparable, was the effect of such a happy genius as we are speaking of. From among many other distichs no less to be quoted on this account, I cannot but recite the two following lines:

A painted vest Prince Voltiger had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.

Here, if the poet had not been vivacious, as well as stupid, he could not, in the warmth and hurry of nonsense, have been capable of forgetting that neither Prince Voltiger, nor his grandfather, could strip

a naked man of his doublet; but a fool of a colder constitution would have stayed to have flead the Pict, and made buff of his skin, for the wearing of the conqueror.

To bring these observations to some useful purpose of life, what I would propose should be, that we imitated those wise nations, wherein every man learns some handicraft-work. — Would it not employ a beau prettily enough, if, instead of eternally playing with a snuff-box, he spent some part of his time in making one? Such a method as this would very much conduce to the public emolument, by making every man living good for something; for there would then be no one member of human society, but would have some little pretension for some degree in it: like him who came to Will's coffee-house, upon the merit of having writ a posy of a ring.—R.

N° 44. FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1711.

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 123.

Now hear what every auditor expects.—ROSCOMMON.

AMONG the several artifices which are put in practice by the poets to fill the minds of an audience with terror, the first place is due to thunder and lightning, which are often made use of at the descending of a god, or the rising of a ghost, at the vanishing of a devil, or at the death of a tyrant. I have known a bell introduced into several tragedies with good effect; and have seen the whole assembly in a very great alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our English theatre so much as a ghost, espe-

cially when he appears in a bloody shirt. A man has very often saved a play, though he has nothing but stalked across the stage, or rose to a cleft of it, and sunk again without speaking a word. There may be a proper season for these moral terrors; and when they only come in as aids or assistances to the poet, they are not only to be excused, but to be applauded. Thus the sound of the clock in *Venice Preserved* makes the heart of the whole audience quake; and conveys a stronger terror to the mind than it is possible for words to do. The appearance of the ghost in *Hamlet* is a master-piece in its kind, and wrought up with the circumstances that can create either attention or horror. The mind of the reader is wonderfully prepared for his reception by the discourses that precede it. His dumb behaviour at his first entrance strikes the imagination very strongly; but even when he enters, he is still more terrifying. Who can describe the speech with which young Hamlet accosts him without trembling?

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd:

Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell;

Be thy ^{events} ~~events~~ wicked or charitable,

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape

That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,

King, Father, Royal Dane. Oh! answer me.

Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell

Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements! Why the sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,

Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws

To cast thee up again? What may this mean?

That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous?

* Events for advents, comings, or visits. We read in copies, intents.

do not therefore find fault with the artifices above mentioned, when they are introduced with skill, and accompanied by proportionable sentiments and expressions in the writing.

For the moving of pity, our principal machine is the handkerchief; and indeed, in our common tragedies, we should not know very often that the persons are in distress by any thing they say, if they did not from time to time apply their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Far be it from me to think of banishing this instrument of sorrow from the stage; I know a tragedy could not subsist without it; all that I would intend for, is to keep it from being misapplied. In short, I would have the actor's tongue sympathize with his eyes.

A disconsolate mother, with a child in her hand, frequently drawn compassion from the audience, and has therefore gained a place in several tragedies. A modern writer, that observed how this had took in other plays, being resolved to double the distress, and melt his audience twice as much as those before him had done, brought a princess upon the stage with a little boy in one hand, and a girl in the other. This too had a very good effect. A third poet being resolved to outwrite all his predecessors, a few years ago introduced three children with great success: and as I am informed, a young gentleman, who is fully determined to break the most obdurate hearts, has a tragedy by him, where the first person that appears upon the stage is an afflicted widow in her mourning weeds, with half a dozen fatherless children attending her like those that usually hung about the figure of Charity. Thus several incidents that are beautiful in a good writer, become ridiculous by falling into the hands of a bad one.

But among all our methods of moving pity or terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and what

more exposes us to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is very frequent upon the French stage. To delight in seeing men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the sign of a barbarous temper: and as this is often practised before a British audience, several French critics, who think these are grateful spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us as a people that live in blood. It is indeed very odd, to see our stage strewn with carcasses in the last scenes of a tragedy, and to observe in the wardrobe of the playhouse several daggers, poniards, wheels, bowls for poison, and many other instruments of death. Murders and executions are always transacted behind the scenes in the French theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilized people; but as there are no exceptions to this rule on the French stage, it leads them into absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present view. I remember in the famous play of *Cornell*, written upon the subject of the *Horatii* and *Curii*, the fierce young hero who had overcome the enemy, one after another (instead of being congratulated for his sister for his victory being upbraided by her for having slain her lover), in the height of his passion and resentment kills her. If any thing could excuse so brutal an action, it would be the doing it on a sudden, before the sentiments of nature, reason, or manhood, could take place in him. However, to avoid public bloodshed, as soon as his passion is wrought to its height, he follows his sister the whole length of the stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the scenes. I must confess, had he murdered her before the audience, the indecency might have been greater; but as it now appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in

ood. To give my opinion upon this case, the fact ought not to have been represented, but to have been told, if there was any occasion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the reader to see how Sophocles has conducted a tragedy under the like delicate circumstances. Orestes was in the same condition with Hamlet in Shakspeare, his mother having murdered his father, and taken possession of his kingdom in conspiracy with her adulterer. That young prince, therefore, being determined to revenge his father's death upon those who filled his throne, conveys himself by a beautiful stratagem into his mother's apartment, with a resolution to kill her. But because such a spectacle would have been too shocking to the audience, this dreadful resolution is executed behind the scenes: the mother is heard calling out to her son for mercy; and the son answering that she shewed no mercy to his father; after which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and by that follows we find that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our plays there are speeches behind the scenes, though there are other instances of this nature to be met with in those of the ancients: and I believe my reader will agree with what there is something infinitely more affecting and dreadful dialogue between the mother and her son behind the scenes, than could have been in any case transacted before the audience. Orestes immediately after meets the usurper at the entrance of the palace; and by a very happy thought of the poet kills him before the audience, by telling him that he should live some time in his present bitterness before he would dispatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that part of the palace where he had slain his father, whose murder he would revenge in the very same place where it was committed. By this means the poet observes that decency, which

Horace afterward established by a rule, of forbearing to commit parricides or unnatural murders before the audience.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.—*ARS POET.* ver. 185.

Let not Medea draw her murd'ring knife,
And spill her children's blood upon the stage. —*ROSCOMMON.*

The French have therefore refined too much upon Horace's rule, who never designed to banish all kinds of death from the stage; but only such as had too much horror in them, and which would have a better effect upon the audience when transacted behind the scenes. I would therefore recommend to my countrymen the practice of the ancient poets, who were very sparing of their public executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the scenes, if it could be done with as great an effect upon the audience. At the same time I must observe, that though the devoted persons of the tragedy were seldom slain before the audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their bodies were often produced after their death, which has always something melancholy or terrifying: so that the killing on the stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an indecency, but also as an improbability.

*Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem:
Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

HOR. ARS POET. ver. 185.

Medea must not draw her murd'ring knife,
Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare;
Cadmus and Progne's metamorphoses,
(She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake;)
And whatsoever contradicts my sense,
I hate to see, and never can believe.—*ROSCOMMON.*

I have now gone through the several dramatic inventions which are made use of by the ignorant poets

to supply the place of tragedy, and by the skilful to improve it; some of which I could wish entirely rejected, and the rest to be used with caution. It would be an endless task to consider comedy in the same light, and to mention the innumerable shifts that small wits put in practice to raise a laugh. Bullock in a short coat, and Norris in a long one, seldom fail of this effect. In ordinary comedies, a broad and a narrow-brimmed hat are different characters. Sometimes the wit of the scene lies in a shoulder-belt, and sometimes in a pair of whiskers. A lover running about the stage, with his head peeping out of a barrel*, was thought a very good jest in King Charles the Second's time; and invented by one of the first wits of that age. But because ridicule is not so delicate as compassion, and because the objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than those that make us weep, there is a much greater latitude for comic than tragic artifices, and by consequence a much greater indulgence to be allowed them.—C.

N° 45. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1711.

Natio comœdia est.—Juv. Sat. iii. 100.

The nation is a company of players.

THERE is nothing which I desire more than a safe and honourable peace, though at the same time I am very apprehensive of many ill consequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our politics, but to our manners. What an inundation of ribands and brocades will break in upon us? What peals of

* The comedy of *The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub*, by Sir George Ethridge, 1664.

laughter and impertinence shall we be exposed to? For the prevention of these great evils, I could heartily wish that there was an act of parliament for prohibiting the importation of French sopperies.

The female inhabitants of our island have already received very strong impressions from this ludicrous nation, though by the length of the war (as there is no evil which has not some good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when some of our well-bred countrywomen kept their valet de chambre, because, forsooth, a man was much more handy about them than one of their own sex. I myself have seen one of these male Abigail tripping about the room with a looking-glass in his hand, and combing his lady's hair a whole morning together. Whether or no there was any truth in the story of a lady's being got with child by one of these her handmaids, I cannot tell; but I think at present the whole race of them is extinct in our own country.

About the time that several of our sex were taken into this kind of service, the ladies likewise brought up the fashion of receiving visits in their beds. It was then looked upon as a piece of ill-breeding for a woman to refuse to see a man, because she was not stirring; and a porter would have been thought unfit for his place, that could have made so awkward an excuse. As I love to see every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my friend Will Honeycomb to carry me along with him to one of these travelled ladies, desiring him, at the same time, to present me as a foreigner who could not speak English, that so I might not be obliged to bear a part in the discourse. The lady, though willing to appear undrest, had put on her best looks, and painted herself for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice disorder, as the night-gown

which was thrown upon her shoulders was ruffled with great care. For my part, I am so shocked with every thing which looks immodest in the fair sex, that I could not forbear taking off my eye from her when she moved in bed, and was in the greatest confusion imaginable every time she stirred a leg, or an arm. As the coquettes who introduced this custom grew old, they left it off by degrees; well knowing, that a woman of threescore may kick and tumble her heart out, without making any impression.

Sempronia is at present the most professed admirer of the French nation, but is so modest as to admit her visitants no farther than her toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes, when she is talking politics with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass, which does such execution upon all the male standers-by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her woman and her visitants? What sprightly transitions does she make from an opera or a sermon, to an ivory comb or a pin-cushion? How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels, by a message to her footman; and holding her tongue in the midst of a moral reflection, by applying the tip of it to a patch?

There is nothing which exposes a woman to greater dangers, than that gaiety and airiness of temper, which are natural to most of the sex. It should be therefore the concern of every wise and virtuous woman to keep this sprightliness from degenerating into levity. On the contrary, the whole discourse and behaviour of the French is to make the sex more fantastical, or (as they are pleased to term it) more awakened, than is consistent either with virtue or discretion. To speak loud in public assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things that should only be mentioned in private, or in whisper, are

looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the same time a blush is unfashionable, and silence more ill-bred than any thing that can be spoken. In short, discretion and modesty, which in all other ages and countries have been regarded as the greatest ornaments of the fair sex, are regarded as the ingredients of narrow conversation, and family behaviour.

Some years ago I was at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and unfortunately placed myself under a woman of quality that is since dead; who, as I found by the noise she made, was newly returned from France. A little before the rising of the curtain, she broke out into a loud soliloquy, 'When will the dear witches enter?' and immediately upon their first appearance, asked a lady that sat three boxes from her on her right hand, if those witches were not charming creatures. A little after, as Betterton was in one of the finest speeches of the play, she shook her fan at another lady who sat as far on the left hand, and told her with a whisper that might be heard all over the pit, 'We must not expect to see Balloon to night.' Not long after, calling out to a young baronet, by his name, who sat three seats before me, she asked him whether *Macbeth's* wife was still alive; and before he could give an answer, fell a talking of the ghost of Banquo. She had by this time formed a little audience to herself, and fixed the attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the play, I got out of the sphere of her impertinence, and planted myself in one of the remotest corners of the pit.

This pretty childishness of behaviour is one of the most refined parts of coquetry, and is not to be attained in perfection by ladies that do not travel for their improvement. A natural and unconstrained behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it

is no wonder to see people endeavouring after it. But at the same time it is so very hard to hit, when it is not born with us, that people often make themselves ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious French author tells us, that the ladies of the court of France in his time thought it ill-breeding, and a kind of female pedantry, to pronounce a hard word right; for which reason they took frequent occasion to use hard words, that they might shew a politeness in murdering them. He farther adds, that a lady of some quality at court, having accidentally made use of a hard word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole assembly was out of countenance for her.

I must however be so just to own, that there are many ladies who have travelled several thousands of miles without being the worse for it, and have brought home with them all the modesty, discretion, and good sense, that they went abroad with. As on the contrary, there are great numbers of travelled ladies, who have lived all their days within the smoke of London. I have known a woman that never was out of the parish of St. James's betray as many foreign fopperies in her carriage, as she could have gleaned up in half the countries of Europe.

C.

N° 46. MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1711.

Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.

OVID. Met. l. i. ver. 9.

The jarring seeds of ill-concerted things.

WHEN I want materials for this paper, it is my custom to go abroad in quest of game; and when I

meet any proper subject, I take the first opportunity of setting down a hint of it upon paper. At the same time I look into the letters of my correspondents, and if I find any thing suggested in them that may afford matter of speculation, I likewise enter a minute of it in my collection of materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole sheetful of hints, that would look like a rhapsody of nonsense to any body but myself. There is nothing in them but obscurity and confusion, raving and inconsistency. In short, they are my speculations in the first principles, that (like the world in its chaos) are void of all light, distinction, and order.

About a week since there happened to me a very odd accident, by reason of one of these my papers of minutes which I had accidentally dropped at Lloyd's coffee-house, where the auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a cluster of people who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one end of the coffee-house. It had raised so much laughter among them before I had observed what they were about, that I had not the courage to own it. The boy of the coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his hand, asking every body if they had dropped a written paper; but nobody challenging it, he was ordered by those merry gentlemen who had before perused it, to get up into the auction pulpit, and read it to the whole room, that if any one would own it, they might. The boy accordingly mounted the pulpit, and with a very audible voice read as follows:

MINUTES.

Sir Roger de Coverley's country-seat — Yes, for I hate long speeches — Query, if a good Christian may be a conjurer — Childermas-day, saltseller, house-dog, screech-owl, cricket — Mr. Thomas Inkle of

London, in the good ship called the Achilles. Yatico—*Ægrescitque medendo*—Ghosts—The Lady's Library—Lion by trade a tailor—Dromedary called Cæcephalus—Equipage the lady's *summum bonum*—Charles Lillie to be taken notice of—Short face a relief to envy—Redundancies in the three professions—King Latinus a recruit—Jew devouring a ham of bacon—Westminster-abbey—Grand Cairo—Procrastination—April fools—Blue boars, red lions, dogs in armour—Enter a King and two Fiddlers *solus*—Admission into the Ugly club—Beauty how improvable—Families of true and false humour—The parrot's school-mistress—Face half Pict half British—No man to be a hero of a tragedy under six foot—Club of sighers—Letters from flower-pots, elbow-chairs, tapestry-figures, lion, thunder—The bell rings to the puppet-show—Old woman with a beard married to a smock-faced boy—My next coat to be turned up with blue—Fable of tongs and gridiron—Flower dyers—The soldier's prayer—Thank ye for nothing, says the gallipot—Pactolus in stockings with golden clocks to them—Bamboos, cudgels, drum-sticks—Slip of my landlady's eldest daughter—The black mare with a star in her forehead—The barber's pole—Will Honeycomb's coat-pocket—Cæsar's behaviour and my own in parallel circumstances—Poem in patch-work—*Nulli gravis est percussus Achilles*—The female conventicler—The ogle-master.

The reading of this paper made the whole coffee-house very merry; some of them concluded it was written by a madman, and others by somebody that had been taking notes out of the Spectator. One who had the appearance of a very substantial citizen, told us, with several political winks and nods, that he wished there was no more in the paper than what was expressed in it: that for his part, he looked

upon the dromedary, the gridiron, and the barbed pole, to signify something more than what was really meant by those words: and that he thought a coffee-man could not do better than to carry paper to one of the secretaries of state. He farther added, that he did not like the name of the ostentatious landish man with the golden clock in his stocking. A young Oxford scholar, who chanced to be with his uncle at the coffee-house, discovered to us what this Pactolus was: and by that means turned the whole scheme of this worthy citizen into ridicule. While they were making their several conjectures upon this innocent paper, I reached out my arm to the boy as he was coming out of the pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the eyes of the whole company upon me; but having cast a cursory glance over it, and shook my head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of match, and lighted my pipe with it. My profound silence, together with the steadiness of my countenance, and the gravity of my behaviour during this whole transaction, raised a very loud laugh on all sides of me; but as I had escaped the suspicion of being the author, I was very well satisfied, and applying myself to my pipe and the Postman, took no farther notice of any thing that passed about me.

My reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the contents of the foregoing paper, and will easily suppose, that those subjects which are yet untouched were such provisions as I had made for his future entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this accident, I shall only give him the letters which related to the last hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many a husband who suffers very much in his private affairs.

and discreet zeal of such a partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous inscription quoted by the Bishop of Salisbury in his translation; '*Dum nimia pia est, facta est impia.*' 'Through much piety she became impious.'

• SIR,

I am one of those unhappy men that are plagued with a gospel-gossip, so common among dissenters (especially friends). Lectures in the morning, church-meetings at noon, and preparation-sermons at night, take up so much of her time, it is very rare she knows what we have for dinner, unless when the preacher is to be at it. With him come a tribe, all brothers and sisters it seems; while others, really such, are deemed no relations. If at any time I have her company alone, she is a mere sermon pop-gun, repeating and discharging texts, proofs, and applications so perpetually, that however weary I may go to bed, the noise in my head will not let me sleep till towards morning. The misery of my case, and great numbers of such sufferers, plead your pity and speedy relief; otherwise must expect, in a little time, to be lectured, preached, and prayed into want, unless the happiness of being sooner talked to death prevent it.

I am, &c.

R. G.'

The second letter, relating to the ogling-master, runs thus:

• MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am an Irish gentleman that have travelled many years for my improvement; during which time I have accomplished myself in the whole art of ogling, as it is at present practised in the polite nations of Europe. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the advice of my friends, to set up for an ogling-master. I teach the church ogle in the morning, and the play-

house ogle by candle-light. I have also brought over with me a new flying ogle fit for the ring; which I teach in the dusk of the evening, or in any hour of the day, by darkening one of my windows. I have a manuscript by me called *The Complete Ogler*, which I shall be ready to shew you on any occasion. In the mean time, I beg you will publish the substance of this letter in an advertisement, and you will very much oblige,

Your, &c.

C.

N° 47. TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1711.

Ride, si sapiis————— MART.

Laugh, if you are wise.

MR. HOBBS, in his *Discourse of Human Nature*, which, in my humble opinion, is much the best of all his works, after some very curious observations upon laughter, concludes thus: 'The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly: for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour.'

According to this author therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And indeed, if we look into the bottom of this matter, we shall meet with many observations to confirm us in this opinion. Every one laughs at somebody that is in an inferior state of folly to himself. It was formerly the custom for every great house in England

to keep a tame fool dressed in petticoats, that the heir of the family might have an opportunity of joking upon him, and diverting himself with his absurdities. For the same reason, idiots are still in request in most of the courts of Germany, where there is not a prince of any great magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed fools in his retinue, whom the rest of the courtiers are always breaking their jests upon.

The Dutch, who are more famous for their industry and application than for wit and humour, hang up in several of their streets what they call the sign of the Gaper, that is, the head of an idiot dressed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner. This is a standing jest at Amsterdam.

Thus every one diverts himself with some person or other that is below him in point of understanding, and triumphs in the superiority of his genius, whilst he has such objects of derision before his eyes. Mr. Dennis has very well expressed this in a couple of humorous lines, which are part of a translation of a satire in Monsieur Boileau :

Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.

Mr. Hobbs's reflection gives us the reason why the insignificant people above-mentioned are stirrers up of laughter among men of a gross taste : but as the more understanding part of mankind do not find their risibility affected by such ordinary objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several provocatives of laughter, in men of superior sense and knowledge.

In the first place I must observe, that there is a set of merry drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well, ' that they could eat them,' according to the old proverb : I mean those circumforaneous wits whom every na-

tion calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best: in Holland they are termed Pickled Herrings; in France, Jean Pottages; in Italy, Macaronies; and in Great Britain, Jack Puddings. These merry wags, from whatsoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their audiences laugh, always appear in a fool's coat, and commit such blunders and mistakes in every step they take, and every word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little triumph of the understanding, under the disguise of laughter, is no where more visible than in that custom which prevails every where among us on the first day of the present month, when every body takes it into his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this day than on any other in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow conceited fellow, makes his boast that for these ten years successively he has not made less than a hundred April fools. My landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago, for sending every one of her children upon some sleeveless errand, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy a halfpenny-worth of inkle at a shoemaker's; the eldest daughter was dispatched half a mile to see a monster; and, in short, the whole family of innocent children made April fools. Nay, my landlady herself did not escape him. This empty fellow has laughed upon these conceits ever since.

This art of wit is well enough, when confined to one day in a twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious tribe of men sprung up of late years, who are for making April fools every day in the year. These gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the name of Biters: a race of men that are perpetually em-

ployed in laughing at those mistakes which are of their own production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chooses his fool out of a lower or higher class of mankind, or to speak in a more philosophical language, that secret elation or pride of heart, which is generally called laughter, arises in him, from his comparing himself with an object below him, whether it so happens that it be a natural or an artificial fool. It is, indeed, very possible, that the persons we laugh at may in the main of their characters be much wiser men than ourselves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those respects which stir up this passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too abstracted in my speculations, if I shew, that when a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character, or in the representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at some action or incident that bears a remote analogy to any blunder or absurdity in reasonable creatures.

But to come into common life: I shall pass by the consideration of those state coxcombs that are able to shake a whole audience, and take notice of a particular sort of men who are such provokers of mirth in conversation, that it is impossible for a club or merry meeting to subsist without them; I mean those honest gentlemen that are always exposed to the wit and raillery of their well-wishers and companions; that are pelted by men, women, and children, friends and foes, and in a word, stand as butts in conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these butts who are men of wit and sense, though by some odd turn of humour, some unlucky cast in their person or behaviour, they have always the misfortune to make the company

merry. The truth of it is, a man is not qualified for a butt, who has not a good deal of wit and vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his character. A stupid butt is only fit for the conversation of ordinary people: men of wit require one that will give them play, and bestir himself in the absurd part of his behaviour. A butt with these accomplishments frequently gets the laugh of his side, and turns the ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir John Falstaff was a hero of this species, and gives a good description of himself in his capacity of a butt, after the following manner: 'Men of all sorts,' says that merry knight, 'take a pride to gird at me. The brain of man is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.'—C.

N° 48. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1711.

—————Per multas aditum sibi sæpè figuras
Repperit————— Ovid. Met. xiv. 652.

Through various shapes he often finds access.

My correspondents take it ill if I do not, from time to time, let them know I have received their letters. The most effectual way will be to publish some of them that are upon important subjects; which I shall introduce with a letter of my own that I writ a fortnight ago to a fraternity who thought fit to make me an honorary member.

To the President and Fellows of the Ugly Club.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR DEFORMITIES,

‘ I have received the notification of the honour you have done me, in admitting me into your society. I acknowledge my want of merit, and for that reason shall endeavour at all times to make up my own failures, by introducing and recommending to the club persons of more undoubted qualifications than I can pretend to. I shall next week come down in the stage-coach, in order to take my seat at the board; and shall bring with me a candidate of each sex. The persons I shall present to you, are an old beau and a modern Pict. If they are not so eminently gifted by nature as our assembly expects, give me leave to say their acquired ugliness is greater than any that has ever appeared before you. The beau has varied his dress every day of his life for these thirty years past, and still added to the deformity he was born with. The Pict has still greater merit towards us, and has, ever since she came to years of discretion, deserted the handsome party, and taken all possible pains to acquire the face in which I shall present her to your consideration and favour. . . . I am, Gentlemen,

Your most obliged humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

‘ P. S. I desire to know whether you admit people of quality.’

MR. SPECTATOR,

April 17.

‘ To shew you there are among us of the vain weak sex, some that have honesty and fortitude enough to dare to be ugly, and willing to be thought so, I apply myself to you, to beg your interest and recommendation to the ugly club. If my own word will not be taken (though in this case a woman’s

may), I can bring credible witnesses of my qualifications for their company, whether they insist upon hair, forehead, eyes, cheeks, or chin; to which I must add, that I find it easier to lean to my left side, than to my right. I hope I am in all respects agreeable; and for humour and mirth, I will keep up to the president himself. All the favour I will pretend to is, that as I am the first woman who has appeared desirous of good company and agreeable conversation, I may take and keep the upper end of the table. And indeed I think they want a carver, which I can be, after as ugly a manner as they could wish. I desire your thoughts of my claim as soon as you can. Add to my features the length of my face, which is full half-yard; though I never knew the reason of it till you gave one for the shortness of yours. If I knew a name ugly enough to belong to the above described face, I would feign one; but, to my unspeakable misfortune, my name is the only disagreeable prettiness about me; so prythee make one for me that signifies all the deformity in the world. You understand Latin, but be sure bring it in with my being, in the sincerity of my heart,

Your most frightful admirer and servant,

HECATISSA.

• MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ I read your discourse upon affectation, and from the remarks made in it, examined my own heart so strictly, that I thought I had found out its most secret avenues, with a resolution to be aware of them for the future. But, alas! to my sorrow I now understand that I have several follies which I do not know the root of. I am an old fellow, and extremely troubled with the gout; but having always a strong vanity towards being pleasing in the eyes of women, I never have a moment’s ease, but I am mounted in high-heeled shoes, with a glazed wax-leather instep.

Two days after a severe fit, I was invited to a friend's house in the city, where I believed I should see ladies; and with my usual complaisance, crippled myself to wait upon them. A very sumptuous table, agreeable company, and kind reception, were but so many importunate additions to the torment I was in. A gentleman of the family observed my condition; and soon after the queen's health, he in the presence of the whole company, with his own hands, degraded me into an old pair of his own shoes. This operation before fine ladies, to me (who am by nature a boxcomb) was suffered with the same reluctance as they admit the help of men in their greatest extremity. The return of ease made me forgive the rough obligation laid on me, which at that time relieved my body from a distemper, and will my mind for ever from a folly. For the charity received, I return my thanks this way. Your most humble servant.'

'SIR,

Epping, April 18.

'We have your papers here the morning they come out, and we have been very well entertained with your last, upon the false ornaments of persons who represent heroes in a tragedy. What made your speculation come very seasonably among us is, that we have now at this place a company of strollers, who are far from offending in the impertinent splendour of the drama. They are so far from falling into these false gallantries, that the stage is here in its original situation of a cart. Alexander the Great was acted by a fellow in a paper cravat. The next day the Earl of Essex seemed to have no distress but his poverty; and my Lord Foppington the same morning wanted any better means to shew himself a top, than by wearing stockings of different colours. In a word, though they have had a full barn for many days together, our itinerants are so wretchedly poor,

that without you can prevail to send us the furniture you forbid at the playhouse, the heroes appear only like sturdy beggars, and the heroines gipsies. We have had but one part which was performed and dressed with propriety, and that was Justice Cloate. This was so well done, that it offended Mr. Justice Overdo, who, in the midst of our whole audience, was (like Quixote in the puppet-show) highly provoked, that he told them, if they would move compassion, it should be in their own persons and not in the characters of distressed princes and potentates. He told them, if they were so good at finding the way to people's hearts, they should do it at the end of bridges or church-porches, in the proper vocation of beggars. This, the justice says they must expect, since they could not be contented to act heathen warriors, and such fellows as Alexander, but must presume to make a mockery of one of the quorum.

Your servant.

R.

N° 49. THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1711.

———Hominem pagma nostra sapit.—MART.

Men and their manners I describe.

It is very natural for a man who is not turned for mirthful meetings of men, or assemblies of the fair sex, to delight in that sort of conversation which we find in coffee-houses. Here a man of my temper is in his element; for if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his company, as well as please himself, in being only a hearer. It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct

of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general desire, and I know very able flatterers that never speak a word in praise of the persons from whom they obtain daily favours, but still practise a skilful attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very curious to observe the behaviour of great men and their clients ; but the same passions and interests move men in lower spheres ; and I (that have nothing else to do but make observations) see in every parish, street, lane, and alley, of this populous city, a little potentate that has his court and his flatterers, who lay snares for his affection and favour, by the same arts that are practised upon men in higher stations.

In the place I most usually frequent, men differ rather in the time of day in which they make a figure, than in any real greatness above one another. I, who am at the coffee-house at six in the morning, know that my friend Beaver, the haberdasher, has a levee of more undissembled friends and admirers, than most of the courtiers or generals of Great Britain. Every man about him has, perhaps, a newspaper in his hand ; but none can pretend to guess what step will be taken in any one court of Europe, till Mr. Beaver has thrown down his pipe, and declares what measures the allies must enter into upon this new posture of affairs. Our coffee-house is near one of the inns of court, and Beaver has the audience and admiration of his neighbours from six till within a quarter of eight, at which time he is interrupted by the students of the house ; some of whom are ready dressed for Westminster at eight in a morning, with faces as busy as if they were retained in every cause there ; and others come in their

night-gowns to saunter away their time, as if they never designed to go thither. I do not know that I meet in any of my walks, objects which move both my spleen and laughter so effectually, as those young fellows at the Grecian, Squire's, Searle's, and all other coffee-houses adjacent to the law, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their laziness. One would think these young virtuosos take a gay cap and slippers, with a scarf and party-coloured gown, to be ensigns of dignity; for the various things approach each other with an air, which shews they regard one another for their vestments. I have observed that the superiority among these proceeds from an opinion of gallantry and fashion. The gentleman in the strawberry sash, who presides so much over the rest, has, it seems, subscribed to every opera this last winter, and is supposed to receive favours from one of the actresses.

When the day grows too busy for these gentlemen to enjoy any longer the pleasures of their dishabille with any manner of confidence, they give place to men who have business or good sense in their faces, and come to the coffee-house either to transact affairs, or enjoy conversation. The persons to whose behaviour and discourse I have most regard, are such as are between these two sorts of men; such as have not spirits too active to be happy and well-pleased in a private condition, nor complexions too warm to make them neglect the duties and relations of life. Of these sort of men consist the worthier part of mankind; of these are all good fathers, generous brothers, sincere friends, and faithful subjects. Their entertainments are derived rather from reason than imagination; which is the cause that there is no impatience or instability in their speech or action. You see in their countenances they are at home, and in quiet possession of the present in-

stant as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any passion, or prosecuting any new design. These are the men formed for society, and those little communities which we express by the word neighbourhood.

The coffee-house is the place of rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary life. Eubulus presides over the middle hours of the day, when this assembly of men meet together. He enjoys a great fortune handsomely, without launching into expense; and exerts many noble and useful qualities, without appearing in any public employment. His wisdom and knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them; and he does the office of a counsel, a judge, an executor, and a friend, to all his acquaintance, not only without the profits which attend such offices, but also without the deference and homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest gratitude you can shew him, is to let him see that you are a better man for his services; and that you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you.

In the private exigencies of his friends, he lends at legal value considerable sums which he might highly increase by rolling in the public stocks. He does not consider in whose hands his money will improve most, but where it will do most good.

Eubulus has so great an authority in his little diurnal audience, that when he shakes his head at any piece of public news, they all of them appear dejected; and on the contrary, go home to their dinners with a good stomach and cheerful aspect when Eubulus seems to intimate that things go well. Nay, their veneration towards him is so great, that when they are in other company they speak and act after him; are wise in his sentences, and are no sooner sat

down at their own tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond, as they saw him do at the coffee-house. In a word, every man is Eubulus as soon as his back is turned.

Having here given an account of the several reigns that succeed each other from day-break till dinner-time, I shall mention the monarchs of the afternoon on another occasion, and shut up the whole series of them in the history of Tom the Tyrant*; who, as the first minister of the coffee-house, takes the government upon him between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, and gives his orders in the most arbitrary manner to the servants below him, as to the disposition of liquors, coal, and cinders.—R.

N° 50. FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1711.

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dixit.—*Juv. Sat. xix. 321.*

Good taste and nature always speak the same.

WHEN the four Indian kings were in this country about a twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully struck with the sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since their departure, employed a friend to make many inquiries of their landlord the upholsterer, relating to their manners and conversation, as also concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for next to the forming a right notion of such strangers, I should be desirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.

* The waiter of that coffee-house, frequently nicknamed *St Thomas*.

The upholsterer finding my friend very inquisitive about these his lodgers, brought him some time since a little bundle of papers, which he assured him were written by king Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow, and, as he supposes, left behind by some mistake. These papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd observations, which I find this little fraternity of kings made during their stay in the isle of Great Britain. I shall present my reader with a short specimen of them in this paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of London are the following words, which without doubt are meant of the church of St. Paul :

‘ On the most rising part of the town there stands a huge house, big enough to contain the whole nation of which I am king. Our good brother E Tow O Koam, king of the Rivers, is of opinion it was made by the hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The kings of Granajah and of the Six Nations believe that it was created with the earth, and produced on the same day with the sun and moon. But for my own part, by the best information that I could get of this matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious pile was fashioned into the shape it now bears by several tools and instruments, of which they have a wonderful variety in this country. It was probably at first a huge mishapen rock that grew upon the top of the hill, which the natives of the country (after having cut into a kind of regular figure) bored and hollowed with incredible pain and industry, till they had wrought it into those beautiful vaults and caverns into which it is divided at this day. As soon as this rock was thus curiously scooped to their liking, a prodigious number of hands must have been employed in chipping the outside of it, which is now as smooth as the surface of a pebble; and is in several places hewn out into pillars

instead of that, they conveyed us into a huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy people sat still above three hours to see several feats of ingenuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

‘As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our remarks upon them at a distance. They let the hair of their heads grow to a great length; but as the men make a great show with heads of hair that are none of their own, the women, who they say have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, and cover it from being seen. The women look like angels, and would be more beautiful than the sun, were it not for little black spots that are apt to break out in their faces and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon, but when they disappear in one part of the face, they are very apt to break out in another, insomuch that I have seen a spot upon the forehead in the afternoon, which was upon the chin in the morning.’

The author then proceeds to shew the absurdity of breeches and petticoats, with many other curious observations which I shall reserve for another occasion. I cannot however conclude this paper without taking notice, that amidst these wild remarks there now and then appears something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, that we are all guilty in some measure of the same narrow way of thinking which we meet with in this abstract of the Indian journal, when we fancy the customs, dresses and manners of other countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble those of our own.—C.

Nº 51. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1711.

Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem.

HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 127.

He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth.—POPE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

My fortune, quality, and person, are such as render me as conspicuous as any young woman in town. It is in my power to enjoy it in all its vanities, but I have, from a very careful education, contracted a great aversion to the forward air and fashion which is practised in all public places and assemblies. I attribute this very much to the style and manner of our plays. I was last night at the *Funeral*, where a confident lover in the play, speaking of his mistress, cries out—“Oh that Harriot! to fold these arms about the waist of that beauteous, struggling, and at last yielding fair!” Such an image as this ought by no means to be presented to a chaste and regular audience. I expect your opinion of this sentence, and recommend to your consideration, as a Spectator, the conduct of the stage at present with relation to chastity and modesty. I am, Sir,

Your constant reader and well-wisher.

The complaint of this young lady is so just, that the offence is gross enough to have displeased persons who cannot pretend to that delicacy and modesty, of which she is mistress. But there is a great deal to be said in behalf of an author. If the audience would but consider the difficulty of keeping up a sprightly dialogue for five acts together, they would show a writer, when he wants wit, and cannot please any otherwise, to help it out with a little smuttiness.

I will answer for the poets, that no one ever writ bawdry, for any other reason but dearth of invention. When the author cannot strike out of himself any more of that which he has superior to those who make up the bulk of his audience, his natural recourse is to that which he has in common with them; and a description which gratifies a sensual appetite will please, when the author has nothing about him to delight a refined imagination. It is to such a poverty we must impute this and all other sentences in plays, which are of this kind, and which are commonly termed luscious expressions*.

This expedient to supply the deficiencies of wit has been used more or less by most of the authors who have succeeded on the stage; though I know but one who has professedly writ a play upon the basis of the desire of multiplying our species, and that is the polite Sir George Etheridge; if I understand what the lady would be at, in the play called *She Would if She Could*. Other poets have been and there given an intimation that there is this design, under all the disguises and affectations which a lady may put on; but no author, except this, has made sure work of it, and put the imaginations of the audience upon this one purpose from the beginning to the end of the comedy. It has always fared accordingly; for whether it be that all who go to this piece would if they could, or that the innocents go to it, to guess only what she would if she could, the play has always been well received.

It lifts a heavy empty sentence, when there is

* Be it said here, to the honour of the author of this paper, that he practised the lessons which he taught, and did not reject good advice from what quarter soever it came. He published this lady's letter, and approved her indignation. He submitted to her censure, condemned himself publicly, and corrected the obnoxious passage of his play, in a new edition which was published in 1712.

added to it a lascivious gesture of body ; and when it is too low to be raised even by that, a flat meaning is enlivened by making it a double one. Writers who want genius, never fail of keeping this secret reserve, to create a laugh or raise a clap. I, who know nothing of women but from seeing plays, can give great guesses at the whole structure of the fair sex, by being innocently placed in the pit, and insulted by the petticoats of their dancers ; the advantages of whose pretty persons are a great help to a dull play. When a poet flags in writing lusciously, a pretty girl can move lasciviously, and have the same good consequence for the author. Dull poets in this case use their audiences, as dull parasites do their patrons ; when they cannot longer divert them with their wit or humour, they bait their ears with something which is agreeable to their temper, though it lowers their understanding. Apicius cannot resist being pleased, if you give him an account of a delicious meal ; or Clodius, if you describe a wanton beauty ; though, at the same time, if you do not awake those inclinations in them, no men are better judges of what is just and delicate in conversation. But, as I have before observed, it is easier to talk to the man than to the man of sense.

It is remarkable that the writers of least learning are best skilled in the luscious way. The poetesses of the age have done wonders in this kind ; and we are obliged to the lady who writ *Ibrahim**, for introducing a preparatory scene to the very action, when the emperor throws his handkerchief as a signal for his mistress to follow him into the most retired part of the seraglio. It must be confessed his Turkish majesty went off with a good air, but methought we made but a sad figure who waited without. This ingenious gentlewoman, in this piece of bawdry, re-

* Mrs. Mary Pix.

fined upon an author of the same sex*, who in the *Rover*, makes a country squire strip to his Holland drawers. For Blunt is disappointed, and the emperor is understood to go on to the utmost. The pleasantry of stripping almost naked has been since practised (where indeed it should have been begun) very successfully at Bartholomew fair†.

It is not to be here omitted, that in one of the above-mentioned female compositions, the *Rover* is very frequently sent on the same errand; as I take it, above once every act. This is not wholly unnatural; for, they say, the men authors draw themselves in their chief characters, and the women writers may be allowed the same liberty. Thus, as the male wit gives his hero a great fortune, the female gives her heroine a good gallant at the end of the play. But, indeed, there is hardly a play one can go to, but the hero or fine gentleman of it struts off upon the same account, and leaves us to consider what good office he has put us to, or to employ ourselves as we please. To be plain, a man who frequents plays would have a very respectful notion of himself, were he to recollect how often he has been used as a pimp to ravishing tyrants, or successful rakes. When the actors make their exit on this good occasion, the ladies are sure to have an examining glance from the pit, to see how they relish what passes; and a few lewd fools are very ready to employ their talents upon the composition or freedom of their looks. Such incidents as these make some ladies wholly absent themselves from the playhouse; and others never miss the first day of a play‡, lest it should prove too luscious to sit

* Mrs. Behn.

† The appearance of Lady Mary, a rope-dancer at Bartholomew fair, gave occasion to this proper animadversion.

‡ On the first night of the exhibition of a new play, virtuous

omit their going with any countenance to it on the second.

If men of wit, who think fit to write for the stage, instead of this pitiful way of giving delight, would turn their thoughts upon raising it from such good natural impulses as are in the audience, but are choked up by vice and luxury, they would not only please, but befriend us at the same time. If a man had a mind to be new in his way of writing, might not he who is now represented as a fine gentleman, though he betrays the honour and bed of his neighbour and friend, and lies with half the women in the play, and is at last rewarded with her of the best character in it; I say, upon giving the comedy another cast, might not such a one divert the audience quite as well, if at the catastrophe he were found out for a traitor, and met with contempt accordingly? There is seldom a person devoted to above one darling vice at a time, so that there is room enough to catch at men's hearts to their good and advantage, if the poets will attempt it with the honesty which becomes their characters.

There is no man who loves his bottle or his mistress, in a manner so very abandoned, as not to be capable of relishing an agreeable character, that is no way a slave to either of these pursuits. A man that is temperate, generous, valiant, chaste, faithful, and honest, may, at the same time, have wit, humour, mirth, good-breeding, and gallantry. While he exerts these latter qualities, twenty occasions might be invented to shew he is master of the other noble virtues. Such characters would smite and reprove the heart of a man of sense, when he is given up to his pleasures. He would see he has women about this time came to see it in masks, then worn by women of the town, as the characteristic mark of their being prostitutes.

been mistaken all this while, and be convinced that a sound constitution and an innocent mind are the true ingredients for becoming, and enjoying life. All men of true taste would call a man of wit, who should turn his ambition this way, a friend and benefactor to his country; but I am at a loss what name they would give him, who makes use of his capacity for contrary purposes.—R.

N° 52. MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1711.

Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
Exigat, et pulchra faciat te prole parentem.—VIRG. *Æn.* l. 7.
To crown thy worth, she shall be ever thine,
And make thee father of a beauteous line.

AN ingenious correspondent, like a sprightly wife will always have the last word. I did not think my last letter to the deformed fraternity would have occasioned any answer, especially since I had promised them so sudden a visit: but as they think they cannot shew too great a veneration for my person, they have already sent me up an answer. As to the proposal of a marriage between myself and the matchless Hecatissa, I have but one objection to it; which is, That all the society will expect to be acquainted with her; and who can be sure of keeping a woman's heart long where she may have so much choice? I am the more alarmed at this because the lady seems particularly smitten with men of their make.

I believe I shall set my heart upon her; and think never the worse of my mistress for an epigram a smart fellow writ, as he thought, against her; it does but the more recommend her to me. At the

the time I cannot but discover that his malice is
seen from Martial;

Tacta places, audita places; si non videare,

Tota places; neutro, si videare, places.

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting Siren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish, I endur'd!
But when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

Your letter to us we have received, as a signal
of your favour and brotherly affection. We
shall be heartily glad to see your short face in Ox-
ford: and since the wisdom of our legislature has
been immortalized in your speculations, and our per-
sonal deformities in some sort by you recorded to
posterity; we hold ourselves in gratitude bound
to receive, with the highest respect, all such persons
for their extraordinary merit you shall think fit,
from time to time, to recommend unto the board.
For the Pictish damsel, we have an easy chair
placed at the upper end of the table: which we
thought not but she will grace with a very hideous as-
pect, and much better become the seat in the native
unaffected uncomeliness of her person, than with
the superficial airs of the pencil, which (as you
very ingeniously observed) vanish with a breath,
and the most innocent adorer may deface the shrine
with a salutation, and in the literal sense of our
poet, snatch and imprint his balmy kisses, and de-
stroy her melting lips. In short, the only faces of
the Pictish kind that will endure the weather, must
be of Dr. Carbuncle's die; though his, in truth, has
not him a world the painting; but then he boasts
of Zeuxes, *in æternitatem pingo*; and oft jocosely
the fair ones, would they acquire colours that
could stand kissing, they must no longer paint, but
seek for a complexion; a maxim that in this our age
has been pursued with no ill success; and has been

as admirable in its effects, as the famous cosmetic mentioned in the Postman, and invented by the renowned British Hippocrates of the pestle and mortar, making the party, after a due course, rosy, hale, and airy : and the best and most approved receipt now extant, for the fever of the spirits. But to return to our female candidate, who, I understand, is returned to herself, and will no longer hang out false colours : as she is the first of her sex that has done us so great an honour, she will certainly in a very short time, both in prose and verse, be a lady of the most celebrated deformity now living, and meet with many admirers here as frightful as herself. But being a long-headed gentlewoman, I am apt to imagine she has some farther design than you have yet penetrated ; and perhaps has more mind to the Spectator than any of his fraternity, as the person of all the world she could like for a paramour. And if so, really I cannot but applaud her choice, and should be glad, if it might lie in my power, to effect an amicable accommodation betwixt two faces of such different extremes, as the only possible expedient to mend the breed, and rectify the physiognomy of the family on both sides. And again, as she is a lady of a very fluent elocution, you need not fear that your child will be born dumb, which otherwise you might have some reason to be apprehensive of. To be plain with you, I can see nothing shocking in it, for though she has not a face like a John-apple, yet as a late friend of mine, who at sixty-five ventured on a lass of fifteen, very frequently in the remaining five years of his life gave me to understand, that as old as he then seemed, when they were first married he and his spouse could make but fourscore ; so may Madam Hecatissa very justly allege hereafter, that as long-visaged as she may then be thought, upon their wedding-day Mr. Spectator and she had

half an ell of face betwixt them; and this my worthy predecessor, Mr. Serjeant Chin, always maintained to be no more than the true oval-proportion between man and wife. But as this may be a new thing to you, who have hitherto had no expectations from women, I shall allow you what time you think fit to consider on it; not without some hope of seeing at last your thoughts hereupon subjoined to mine, and which is an honour much desired by,

Sir, your assured friend

And most humble servant,

HUGH GOBLIN, *Præses.*

The following letter has not much in it, but, as it is written in my own praise, I cannot from my heart suppress it.

‘SIR,

‘You proposed, in your Spectator of last Tuesday, Mr. Hobbs’s hypothesis for solving that very odd phenomenon of laughter. You have made the hypothesis valuable by espousing it yourself; for had it continued Mr. Hobbs’s, nobody would have minded it. Now here this perplexed case arises. A certain company laughed very heartily upon the reading of that very paper of yours; and the truth on it is, he must be a man of more than ordinary constancy that could stand out against so much comedy, and not do as we did. Now there are few men in the world so far lost to all good sense, as to look upon you to be a man in a state of folly “inferior to himself.”—Pray then how do you justify your hypothesis of laughter?

Your most humble,

Q. R.’

Thursday, the 26th of the month of fools.

‘SIR,

‘In answer to your letter, I must desire you to recollect yourself; and you will find, that when you did

me the honour to be so merry over my paper, you laughed at the idiot, the German courtier, the gaper, the merry-andrew, the haberdasher, the biter, the butt, and not at

Your humble servant,

R.

THE SPECTATOR.

N° 53. TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1711.

———*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*

Hon. Ars Poet. ver. 359.

Homer himself hath been observ'd to nod.—*ROSCOMMON.*

My correspondents grow so numerous, that I cannot avoid frequently inserting their applications to me.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I am glad I can inform you, that your endeavours to adorn that sex, which is the fairest part of the visible creation, are well received, and like to prove not unsuccessful. The triumph of Daphne over her sister Lætitia has been the subject of conversation at several tea-tables where I have been present; and I have observed the fair circle not a little pleased to find you considering them as reasonable creatures, and endeavouring to banish that Mahometan custom, which had too much prevailed even in this island, of treating women as if they had no souls. I must do them the justice to say, that there seems to be nothing wanting to the finishing of these lovely pieces of human nature, besides the turning and applying their ambition properly, and the keeping them up to a sense of what is their true merit. Epictetus, that plain honest philosopher, as little as he had of gallantry, appears to have under-

stood them, as well as the polite St. Evremont, and has hit this point very luckily. "When young women," says he, "arrive at a certain age, they hear themselves called Mistresses, and are made to believe that their only business is to please the men; they immediately begin to dress, and place all their hopes in the adorning of their persons; it is therefore," continues he, "worth the while to endeavour by all means to make them sensible that the honour paid to them is only upon account of their conducting themselves with virtue, modesty, and discretion."

'Now to pursue the matter yet farther, and to render your cares for the improvement of the fair ones more effectual, I would propose a new method like those applications which are said to convey their virtue by sympathy; and that is, that in order to embellish the mistress, you should give a new education to the lover, and teach the men not to be any longer dazzled by false charms and unreal beauty. I cannot but think that if our sex knew always how to place their esteem justly, the other would not be so often wanting to themselves in deserving it. For as the being enamoured with a woman of sense and virtue is an improvement to a man's understanding and morals, and the passion is ennobled by the object which inspires it; so on the other side, the appearing amiable to a man of a wise and elegant mind, carries in itself no small degree of merit and accomplishment. I conclude, therefore, that one way to make the women yet more agreeable is, to make the men more virtuous.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

R. B.'

'SIR,

April 26th,

'Yours of Saturday last I read, not without some resentment; but I will suppose when you say you

expect an inundation of ribands and brocades, and to see many new vanities which the women will fall into upon a peace with France, that you intend only the unthinking part of our sex; and what method can reduce them to reason is hard to imagine.

‘ But, Sir, there are others, yet, that your instructions might be of great use to, who, after their best endeavours, are sometimes at a loss to acquit themselves to a censorious world. I am far from thinking you can altogether disapprove of conversation between ladies and gentlemen, regulated by the rules of honour and prudence; and have thought it an observation not ill-made, that where that was wholly denied, the women lost their wit, and the men their good manners. It is sure, from those improper liberties you mentioned, that a sort of undistinguishing people shall banish from their drawing-rooms the best bred men in the world, and condemn those that do not. Your stating this point might, I think, be of good use, as well as much oblige,

Sir, your admirer and most humble servant,

ANNA BELLA.’

No answer to this, till Anna Bella sends a description of those she calls the best bred men in the world.

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ I am a gentleman who for many years last past have been well known to be truly splenetic, and that my spleen arises from having contracted so great a delicacy, by reading the best authors and keeping the most refined company, that I cannot bear the least impropriety of language, or rusticity of behaviour. Now, Sir, I have ever looked upon this as a wise distemper; but by late observations find, that every heavy wretch, who has nothing to say, excuses his dulness by complaining of the spleen.

May, I saw the other day, two fellows in a tavern kitchen set up for it, call for a pint and pipes, and only by guzzling liquor to each other's health, and wafting smoke in each other's face, pretend to throw off the spleen. I appeal to you whether these dishonours are to be done to the distemper of the great and the polite. I beseech you, Sir, to inform these fellows that they have not the spleen, because they cannot talk without the help of a glass to their mouths, or convey their meaning to each other without the interposition of clouds. If you will not do this with all speed, I assure you, for my part, I will wholly quit the disease, and for the future be merry with the vulgar.

I am, Sir, your humble servant.

SIR,

This is to let you understand that I am a reformed Starer, and conceived a detestation for that practice from what you have writ upon the subject. But as you have been very severe upon the behaviour of us men at divine service, I hope you will not be so apparently partial to the women, as to let them go wholly unobserved. If they do every thing that is possible to attract our eyes, are we more culpable than they, for looking at them? I happened last Sunday to be shut into a pew, which was full of young ladies in the bloom of youth and beauty. When the service began, I had not room to kneel at the confession, but as I stood kept my eyes from wandering as well as I was able, till one of the young ladies, who is a Peeper, resolved to bring down my looks and fix my devotion on herself. You are to know, Sir, that a Peeper works with her hands, eyes, and fan; one of which is continually in motion, while she thinks she is not actually the admiration of some stalker or starrer in the congregation. As I stood ut-

terly at a loss how to behave myself, surrounded as I was, this Peeper so placed herself as to be kneeling just before me. She displayed the most beautiful bosom imaginable, which heaved and fell with some fervour, while a delicate well-shaped arm held a fan over her face. It was not in nature to command one's eyes from this object. I could not avoid taking notice also of her fan, which had on it various figures very improper to behold on that occasion. There lay in the body of the piece a Venus, under a purple canopy furled with curious wreaths of drapery, half naked, attended with a train of Cupids, who were busied in fanning her as she slept. Behind her was drawn a satyr peeping over the silken fence, and threatening to break through it. I frequently offered to turn my sight another way, but was still detained by the fascination of the Peeper's eyes, who had long practised a skill in them, to recal the parting glances of her beholders. You see my complaint, and hope you will take these mischievous people, the Peepers, into your consideration. I doubt not but you will think a Peeper as much more pernicious than a Starer, as an ambuscade is more to be feared than an open assault.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

This Peeper using both fan and eyes, to be considered as a Pict, and proceed accordingly.

• KING LATINUS TO THE SPECTATOR, GREETING.

• Though some may think we descend from our imperial dignity, in holding correspondence with a private litterato; yet as we have great respect to all good intentions for our service, we do not esteem it beneath us to return you our royal thanks for what you published in our behalf, while under confinement in the enchanted castle of the Savoy, and for your mention of a subsidy for a prince in misfortune. This

your timely zeal has inclined the hearts of divers to be aiding unto us, if we could propose the means. We have taken their good-will into consideration, and have contrived a method which will be easy to those who shall give the aid, and not unacceptable to us who receive it. A concert of music shall be prepared at Haberdasher's hall, for Wednesday the second of May, and we will honour the said entertainment with our own presence, where each person shall be assessed but at two shillings and sixpence. What we expect from you is, that you publish these our royal intentions, with injunction that they be read at all tea-tables within the cities of London and Westminster; and so we bid you heartily farewell.

LATINUS,

King of the Volscians.

'Given at our court in Vinegar-yard, Story the third from the earth, April 28, 1711.'—R.

N^o 54. WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1711.

———*Strenua nos exercet inertia.*—HOR. 1 Ep. xi. 28.

Laborious idleness our powers employs.

THE following letter being the first that I have received from the learned university of Cambridge, I could not but do myself the honour of publishing it. It gives an account of a new sect of philosophers which has arose in that famous residence of learning: and is, perhaps, the only sect this age is likely to produce.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

Cambridge, April 26.

'Believing you to be a universal encourager of liberal arts and sciences, and glad of any informa-

tion from the learned world, I thought an account of a sect of philosophers, very frequent among us, but not taken notice of, as far as I can remember, by any writers, either ancient or modern, would not be unacceptable to you. The philosophers of this sect are in the language of our university called *loungeurs*. I am of opinion, that, as in many other things, so likewise in this, the ancients have been defective; viz. in mentioning no philosophers of this sort. Some indeed will affirm that they are a kind of Peripatetics, because we see them continually walking about. But I would have these gentlemen consider, that though the ancient Peripatetics walked much, yet they wrote much also; witness to the sorrow of this sect, Aristotle and others: whereas it is notorious that most of our professors never lay out a farthing either in pen, ink, or paper. Others are for deriving them from Diogenes, because several of the leading men of the sect have a great deal of cynical humour in them, and delight much in sunshine. But then, again, Diogenes was content to have his constant habitation in a narrow tub, whilst our philosophers are so far from being of his opinion, that it is death to them to be confined within the limits of a good handsome convenient chamber but for half an hour. Others there are, who from the clearness of their heads deduce the pedigree of *loungeurs* from that great man (I think it was either Plato or Socrates) who, after all his study and learning, professed, that all he then knew was, that he knew nothing. You easily see this is but a shallow argument, and may be soon confuted.

‘I have with great pains and industry made my observations from time to time, upon these sages; and having now all materials ready, am compiling a treatise, wherein I shall set forth the rise and progress of this famous sect, together with their maxims, austeri-

ties, manner of living, &c. Having prevailed with a friend who designs shortly to publish a new edition of Diogenes Laertius, to add this treatise of mine by way of supplement; I shall now, to let the world see what may be expected from me (first begging Mr. Spectator's leave that the world may see it), briefly touch upon some of my chief observations, and then subscribe myself your humble servant. In the first place I shall give you two or three of their maxims: the fundamental one, upon which their whole system is built, is this, viz. "That Time being an implacable enemy to, and destroyer of, all things, ought to be paid in his own coin, and be destroyed and murdered without mercy, by all the ways that can be invented." Another favourite saying of theirs is, "That business was only designed for knaves, and study for block-heads." A third seems to be a ludicrous one, but has a great effect upon their lives; and is this, "That the devil is at home." Now for their manner of living; and here I shall have a large field to expatiate in; but I shall reserve particulars for my intended discourse, and now only mention one or two of their principal exercises. The elder proficients employ themselves in inspecting *mores hominum multorum*, in getting acquainted with all the signs and windows in the town. Some are arrived to so great knowledge, that they can tell every time any butcher kills a calf, every time an old woman's cat is in the straw; and a thousand other matters as important. One ancient philosopher contemplates two or three hours every day over a sun-dial! and is true to the dial,

—— As the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon.

Our younger students are content to carry the speculations as yet no farther than bowling-greens, billiard-tables, and such-like places. This may serve

for a sketch of my design; in which I hope I shall have your encouragement.

I am, Sir, yours.

I must be so just as to observe I have formerly seen of this sect at our other university; though not distinguished by the appellation which the learned historians my correspondent reports they bear at Cambridge. They were ever looked upon as a people that impaired themselves more by their strict application to the rules of their order, than any other students whatever. Others seldom hurt themselves any farther than to gain weak eyes, and sometimes head-aches; but these philosophers are seized all over with a general inability, indolence, and weariness, and a certain impatience of the place they are in, with a heaviness in removing to another.

The loungers are satisfied with being merely part of the number of mankind, without distinguishing themselves from amongst them. They may be said rather to suffer their time to pass, than to spend it without regard to the past, or prospect of the future. All they know of life is only the present instant, and do not taste even that. When one of this order happens to be a man of fortune, the expense of his time is transferred to his coach and horses, and his life is to be measured by their motion, not his own enjoyments or sufferings. The chief entertainment one of these philosophers can possibly propose to himself, is to get a relish of dress. This, methinks, might diversify the person he is weary of (his own dear self) to himself. I have known these two amusements make one of these philosophers make a very tolerable figure in the world; with variety of dresses in public assemblies in town, and quick motion of his horses out of it, now to Bath, now to Tunbridge, then to Newmarket, and then

to London, he has in process of time brought it to pass, that his coach and his horses have been mentioned in all those places. When the loungers leave an academic life, and, instead of this more elegant way of appearing in the polite world, retire to the seats of their ancestors, they usually join in a pack of dogs, and employ their days in defending their poultry from foxes: I do not know any other method that any of this order has ever taken to make a noise in the world; but I shall inquire into such about this town as have arrived at the dignity of being loungers by the force of natural parts, without having ever seen a university; and send my correspondent, for the embellishment of his book, the names and history of those who pass their lives without any incidents at all; and how they shift coffee-houses and chocolate-houses from hour to hour, to get over the insupportable labour of doing nothing.—R.

N° 55. THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1711.

———*Intus et in jecore agro*

Nascuntur Domini——— *PERS. Sat. v. 129.*

Our passions play the tyrants in our breasts.

Most of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into luxury, and the latter into avarice. As these two principles of action draw different ways, Persius has given us a very humorous account of a young fellow who was roused out of his bed in order to be sent upon a long voyage, by Avarice, and afterward over-persuaded and kept at home by Luxury. I shall set down the

pleadings of these two imaginary persons; as they are in the original, with Mr. Dryden's translation of them:

Mane, piger, stertis. surge, inquit Avaritia, cja
 Surge. Negas: iustat surge, inquit. Non queo. Surge.
 Et quid agam? Rogitas? superbas advehe ponto,
 Castoreum, stuppas, hebetem, thas, lubrica Coa.
 Tolle recens primus piper e sitiente camelo.
 Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter aadet. Eheu!
 Baro, regustatum digito terebrare sa inam
 Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis.
 Jam pueris pellem succinctus et ænophorum aptas:
 Ocyas ad navem Nil obstat quin trabe vastâ
 Agamæ rapias, nisi solers Luxuria ante
 Seductum moneat; quò deinde, insate, ruis? Quo?
 Quid tibi vis? Calido sub pectore muscula bilis
 Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cictæ?
 Tun' mare transvias? Tibi torta cannabe fulto
 Cœna sit in transtro? Veicentanumque rubellani
 Exhaeret vapidâ læsum pice sessilis obba?
 Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hic quicunque modesto
 Nutreras, pergant avidos sudare denuces?
 Indulge genio: carpanus dulcia. nostrum est
 Quod vivis; cinis, et manes, et fabula fies.
 Vive memor lethi: fugit hora. Hoc quod loquor, inde est.
 Ea quid agis? Duplici in diversum scanderis hamo.
 Huncine, an hunc sequeris?— SAT. v. 132.*

Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
 When thou wouldst take a lazy morning's nap;
 Up, up, says Avarice; thou snor'st again,
 Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain.
 The rugged tyrant no denial takes,
 At his command th' unwilling sluggard wakes.
 What must I do? he cries; What? says his lord,
 Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard.
 With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight,
 Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight
 Of pepper, and Sabeen incense, take
 With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back,
 And with post-haste thy running markets make.
 Be sure to turn the penny: lie and swear,
 'Tis wholesome sin: but Jove, thou say'st, will bear.
 Swear, fool, or starve, for the dilemma's even;
 A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heav'n?

* See Boileau, sat. iii. who has imitated this passage very happily.

Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
 Each saddled with his burden on his back :
 Nothing retards the voyage now, but he,
 That soft voluptuous prince, call'd Luxury ;
 And he may ask this civil question ; Friend,
 What dost thou make a shipboard ? To what end ?
 Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free ?
 Stark, staring mad, that thou wouldst tempt the sea ?
 Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattress laid,
 On a brown George, with lousy swobbers fed ;
 Dead wine that stinks of the Borachio, sup
 From a foul jack or greasy maple cup ?
 Say, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise thy store,
 From six i' th' hundred to six hundred more ?
 Indulge, and to thy genius freely give ;
 For, not to live at ease, is not to live.
 Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
 Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
 Live, while thou liv'st ; for death will make us all
 A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.
 Speak : wilt thou Avarice or Pleasure choose
 To be thy lord ? Take one, and one refuse.

When a government flourishes in conquests, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of luxury ; and as these pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciousness and corruption ; so that avarice and luxury very often become one complicated principle of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence, and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the Latin historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable states of the world were subdued by the Romans, the republic sunk into those two vices of a quite different nature, luxury and avarice* : and accordingly describes Catiline as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the commonwealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds

* *Alieni appetens, sui profusus.*

good of all governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in pomp and splendour, and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession; which naturally produces avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humouring myself in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other; the name of the first was Luxury, and of the second Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness: he had likewise a privy counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: the name of this privy-counsellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various.—Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and the husband would often declare themselves on the

two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood neuter; but, alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which none of their counsellors were to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty (the first minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary; that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy-counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellors above mentioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty.—C.

N° 56. FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1711.

Felices errore suo——— *LUCAN, l. 454.*

Happy in their mistake.

THE Americans believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay, even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses; and that as any of these things perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corpse of their dead friend a bow and arrows, that he may make use of the souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our European philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of Plato's followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many Aristotelians have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial forms. I shall only instance Albertus Magnus, who, in his dissertation upon the loadstone, observing that fire will destroy its magnetic virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidst a heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the substantial form, that is, in our West-Indian phrase, the soul of the loadstone.

There is a tradition among the Americans, that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of souls, or, as we call it here, to

the other world; and that upon his return he gave his friends a distinct account of every thing he saw among those regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the Indian kings, to inquire of them if possible, what tradition they have among them of this matter: which, as well as he could learn by those many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows:

The visionary, whose name was Marraton, after having travelled for a long space under a hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of spirits, but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or pathway that might be worn in any part of it, he saw a huge lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, whilst the lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take a huge stone in his hand; but to his infinite surprise grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and after having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked

through briers and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quickset hedge to the ghosts it enclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions in flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood; when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much farther, when he observed the thorns and briers to end, and gave place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those ragged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it enclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about a hundred beagles, that were hunting down the ghost of a hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young prince Nicharagua, who died about half a year before, and, by reason of his great virtues, was at that time lamented over all the western parts of America.

He had no sooner got out of the wood, but he was entertained with such a landscape of flower-plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills,

and shady vales, as were not to be represented by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions, according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a quoit; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the souls of departed utensils, for that is the name which in the Indian language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country: but he quickly found, that though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my reader, that this Indian had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish they may live together like Marraton and Yaratilda. Marraton had not stood long by the fisherman, when he saw the shadow of his beloved Yaratilda, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him, floods of tears ran down her eyes: her looks, her hands, her voice, called

him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was impassable. Who can describe the passion made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment, that rose in the Indian upon the sight of his dear Yaratilda? He could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long, before he plunged into the stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, stalked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach Yaratilda flew into his arms, whilst Marraton wished himself disencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower which she had dressed with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As Marraton stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, Yaratilda told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place, whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower; advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

The tradition tells us farther, that he had afterward a sight of those dismal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death; and mentions several molten seas of gold, in which were plunged

the souls of barbarous Europeans, who put to the sword so many thousands of poor Indians for the sake of that precious metal. But having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition, and exceeded the measure of my paper, I shall not give any farther account of it.—C.

N^o 57. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1711.

Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem,
Quæ fugit à sexu? — Juv. Sat. vi. 251.

What sense of shame in woman's breast can lie,
Inur'd to arms, and her own sex to fly?

WHEN the wife of Hector, in Homer's Iliad, discourses with her husband about the battle in which he was going to engage, the hero, desiring her to leave the matter to his care, bids her go to her maids, and mind her spinning: by which the poet intimates, that men and women ought to busy themselves in their proper spheres, and on such matters only as are suitable to their respective sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young gentleman, who has passed a great part of his life in the nursery, and upon occasion can make a caudle or a sack-posset better than any man in England. He is likewise a wonderful critic in cambric and muslins, and he will talk an hour together upon a sweetmeat. He entertains his mother every night with observations that he makes both in town and court: as what lady shews the nicest fancy in her dress; what man of quality wears the fairest wig; who has the finest linen, who the prettiest snuff-box, with many other the like curious remarks, that may be made in good company.

On the other hand I have very frequently the opportunity of seeing a rural Andromache, who came up to town last winter, and is one of the greatest fox-hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a six-bar gate. If a man tells her a waggish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house. I have heard her in her wrath call a substantial tradesman a lousy cur; and remember one day, when she could not think of the name of a person, she described him in a large company of men and ladies by the fellow with the broad shoulders.

If those speeches and actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong sex, the faults and imperfections of one sex transplanted into another appear black and monstrous. As for the men, I shall not in this paper any farther concern myself about them; but as I would fain contribute to make womankind, which is the most beautiful part of the creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little spots and blemishes that are apt to rise among the charms which nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this paper to their service. The spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that party rage which of late years is very much crept into their conversation. This is, in its nature, a male vice, and made up of many angry and cruel passions that are altogether repugnant to the softness, the modesty, and those other endearing qualities which are natural to the fair sex. Women were formed to temper mankind, and soothe them into tenderness and compassion; not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord. When I

I have seen a pretty mouth uttering calumnies and invectives, what would I not have given to have stopt it? How I have been troubled to see some of the finest features in the world grow pale, and tremble with party rage! Camilla is one of the greatest beauties in the British nation, and yet values herself more upon being the virago of one party, than upon being the toast of both. The dear creature, about a week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful Penthesilea across a tea-table; but in the height of her anger, as her hand chanced to shake with the earnestness of the dispute, she scalded her fingers, and spilt a dish of tea upon her petticoat. Had not this accident broke off the debate, nobody knows where it would have ended.

There is one consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my female readers, and which, I hope, will have some weight with them. In short, it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the face as party zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to the look: besides that it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy. I have seen a woman's face break out in heats, as she has been talking against a great lord, whom she had never seen in her life; and indeed I never knew a party-woman that kept her beauty for a twelvemonth. I would therefore advise all my female readers, as they value their complexions, to let alone all disputes of this nature; though, at the same time, I would give free liberty to all superannuated motherly partisans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no danger either of their spoiling their faces, or of their gaining converts.

For my own part, I think a man makes an odious and despicable figure, that is violent in a party; but a woman is too sincere to mitigate the fury of her

principles with temper and discretion, and to act with that caution and reservedness which are requisite in our sex. When this unnatural zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand heats and extravagancies: their generous souls set no bounds to their love or to their hatred; and whether a whig or a tory, a lap-dog or a gallant, an opera or a puppet-show, be the object of it, the passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole woman.

I remember, when Dr. Titus Oates* was in all his glory, I accompanied my friend Will Honeycomb in a visit to a lady of his acquaintance. We were no sooner sat down, but upon casting my eyes about the room, I found in almost every corner of it a print that represented the doctor in all magnitudes and dimensions. A little after, as the lady was discoursing with my friend, and held her snuff-box in her hand, who should I see in the lid of it but the doctor? It was not long after this when she had occasion for her handkerchief, which, upon first opening, discovered among the plaits of it the figure of the doctor. Upon this my friend Will, who loved raillery, told her, that if he was in Mr. Trulove's place (for that was the name of her husband), he should be made as uneasy by a handkerchief as ever Othello was. 'I am afraid,' said she, 'Mr. Honeycomb, you are a tory: tell me truly, are you a friend to the doctor, or not?' Will, instead of making her a reply, smiled in her face (for indeed she was very pretty) and told her, that one of her patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, 'Well,' says he, 'I will be hanged if you and your silent friend there are not against the doctor in your hearts; I suspected as much by his saying nothing.' Upon this she took her fan in her

* Though the name of Dr. T. Oates is made use of here, Dr. Sacheverel is the person alluded to.

hand, and upon the opening of it, again displayed to us the figure of the doctor, who was placed with great gravity among the sticks of it. In a word, I found that the doctor had taken possession of her thoughts, her discourse, and most of her furniture; but finding myself pressed too close by her question, I winked upon my friend to take his leave, which he did accordingly.—C.

N^o 58. MONDAY, MAY 7, 1711.

Ut pictura, poesis erit—— *HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 361.*

Poems like pictures are.

NOTHING is so much admired, and so little understood, as wit. No author that I know of has written professedly upon it, and as for those who make any mention of it, they only treat on the subject as it has accidentally fallen in their way, and that too in little short reflections, or in general exclamatory flourishes, without entering into the bottom of the matter. I hope therefore I shall perform an acceptable work to my countrymen, if I treat at large upon this subject; which I shall endeavour to do in a manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the censure which a famous critic bestows upon one who had written a treatise on ‘the sublime,’ in a low grovelling style. I intend to lay aside a whole week for this undertaking, that the scheme of my thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise myself, if my readers will give me a week’s attention, that this great city will be very much changed for the better by next Saturday night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinary capacities;

but if my readers meet with any paper that in some parts of it may be a little out of their reach, I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

As the great and only end of these my speculations is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain, I shall endeavour as much as possible to establish among us a taste of polite writing. It is with this view that I have endeavoured to set my readers right in several points relating to operas and tragedies; and shall from to time impart my notions of comedy, as I think they may tend to its refinement and perfection. I find by my bookseller, that these papers of criticism, with that upon humour, have met with a more kind reception than indeed I could have hoped for from such subjects; for this reason I shall enter upon my present undertaking with greater cheerfulness.

In this, and one or two following papers, I shall trace out the history of false wit, and distinguish the several kinds of it as they have prevailed in different ages of the world. This I think the more necessary at present, because I observed there were attempts on foot last winter to revive some of those antiquated modes of wit that have been long exploded out of the commonwealth of letters. There were several satires and panegyrics handed about in acrostic, by which means some of the most arrant undisputed blockheads about the town began to entertain ambitious thoughts, and to set up for polite authors. I shall therefore describe at length those many arts of false wit, in which a writer does not shew himself a man of a beautiful genius, but of great industry.

The first species of false wit which I have met with is very venerable for its antiquity, and has produced several pieces which have lived very near as long as the *Iliad* itself: I mean those short poems printed

among the minor Greek poets, which resemble the figure of an egg, a pair of wings, an axe, a shepherd's pipe, and an altar.

As for the first, it is a little oval poem, and may not improperly be called a scholar's egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in more intelligible language, to translate it into English, did not I find the interpretation of it very difficult; for the author seems to have been more intent upon the figure of his poem than upon the sense of it.

The pair of wings consists of twelve verses, or rather feathers, every verse decreasing gradually in its measure according to its situation in the wing. The subject of it (as in the rest of the poems which follow) bears some remote affinity with the figure, for it describes a god of love, who is always painted with wings.

The axe methinks would have been a good figure for a lampoon, had the edge of it consisted of the most satirical parts of the work; but as it is in the original, I take it to have been nothing else but the posy of an axe which was consecrated to Minerva, and was thought to have been the same that Epeus made use of in the building of the Trojan horse; which is a hint I shall leave to the consideration of the critics. I am apt to think that the posy was written originally upon the axe, like those which our modern cutlers inscribe upon their knives; and that therefore the posy still remains in its ancient shape, though the axe itself is lost.

The shepherd's pipe may be said to be full of music, for it is composed of nine different kinds of verses, by which their several lengths resemble the nine stops of the old musical instrument, that is likewise the subject of the poem.

The altar is inscribed with the epitaph of Troilus the son of Hecuba; which, by the way, makes me

believe that these false pieces of wit are much more ancient than the authors to whom they are generally ascribed : at least I will never be persuaded, that so fine a writer as Theocritus could have been the author of any such simple works.

It was impossible for a man to succeed in these performances who was not a kind of painter, or at least a designer. He was first of all to draw the outline of the subject which he intended to write upon, and afterward conform the description to the figure of his subject. The poetry was to contract or dilate itself according to the mould in which it was cast. In a word, the verses were to be cramped or extended to the dimensions of the frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the fate of those persons whom the tyrant Procrustes used to lodge in his iron bed; if they were too short, he stretched them on a rack; and if they were too long, chopped off a part of their legs, till they fitted the couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. Dryden hints at this obsolete kind of wit in one of the following verses in his *Mac Fleckno*; which an English reader cannot understand, who does not know that there are those little poems above mentioned in the shape of wings and altars :

——— — Choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in acrostic land ;
There may'st thou wings display, and altars raise,
And torture one poor word a thousand ways.

This fashion of false wit was revived by several poets of the last age, and in particular may be met with among Mr. Herbert's poems ; and, if I am not mistaken, in the translation of *Du Bartas*. I do not remember any other kind of work among the moderns which more resembles the performances I have mentioned, than that famous picture of King Charles the First, which has the whole book of psalms written

in the lines of the face, and the hair of the head. When I was last at Oxford I perused one of the whiskers, and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the impatience of my friends and fellow-travellers, who all of them pressed to see such a piece of curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now an eminent writing master in town, who has transcribed all the Old Testament in a full-bottomed periwig: and if the fashion should introduce the thick kind of wigs, which were in vogue some few years ago, he promises to add two or three supernumary locks that should contain all the Apocrypha. He designed this wig originally for king William, having disposed of the two books of Kings in the two forks of the foretop; but that glorious monarch dying before the wig was finished, there is a space left in it for the face of any one that has a mind to purchase it.

But to return to our ancient poems in picture. I would humbly propose, for the benefit of our modern smatterers in poetry, that they would imitate their brethren among the ancients in those ingenious devices. I have communicated this thought to a young poetical lover of my acquaintance, who intends to present his mistress with a copy of verses made in the shape of her fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finished the three first sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the measure of his mistress's marriage finger, with a design to make a posy in the fashion of a ring, which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good hint, that I do not question but my ingenious readers will apply what I have said to many other particulars: and that we shall see the town filled in a very little time with poetical uppets, handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, and the like female ornaments. I shall therefore conclude with a word of advice to those admirable English

authors who call themselves Pindaric writers, that they would apply themselves to this kind of wit without loss of time, as being provided better than any other poets with verses of all sizes and dimensions.—C.

N° 59. TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1711.

Operose nihil agant.—SENECA.

Busy about nothing.

THERE is nothing more certain than that every man would be a wit if he could; and notwithstanding pedants of a pretended depth and solidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite author as flash and froth, they all of them shew, upon occasion, that they would spare no pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to despise. For this reason we often find them endeavouring at works of fancy, which cost them infinite pangs in the production. The truth of it is, a man had better be a galley-slave than a wit, were one to gain that title by those elaborate trifles which have been the inventions of such authors as were often masters of great learning, but no genius.

In my last paper I mentioned some of these false wits among the ancients, and in this shall give the reader two or three other species of them, that flourished in the same early ages of the world. The first I shall produce are the lipogrammatists or letter-droppers of antiquity, that would take an exception, without any reason, against some particular letter in the alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole poem. One Tryphiodorus was a great master in this

kind of writing. He composed an *Odyssey* or epic poem on the adventures of Ulysses, consisting of four-and-twenty books, having entirely banished the letter *A* from his first book, which was called *Alpha* (as *lucus à non lucendo*) because there was not an *alpha* in it. His second book was inscribed *Beta* for the same reason. In short, the poet excluded the whole four-and-twenty letters in their turns, and shewed them, one after another, that he could do his business without them.

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this poet avoiding the reprobate letter, as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it through the several Greek dialects, when he was pressed with it in any particular syllable. For the most apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with a wrong letter. I shall only observe upon this head, that if the work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the *Odyssey* of Tryphiodorus, in all probability, would have been oftener quoted by our learned pedants, than the *Odyssey* of Homer. What a perpetual fund would it have been of obsolete words and phrases, unusual barbarisms and rusticities, absurd spellings, and complicated dialects? I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable treasures of the Greek tongue.

I find likewise among the ancients that ingenious kind of conceit, which the moderns distinguish by the name of a rebus, that does not sink a letter, but a whole word, by substituting a picture in its place. When Cæsar was one of the masters of the Roman mint, he placed the figure of an elephant upon the reverse of the public money; the word Cæsar signifying an elephant in the Punic language. This was artificially contrived by Cæsar, because it was not

lawful for a private man to stamp his own figure upon the coin of the commonwealth. Cicero, who was so called from the founder of his family, that was marked on the nose with a little wen like a vetch (which is *Cicer* in Latin), instead of Marcus Tullius Cicero, ordered the words Marcus Tullius with a figure of a vetch at the end of them, to be inscribed on a public monument. This was done probably to shew that he was neither ashamed of his name or family, notwithstanding the envy of his competitors had often reproached him with both. In the same manner we read of a famous building that was marked in several parts of it with the figures of a frog and a lizard; those words in Greek having been the names of the architects, who by the laws of their country were never permitted to inscribe their own names upon their works. For the same reason it is thought that the forelock of the horse, in the antique equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, represents at a distance the shape of an owl, to intimate the country of the statuary, who, in all probability, was an Athenian. This kind of wit was very much in vogue among our own countrymen about an age or two ago, who did not practise it for any oblique reason, as the ancients above mentioned, but purely for the sake of being witty. Among innumerable instances that may be given of this nature, I shall produce the device of one Mr. Newberry, as I find it mentioned by our learned Camden in his remains. Mr. Newberry, to represent his name by a picture, hung up at his door the sign of a yew tree, that had several berries upon it, and in the midst of them a great golden N hang upon a bough of the tree, which by the help of a little false spelling made up the word N-ew-berry.

I shall conclude this topic with a rebus, which has been lately hewn out in freestone, and erected over two of the portals of Blenheim House, being the figure

of a monstrous lion tearing to pieces a little cock. For the better understanding of which device, I must acquaint my English reader, that a cock has the misfortune to be called in Latin by the same word that signifies a Frenchman, as a lion is the emblem of the English nation. Such a device, in so noble a pile of building, looks like a pun in an heroic poem; and I am very sorry the truly ingenious architect would suffer the statuary to blemish his excellent plan with so poor a conceit. But I hope what I have said will gain quarter for the cock, and deliver him out of the lion's paw.

I find likewise in ancient times the conceit of making an echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers. If this could be excusable in any writer, it would be in Ovid, where he introduces the Echo as a nymph, before she was worn away into nothing but a voice. The learned Erasmus, though a man of wit and genius, has composed a dialogue upon this silly kind of device, and made use of an echo who seems to have been a very extraordinary linguist, for she answers the person she talks with in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, according as she found the syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned languages. Hudibras, in ridicule of this false kind of wit, has described Bruin bewailing the loss of his bear to a solitary Echo, who is of great use to the poet in several distichs, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his verse, and furnishes him with rhymes :

He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas ,
Forcing the valleys to repeat
The accents of his sad regret.
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crouny bear,
That Echo from the hollow ground
His doleful wailings did resound

More wistfully by many times,
 Than in small poets' splay-foot rhymes,
 That make her, in the rueful stories,
 To answer to int'rogatories,
 And most unconscionably depose
 Things of which she nothing knows;
 And when she has said all she can say,
 'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
 Art thou fled to my—*Echo, run?*
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
 For fear. (*Quoth Echo*) *Marry guep.*
 Am I not here to take thy part?
 Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart?
 Have these bones rattled, and this head
 So often in thy quarrel bled?
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
 For thy dear sake. (*Quoth she*) *Mum budget.*
 Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish,
 Thou turn'dst thy back? (*Quoth Echo*) *Fish,*
 To run from those th' hadst overcome
 Thus cowardly? (*Quoth Echo*) *Mum.*
 But what a vengeance makes thee fly
 From me too as thine enemy?
 Or if thou hast no thought of me,
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee;
 Yet shame and honour might prevail
 To keep thee thus from turning tail—
 For who would grudge to spend his blood in
 His honour's cause? (*Quoth she*) *A pudding.*

C.

N^o 60. WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1711.

Hoc est quod palles? Cur quis non prandeat, Hoc est?
Pens. Sat. iii. 85.

Is it for this you gain those meagre looks,
 And sacrifice your dinner to your books?

SEVERAL kinds of false wit that vanished in the refined ages of the world, discovered themselves again in the times of monkish ignorance.

As the monks were the masters of all that little learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely disengaged from business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the composition of such tricks in writing, as required much time and little capacity. I have seen half the *Æneid* turned into Latin rhymes by one of the beaux esprits of that dark age: who says in his preface to it, that the *Æneid* wanted nothing but the sweets of rhyme to make it the most perfect work in its kind. I have likewise seen a hymn in hexameters to the Virgin Mary, which filled a whole book, though it consisted but of the eight following words:

Tot, tibi, sunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, cœlo.

Thou hast as many virtues, O Virgin, as there are stars in heaven.

The poet rung the changes upon these eight several words, and by that means made his verses almost as numerous as the virtues and the stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that men who had so much time upon their hands did not only restore all the antiquated pieces of false wit, but enrich the world with inventions of their own. It was to this age that we owe the production of anagrams, which is nothing else but a transmutation of one word into another, or the turning of the same set of letters into different words; which may change night into day, or black into white, if Chance, who is the goddess that presides over these sorts of composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty author, in allusion to this kind of writing, calls his rival, who (it seems) was distorted, and had his limbs set in places that did not properly belong to them, 'the anagram of a man.'

When the anagrammatist takes a name to work upon, he considers it at first as a mine not broken

up, which will not shew the treasure it contains, till he shall have spent many hours in the search of it; for it is his business to find out one word that conceals itself in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of stations in which they can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a gentleman, who, when this kind of wit was in fashion, endeavoured to gain his mistress's heart by it. She was one of the finest women of her age, and known by the name of the Lady Mary Boon. The lover not being able to make any thing of Mary, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of writing converted it into Moll; and after having shut himself up for half a year, with indefatigable industry produced an anagram. Upon the presenting it to his mistress, who was a little vexed in her heart to see herself degraded into Moll Boon, she told him, to his infinite surprise, that he had mistaken her surname, for that it was not Boon, but Bohun.

—————Ibi omnis
Effusus labor —————

The lover was thunderstruck with his misfortune, in so much that in a little time after he lost his senses, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his anagram.

The acrostic was probably invented about the same time with the anagram, though it is impossible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead. The simple acrostic is nothing but the name or title of a person, or thing, made out of the initial letters of several verses, and by that means written, after the manner of the Chinese, in a perpendicular line. But besides these there are compound acrostics, when the principal letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the verses have not only been

edged by a name at each extremity, but have had the same name running down like a seam through the middle of the poem.

There is another near relation of the anagrams and acrostics, which is commonly called a chronogram. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern medals, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus the following words, CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHV. If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVII, or 1627, the year in which the medal was stamped; for as some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and overtop their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as letters and as figures. Your laborious German wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they were searching after an apt classical term, but instead of that they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D, in it. When therefore we meet with any of these inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord.

The bonts-rimez were the favourites of the French nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when it abounded in wit and learning. They were a list of words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another hand, and given to a poet, who was to make a poem to the rhymes in the same order that they were placed upon the list: the more uncommon the rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the genius of the poet that could accommodate his verses to them. I do not know any greater instance of the decay of wit and learning among the French

he said, because the rhymes are too common; and for that reason easy to be put into verse. "Marry," says I, "if it be so, I am very well rewarded for all the pains I have been at." But by Monsieur Gombaud's leave, 'notwithstanding the severity of the criticism, the verses were good.' Vid. *Ménagiana*.^{*} Thus far the learned Menage, whom I have translated word for word.

The first occasion of these bouts-rimez made them in some manner excusable, as they were tasks which the French ladies used to impose on their lovers. But when a grave author, like him above mentioned, tasked himself, could there be any thing more ridiculous? Or would not one be apt to believe that the author played booty, and did not make his list of rhymes till he had finished his poem?

I shall only add, that this piece of false wit has been finely ridiculed by Monsieur Sarasin, in a poem entitled, *La Defaite des Bouts-Rimez*, The Rout of the Bouts-Rimez.

I must subjoin to this last kind of wit the double rhymes, which are used in doggerel poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant readers. If the thought of the couplet in such compositions is good, the rhyme adds little to it; and, if bad, it will not be in the power of the rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great numbers of those who admire the incomparable *Hudibras*, do it more on account of these doggerel rhymes than of the parts that really deserve admiration. I am sure I have heard the

Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick;

and

There was an ancient sage philosopher
Who had read Alexander Ross over.

^{*} Tom. i. p. 174, &c. ed. Amst. 1713.

more frequently quoted, than the finest pieces of wit in the whole poem.—C.

N° 61. THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1711.

*Non equidem studeo bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat, date pondus idonea fumo.*

PENS. Sat. v. 19.

'Tis not indeed my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
With wind and noise. DRYDEN.

THERE is no kind of false wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of punning. It is indeed impossible to kill a weed, which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men; and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the mind to poetry, painting, music, or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in puns and quibbles.

Aristotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of rhetoric, describes two or three kinds of puns, which he calls paragrams, among the beauties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the greatest authors in the Greek tongue. Cicero has sprinkled several of his works with puns, and in his book where he lays down the rules of oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of

wit, which also upon examination prove arrant puns. But the age in which the pun chiefly flourished was in the reign of King James the First. That learned monarch was himself a tolerable punster, and made very few bishops or privy-counsellors that had not sometime or other signalized themselves by a clinch, or a conundrum. It was therefore in this age that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had been before admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the council-table. The greatest authors, in their most serious works, made frequent use of puns. The sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakspeare, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I must add to these great authorities, which seem to have given a kind of sanction to this piece of false wit, that all the writers of rhetoric have treated of punning with very great respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of speech, and recommended as ornaments in discourse. I remember a country schoolmaster of my acquaintance told me once, that he had been in company with a gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest paragrammatist among the moderns. Upon inquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr. Swan, the famous punster; and desiring him to give me some account of Mr. Swan's conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomasia*, that he sometimes gave into the *Ploce*, but that in his humble opinion he shined most in the *Antanaclassis*.

I must not here omit, that a famous university of this land was formerly very much infested with puns; but whether or no this might not arise from the fens and marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skilful naturalists.

After this short history of punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the learned world as it is at present, especially since it had found a place in the writings of the most ancient polite authors. To account for this we must consider, that the first race of authors, who were the great heroes in writing, were destitute of all rules and arts of criticism; and for that reason, though they excel later writers in greatness of genius, they fall short of them in accuracy and correctness. The moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furnished with these authors of the first eminence, there grew up another set of writers, who gained themselves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the employments of these secondary authors to distinguish the several kinds of wit by terms of art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder, therefore, that even such authors as Isocrates, Plato, and Cicero should have such little blemishes as are not to be met with in authors of a much inferior character who have written since those several blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper separation made between puns and true wit by any of the ancient authors, except Quintilian and Longinus. But when this distinction was once settled it was very natural for all men of sense to agree in it. As for the revival of this false wit, it happened

about the time of the revival of letters; but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question, but as it has sunk in one age and rose in another, it will again recover itself in some distant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance shall prevail upon wit and sense. And, to speak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last winter's productions, which had their sets of admirers, that our posterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of punsters: at least, a man may be very excusable for any apprehensions of this kind, that has seen acrostics handed about the town with great secrecy and applause; to which I must also add a little epigram called the Witches' Prayer, that fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way, and blessed the other. When one sees there are actually such pains-takers among our British wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we must lash one another, let it be with the manly strokes of wit and satire; for I am of the old philosopher's opinion, that if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the paw of a lion than from the hoof of an ass. I do not speak this out of any spirit of party. There is a most crying dulness on both sides. I have seen tory acrostics and whig anagrams, and do not quarrel with either of them, because they are whigs or tories, but because they are anagrams and acrostics.

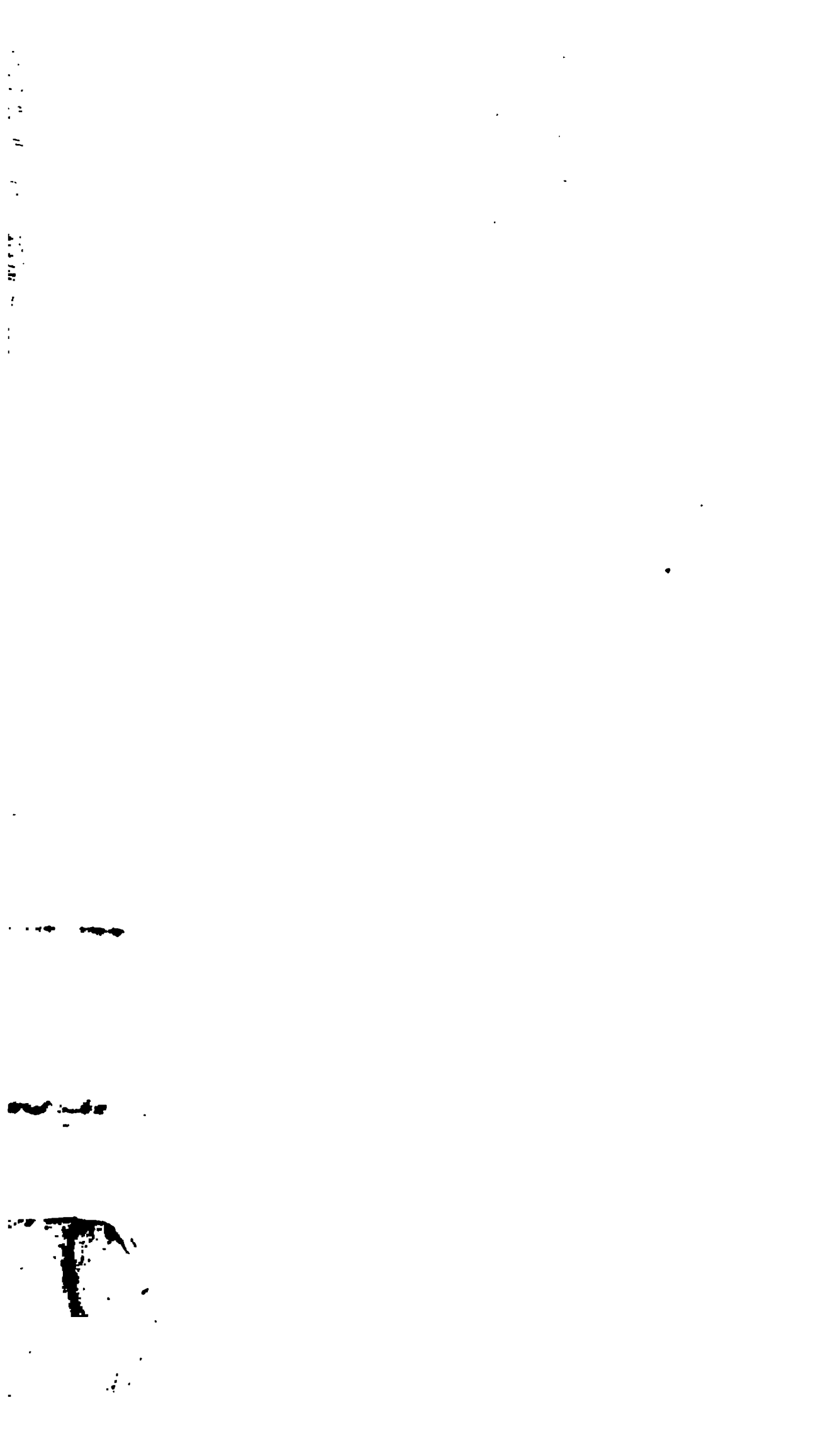
But to return to punning. Having pursued the history of a pun, from its original to its downfall, I shall here define it to be a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense. The only way therefore to try a piece of wit, is to translate it into a different language.

As the test, you may pronounce it true; but

if it vanishes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a pun. In short, one may say of a pun, as the countryman described his nightingale, that it is '*vox et præterea nihil*,' 'a sound, and nothing but a sound.' On the contrary, one may represent true wit by the description which Aristænetus makes of a fine woman; when she is dressed she is beautiful, when she is undressed she is beautiful; or, as Mercerus has translated it more emphatically, '*Induitur, formosa est: exuitur, ipsa forma est**.'—C.

* Dressed she is beautiful, undressed she is Beauty's self.

END OF VOL. VI.









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